UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01007456 5

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/uncensoreddardan00ashm_dark

THE UNCENSORED DARDANELLES

WORKS BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

PORT ARTHUR: THE SIEGE AND CAPITULATION

THE PASSING OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE

WITH THE TURKS IN THRACE

EXPERIENCES IN THE GREAT WAR

DESPATCHES FROM THE DARDANELLES

THE TRAGEDY OF CENTRAL EUROPE

ETC.

Alfieri Picture Service

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

C140

THE UNCENSORED DARDANELLES

By

E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, C.B.E.

WITH 25 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 2 MAPS

262543
22 12 31

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers) LTD.
34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Foreword	11
I.	The Assembly of the Armada	23
II.	The Landing at Anzac	44
III.	The Landing at Cape Helles	61
IV.	The Fight for Achi Baba	79
V.	Comments on the First Stage of the Expedition	94
VI.	The Troubles of the Fleet	101
VII.	The Troubles of the Cabinet	118
VIII.	June 28th and July 12th–13th	134
IX.	The Calm before the Storm	157
X.	The Suvla Bay Offensive	180
XI.	The Last Dying Efforts	196
XII.	Comments on the August Offensive	218
XIII.	An Uncensored Letter and my Dismissal	235
XIV.	The End of the Story	251

APPENDIX		
I.	Review of the Situation in Gallipoli, May 1915	269
II.	Summary of Major-General Sir Alexander Godley's Report on the Operations at Anzac, August 6th–10th, 1915	279

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

General Sir Ian Hamilton . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

The Late Admiral Sir John de Robeck 16

Prayers for Victory, H.M.S. *London*, April 24th, 1915 . . 32

Sap at Top of Shrapnel Valley, Anzac 48

View of Lancashire Landing in Early Days 56

The *River Clyde* and Seddel Bahr Castle 64

Bows of the *River Clyde* facing V Beach 80

General Liman von Sanders 88

The Ruins of Seddel Bahr Castle 96

Australian Battery in Action at Anzac 112

Captured Turkish Prisoners 120

Gurkhas resting in the Gully Ravine 128

Dead Turks in Trench 144

Field-Marshal Sir W. R. Birdwood 152

Wounded in the Gully Ravine 160

Walker's Ridge, Anzac 176

Scene in the Gully Ravine 184

Advanced Trench, Anzac 192

Trench Mortar at Anzac 200

Interior of Captured Turkish Redoubt 200

11th Division embarking at Imbros for Suvla 208

Troops waiting for Water Barges, Suvla 224

Troops advancing across the Salt Lake to attack the Anafarta Hills 232

Scimitar Hill Ablaze 240

Prow of one of the "Beetles," Suvla 256

THE UNCENSORED DARDANELLES

FOREWORD

ALMOST every commentator on the World War has endeavoured to fix the definite responsibility for our failure at the Dardanelles on the shoulders of some particular individual, but up to the present no back has been found broad enough to bear the entire burden. Different famous men, some living, some dead, have been held guilty by the public, for various periods, until they have been able to prove their innocence, or else, by dividing their share in the tragedy with many others, they have almost succeeded in clearing their reputations. The Dardanelles Commission proved incapable of solving the problem.

Responsibility must, in fact, be divided into separate categories: (1) conception, and (2) execution. The latter must be subdivided under several heads, viz. the responsibility of the Cabinet, of the War Office and of the Commander-in-Chief in the field. Each must be considered apart, if we are to arrive at the truth. Lord Kitchener decided what reinforcements, munitions and guns, whether adequate or inadequate, should be sent to the Dardanelles, for, during this period, the direction of the war was entirely in his hands. How these forces could best be employed in the field was left to the Commander-in-Chief, who alone was responsible, as his plans, although submitted to, were never interfered with by Lord Kitchener or the Cabinet.

I do not propose to attempt to discover in whose brain first germinated the idea of seizing Constantinople either by forcing the Dardanelles or by occupying the Gallipoli Peninsula. Probably nearly all the professional and amateur students of war grasped from the first the paramount importance of such a campaign. Any mind of average intelligence could appreciate the strategical and material advantages to the Allies' cause, if we could have opened up the southern

line of communication with Russia. A long list of co-ordinate and ancillary advantages follows as a matter of course.

By occupying the fortifications on both sides of the Straits, communication would have been severed between European and Asiatic Turkey. We would have struck a death-blow at all the Turkish armies operating in Armenia, Syria, Palestine, and in the Sinai Desert, which would have been cut off from their arsenals and distributing centres of supply in Constantinople. Serbia would have been spared the horrors of invasion; Rumania would not have waited until 1916 to declare herself; and Bulgaria, surrounded by enemies, would never have dared to throw in her lot with the Central Powers. In all probability, had Bulgaria been offered some modifications in the Treaty of Bucharest (1913), she would have joined the Allies. The capture of a city of such historic renown as Constantinople would have electrified the world and stirred the hearts, and settled the doubts, of millions of waverers. It would have opened the road to Trieste, and to the invasion of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is impossible to imagine any more decisive blow to the prestige of our enemies, than the capture of Byzantium in 1915, or one that would have created a more profound impression throughout the Mohammedan world. The occupation of Gallipoli would have released large armies for service in the main theatre of war, and the British Empire would have been spared those long-drawn-out campaigns, so costly in men, material, and money, in Macedonia, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. The fall of Constantinople must have led to immediate peace with stricken Turkey, precipitated by a revolution against the pro-German clique who had seized control of that unhappy land.

Looking back now, in the light of subsequent events, to the dark years of 1916 and 1917, after the Dardanelles Expedition had failed, it is safe to say that the defeat of Russia, and subsequent revolution, would never have taken place at that time, and under such unfavourable conditions, had the Allies been able to open up the southern route to the Crimea. We could have kept the Russian armies supplied with rifles, guns and munitions, of which they stood in such urgent need. England, already feeling the pinch, could have imported wheat, oil, wood and other necessaries from Russia. Our Intelligence Department could have kept in closer touch with the Russian armies, and obtained more reliable information about the subversive social and political propaganda financed and encouraged by the Germans, who were already at work to overthrow Czardom, and to substitute Bolshevism in its place.

The Russian revolution was certain to come sooner or later, but

the fall of Constantinople would probably have postponed this stupendous social upheaval until after the end of the war, when, under different conditions and in a calmer environment, the more moderate constitutional elements would have had a reasonable chance to hold their own against the extremists. How many evils would unhappy, bankrupt Europe have been spared could our Army but have seized that narrow peninsula of Gallipoli? How few realised at the time, when we were dissipating our enormous resources in men, money, and material —smearing the whole habitable surface of the globe with British blood —that the key to success and to an earlier termination of the war lay in the forcing of the Dardanelles and capture of Constantinople? But these things were not to be.

In world events those who guide the helm must bear the responsibility for failure or success. The feasibility and desirability of an expedition to the Dardanelles may have entered into the minds of several members of the General Staff, but it is now conceded that Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was responsible for bringing the idea within the sphere of actual realisation. In his *World Crisis* he states clearly the rôle he played in the events leading up to the decision. Thus, for several years, until, in fact, the publication of his book, Mr. Churchill was generally regarded by the unenlightened public as being responsible for all our disasters. Here we perceive the necessity for distinguishing between conception and execution. Mr. Churchill's responsibility really ends with the pressure he brought to bear on the Cabinet to land an army on Gallipoli and with the failure of the naval attack on March 18th, 1915. Yet he has been most undeservedly blamed for every check suffered by the Navy, and for every reverse our Army met with in the field subsequent to that date. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. The active operations of the Navy, acting as an independent force, ended with the repulse of March 18th. From that hour the control of the Expedition passed into the hands of Sir Ian Hamilton and his staff. Henceforth Mr. Churchill's rôle was confined to using his influence to obtain reinforcements, munitions, and guns from a sometimes sympathetic, sometimes sceptical, or unwilling Cabinet.

One of the proudest thoughts in Mr. Churchill's mind, as he looks back on his remarkable career, must be the fact that the public has refused to acknowledge any other than himself as the author or originator of this attempt to take Constantinople. If his critics still pursue him for the rôle he played, he has the satisfaction of knowing that anyone who has made even a cursory study of the campaigns of the greatest of all English soldiers and statesmen, his famous ancestor, John

Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, will be quite convinced that the plan of seizing Constantinople by a *coup de main* would certainly have been supported by that great man. No other theatre of war would have appealed to the same extent to his far-seeing mind.

But it not infrequently happens that men of dominating imagination are apt to jump to the conclusion that successful accomplishment must follow as a natural corollary to a brilliant scheme which has suddenly germinated in their minds. Mr. Churchill has displayed this trait on several occasions in his career. His impetuosity has frequently led him to rush events without sitting down to consider ways and means. Thus he tried to save Antwerp by the intervention of a half-trained Naval Division. Then he proposed, in an unfortunate speech, " to dig out the German Fleet " if it refused to come out and fight, and finally he authorised the fleet to attack the Dardanelles single-handed before the co-operation of an army had ever been thought of. Mr. Churchill realised how far-reaching would be the results if Constantinople were captured, but there is little evidence that he ever carefully considered what forces were necessary to ensure victory or weighed the consequences of failure. He set to work with tremendous energy, on his self-imposed mission, as the apostle of a campaign against Byzantium. Some of his colleagues in the Cabinet and Admiralty were carried away by his enthusiasm, some were hostile but won over, and the majority were too muddled by the stupendous events going on around them to grasp the importance of the proposal or to think for themselves.

For rushing the issue Mr. Churchill must bear a large share of the responsibility. Those ill-advised preliminary attacks by the fleet which disclosed our plans, without obtaining any results, were due to his impetuosity ; and his naval advisers were not powerful enough to stay his hand. Once the Cabinet had decided on the general principle of an attempt to force the Dardanelles, Mr. Churchill's sole determination was to set about the task as soon as possible. He saw the huge prize, and tried to seize it with inadequate means. This precipitancy paved the way for our subsequent disasters.

It is the old story of amateurs versus professionals, where the latter enjoy almost every advantage. No other first-class Power, except Great Britain, would ever have rushed bald-headed at the Dardanelles and Gallipoli, without months of reflection and silent preparation by a highly trained general staff, composed of the best brains of the army. Complete plans would have been found pigeon-holed long before the outbreak of war. But there were none in 1915. Not even an adequate staff map of the Peninsula existed at the War Office, an omission of

very far-reaching consequences when the disembarkation was made. At the hour when this grave decision was taken to launch an amphibious attack against the Straits, there no longer existed a general staff in England.

After our experiences in the South African War we had built up a very efficient general staff on the recognised Continental model. But the latter had confined its studies to questions of Imperial Defence, and to the problem of having to land an expeditionary force of five or six divisions on French soil. The results of years of laborious effort are to be found in the successful retreat from Mons, the sudden re-offensive on the Marne, and in the fight against almost hopeless odds on the Yser which just, and only just, saved the Channel ports.

But when the war broke out we made a cardinal error, which brought an endless chain of misfortunes in its train. In all Continental armies the general staff is an entirely separate organisation from the staffs of the generals who are to lead armies in the field. It remains at distant headquarters to exercise a general supervision over the operations as a whole. With us it was just the reverse. Our General Staff, having worked out the plans for a campaign in France, and having carefully organised and trained the units which composed the Army, had no intention of surrendering to others what is the crowning glory and lawful ambition of every true soldier, namely, to lead troops in battle. In fact, had the General Staff not left for the front with the Expeditionary Force in 1914, it would have found itself, like Othello, with its occupation gone. For in truth there remained in Great Britain no other regular armies over which it could exercise control. With the departure of our five Regular Divisions, only the Militia and Territorials remained, and they could be organised for Home Defence by the machinery of the War Office. No one foresaw, at this time, that we would eventually have to raise some five millions of men from amongst our civilian population before the Germans cried " Enough."

When it became apparent that our original Expeditionary Force could supply but a drop in the ocean of blood, we set about the creation of new armies. Lord Kitchener was called to the War Office, and during his reign no attempt was made to reconstruct a general staff on a Continental basis. Lord Kitchener ran the war as a one-man job. But the task far exceeded the capacity of any individual, even a Napoleon must have failed, and thus throughout the years 1914–15–16 we suffered from the lack of any central authority which could weigh impartially the claims of the different fronts to the available troops, guns, and munitions, or co-ordinate and direct the operations as a whole.

The actual distribution of our units seems to have rested largely

with the politicians. Every statesman had his favourite front, and every front its favourite statesman. At one time the Western was the *enfant gâté* for reinforcements, guns, and munitions. For a short period in 1915 the Dardanelles was favourably treated in the matter of reinforcements of men, but the right proportion of guns and ammunition was never sent with the troops. Then Salonika sprang into favour, followed by Mesopotamia and Palestine. Favouring a particular theatre of war at the expense of another at once aroused prolonged and vehement protests from the protagonists of the neglected ones. Thus, throughout this life and death struggle with the common enemy, there existed an even more desperate internecine competition between our various fronts for preferential treatment by the War Office.

Egypt was jealous of the Dardanelles, and the Dardanelles cursed Egypt for her selfishness in keeping an enormous army against a non-existent danger. The Western Front was in open hostility with both Gallipoli and Egypt. Salonika then uttered indignant protests, and, to please her, the Dardanelles was robbed of some of her precious divisions, but not until the main struggle had ended in disaster. Mesopotamia shouted from the Orient for more men and more guns to avenge the disaster of Kut-el-Amara, and feeble cries for help from darkest Africa could sometimes find a compassionate echo in Whitehall. Later on in the war the wails of despair from the routed army of Caparetto brought British and French divisions to the Piave.

Had we possessed a general staff, this indecent internecine struggle over the distribution of the resources of the Empire in the early years of the war would have been avoided. Had all our campaigns come under the critical examination of an impartial body of trained experts, the merits of each would have been carefully weighed in the balance, and would have been dealt with accordingly. The politicians would hardly have dared to interfere with the decisions of a general staff in whom the nation had confidence, and the cabals and consequent intrigues, in favour of this or that front, would thus have been avoided. Each commander of an army would have been obliged to accept the decisions of the General Staff as final, and, if not satisfied, it would have been his duty to resign. We almost lost the war through lack of such an organisation. We learnt our lesson just in time, and, after Lord Kitchener's lamented death, as there was no one man capable of occupying his seat, we were obliged to re-create a general staff with the C.I.S. at its head, which worked smoothly and efficiently throughout the closing period of the war. There can be no doubt that we gained in all-round efficiency by the change. No other man could have accomplished what Lord Kitchener did under the circumstances, and

Topical Press

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DE ROBECK, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

he left an organisation which could pass into the hands of lesser men without fear of crumbling to pieces once the master figure had disappeared from the scene of his immense labours.

There is a very instructive book entitled *Napoleon at Work*, by Colonel Vachée of the French Army. He analyses with great skill the *Quartier Générale* of Napoleon, and the functions of the different members who composed it. Many illusions will be removed and many reputations shattered, or at least reduced in relative importance. There were only two men, both quite unknown to public fame, who were Napoleon's intimate collaborators during his many campaigns, and who alone may be said to have been indispensable to him. The one was Bacler d'Albe, his chief topographer, and the other Lelorgne d'Ideville, his Chief of Intelligence. These were the only two men who were ever really consulted by him when preparing his moves on the European chess-board. As for the famous Berthier, he was little more than a private secretary employed exclusively in the distribution of his master's orders, and without any executive authority. Yet nearly all military writers are agreed that the downfall of the great Napoleon was due to his failure to build up a general staff, and none in the modern sense of the term existed under his command. In like manner our paramount difficulty or weakness, during the first three years of the World War, was the want of a staff to handle impartially and with measured judgment our many widely-scattered fronts.

It can be taken as an axiom of warfare that every general, exercising an independent command, is likely to consider his own front as the one of greatest importance. Ambition prompts him to believe that a victory under his command must be of more far-reaching consequences than a success elsewhere. As an independent commander, he is often not in a position to visualise correctly the ensemble of the war. Thus he is only human if he demands reinforcements on an extravagant scale, which, if granted, would starve other theatres of war quite irrespective of whether it is practical to send them or not. The only force which can check these demands and deal with them on their merits is a general staff, remaining at home, in which all independent commanders have implicit confidence, and of which each stands in a little awe.

But throughout the first two years of the war each of our army commanders felt himself *en l'air*, and sometimes even deserted. Each, when he left England, realised that he was leaving no impartial body of trusted officers—old comrades—behind, to back him up or to balance his claims with those of other generals. He knew, on the other hand, that he would be engaged in a war on two fronts : the

one against the enemies of his country, the other against his friends in command of different sections of the vast theatre of war. He realised that if he wanted a biscuit, a tin of meat, a gun, or a fresh division, he would have to fight for it tooth and nail against other claimants. Neither would he be able to present his claims in person, being compelled to remain with his army. His letters might be overlooked or their importance not realised, or they might never reach the highest authority of all amidst the complicated maze of problems handled by Lord Kitchener. Therefore, it became necessary for each commander to have his own champions at home. There must be someone on the spot, who could get the ear of the Secretary of State, and press his claims. The support of the magnates of the newspaper world was of paramount importance throughout the war, and therefore it was necessary to have someone else to look after his interests in the Press. Careful propaganda amongst Cabinet Ministers of weight and influence was also essential, as the War Cabinet exercised a general control over all decisions, although invariably accepting Lord Kitchener's judgment as final. Neither could a general afford to neglect the mysterious influence exercised in England by intrigues in high circles. A division could be wafted from one front to another or diverted from its original destination, by a few well-chosen words to a statesman at an opportune moment. Thus it was necessary for each general to have his satellites to look after his interests at home to extract the last man and the last gun for his army, quite irrespective as to whether such reinforcements would have been better employed against the common enemy elsewhere.

The marvel is that, under a system so improvised and haphazard, we ever emerged victorious from the World War. We owe it to the gallantry and devotion of the million dead who now lie scattered throughout the world, and to those who survived the awful struggle. Yet when we look at the immensity of our efforts, to the enormous armies we raised, to the gigantic sums of money we expended, and to our countless dead, the melancholy reflection must inevitably arise in the mind that the British Empire made a maximum of heroic effort and obtained a minimum of result. It seems almost incredible, considering the immense superiority of our resources in men and material when compared with those of the Central Powers, that the war should have lasted nearly five years. Surely, the great struggle would have ended sooner had we possessed, at the outbreak of the war, a general staff capable of handling our vast resources to the best advantage. I shall continue firmly to believe that our failure to force the Straits and take Constantinople prolonged the war indefinitely and has brought untold misery

and ruin on Europe. As the late Anatole France said, in 1917, "This war is like a dinner which has been finished a long time, but the guests cannot leave because the hostess forgets to get up."

Who can ever forget the celebrations at the Armistice in 1918! Everyone said, "Well, we have muddled through again." The privations, the labours, the sufferings, and the valour were temporarily forgotten amidst the thanksgivings and joy at the relaxation from the awful strain. Everyone seemed to possess unlimited money, and those two fatal boom years followed. The blunders, the failures and disasters were speedily forgiven in this wild orgy of expanding prices and rising wages. We had muddled through and that was good enough for the survivors.

Then came the gradual demobilisation of our vast armies, and the return of millions to civil life. The consequent reaction, the fall in prices, foreign competition and unemployment brought economic ruin which is still staring us in the face. After years of unparalleled misery, men's minds are once more reverting to the war to analyse its various phases in an attempt to discover the reasons for our failures and subsequent distress. The answer is obvious. In achieving victory we exhausted ourselves to such an extent that years must elapse before we recover, if we ever do, the position we held in 1914. We were obliged to fight too long, and to overstrain ourselves, because we failed to take Constantinople in 1915. It was amidst the atmosphere I have attempted to describe that the Dardanelles Expedition was born and expected to thrive.

These memoirs do not profess to be a military history of the Expedition. Mr. H. W. Nevinson, who joined the Army at the beginning of July 1915, has written an excellent work on the operations; and any reader, who desires to do so, can trace the position of every regiment, brigade, or division during any engagement. An official history is in course of compilation, which will doubtless add to our knowledge, and make good any omissions or unavoidable errors in Mr. Nevinson's work. Such books, however, are chiefly of interest to students of military history, and it is difficult for the mass of the public to understand complicated operations of war, even with the aid of carefully prepared maps.

Trench warfare, whether in Flanders, Macedonia, Palestine, or Mesopotamia, is difficult to make palatable to the reader on account of its eternal sameness. But Gallipoli was different. There we witnessed events which no one ever believed could occur under modern conditions of warfare. Landings from open boats, battleships fighting against armies, attacks conducted on the lines of the old-fashioned field

days at Aldershot, and finally a vast series of operations to clear the Turks from their formidable positions, the like of which was surely never seen before, and I hope will never be seen again.

These memoirs, written for the most part on the spot or immediately after the events related therein, constitute a personal account of what came under my immediate observation during the campaign, when I was in constant intercourse with nearly all the leading actors in the great drama.

It has become the fashion for every actor on the stage—however humble—to relate what he saw and heard. Sir Ian Hamilton in his *Gallipoli Diary* has created a precedent which I have decided to follow. I have not attempted to give a detailed description of all the battles which were fought on the bloodstained Peninsula, as memoirs of this description are not the proper medium for explaining the strategical and tactical movements of armies in detail. I merely describe those stirring events and sombre scenes just as they appeared to me at the time, and I endeavour to throw what light I can on the characters of the leading actors in the drama, and to discover the underlying motives for their actions.

The Dardanelles Expedition failed dismally. One question still remains unanswered. Could the Expedition have succeeded, under the conditions in which it was carried out, had it been conducted by other leaders with very different ideas on strategy and tactics? Admitting that the Cabinet and Lord Kitchener failed to grasp the true significance of the Dardanelles at the start, that our plans were prematurely disclosed, that the Expedition was starved in both men and munitions, could the generals on the spot have carried it through successfully? The responsibility of the Cabinet and the naval and military leaders at home is great, but it is really limited to the hour when it was decided to proceed with the enterprise, after the failure of the initial landing to achieve what was intended, viz. the capture of the forts at the Narrows. From the hour when the Expedition became a primary operation of war, the Commander-in-Chief in the field must bear the principal responsibility for success or failure as long as the requests for reinforcements in men and material, which he considered essential, were met by the Cabinet and military authorities at home. A burning controversy will continue to rage over this question.

I shall not attempt to conceal the views I hold on this subject. I have held them from the first day I ever joined the Expedition, and I have never changed them since. I am firmly convinced that in spite of our initial blunders we could have easily succeeded in clearing the Turks from Gallipoli and opening the Straits to the fleet. I shall always

continue to believe that our disasters in the field were due to the faulty tactics and still more faulty strategy of Sir Ian Hamilton and his advisers, who from first to last persisted in hammering away at the Turkish entrenchments at Cape Helles and Anzac, in a series of costly frontal attacks which never led to a single victory and very rarely to the gain of any ground.

I am convinced that the only road to victory was to seize the ground north of Bulair, to cut off all communications between Gallipoli and Thrace and to starve the Turkish armies into surrender with the co-operation of our indomitable submarines, which, as it was, succeeded in making a clean sweep of all Turkish shipping in the Marmora. The moral effect of closing, or capturing, the lines of Bulair, would have been stupendous, and would have forced the Turks to leave their carefully prepared positions in the south, and meet us on ground of our own choosing. Anyone who takes the trouble to read Liman Von Sanders' book, *Cinq Ans de Turquie*, will find ample confirmation for the truth of this statement. From first to last his chief fear was a successful landing north of Bulair, and the forcing of those famous lines. On each critical occasion he was obliged to keep his reserves at Bulair until absolutely certain that all fear of a landing had passed. Sir Ian Hamilton claims that the Navy raised objections to a landing at Enos or Bulair. Even if there were local difficulties to be surmounted, the advantages were so obvious and so overwhelming that surely a slight increase in our lines of communications should not have been allowed to stand in the way of gaining a decisive victory.

But these things were not to be. We persisted in crude, cruel, and clumsy tactics of hammering away at prepared positions which at best, had they succeeded, could only have given us some local tactical advantages. Never, in fact, was a gallant army so miserably mishandled by its chiefs as were the British and Dominion soldiers on Gallipoli. Never was a higher price paid for such a complete misunderstanding of a strategical situation. Never did a country pay so dearly for having no general staff to advise and exercise a controlling influence over the general in the field. Lord Kitchener, to whom all plans were submitted before execution, seems to have acquiesced in them without making the smallest effort to discover whether they were feasible or the best manner in which the troops could be employed. Only at the very end, when all was over, when the Army was on its last legs, when the Cabinet was faced with the dreadful alternatives of evacuation or of risking a disaster during the winter months, did the truth suddenly dawn on Lord Kitchener. It was then, on November 3rd, that he penned one

of the most tragic telegrams in our military history to Lieutenant-General Birdwood :—

" Very secret.

" You know the report sent in by Monro. I shall come out to you ; am leaving to-morrow night. I have seen Captain Keyes, and I believe the Admiralty will agree to making naval attempt to force the passage of the Straits. We must do what we can to assist them, and I think that as soon as our ships are in the Sea of Marmora we should seize the Bulair isthmus and hold it so as to supply the Navy if the Turks still hold out.

" Examine very carefully the best position for landing near the marsh at the head of the Gulf of Xeros, so that we could get a line across the isthmus, with ships at both sides. In order to find the troops for this undertaking we should have to reduce the numbers in the trenches to the lowest possible, and perhaps evacuate positions at Suvla. All the best fighting men that could be spared, including your boys from Anzac and everyone I can sweep up in Egypt, might be concentrated at Mudros ready for this enterprise.

" There will probably be a change in the naval command, Wemyss being appointed in command to carry through the naval part of the work.

" As regards the military command, you would have the whole force, and should carefully select your commanders and troops. I would suggest Maude, Fanshawe, Marshall, Peyton, Godley, Cox, leaving others to hold the lines. Please work out plans for this, or alternative plans as you may think best. We must do it right this time.

" I absolutely refuse to sign orders for evacuation, which I think would be the gravest disaster and would condemn a large percentage of our men to death or imprisonment.

" Monro will be appointed to the command of the Salonika force."

But it was too late. Sir William Birdwood had to admit that the hour had passed. Had Lord Kitchener insisted upon the landing at Bulair when our reinforcements reached the Army in July, the whole course of the World War might have been changed. " Too late ! too late ! always too late ! " in the historic cry of Mr. Lloyd George.

CHAPTER I

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE ARMADA

I CAME to be associated with the Dardanelles Expedition in the following manner. At the commencement of the war no Special Correspondents were allowed in the field, a state of affairs which speedily led to discontent amongst the public, who felt that they were entitled to hear of the gallant actions of our soldiers and sailors on land and sea. This veto on the Press gave rise to a widespread belief that the truth was being concealed, and that many grave events were taking place which were being purposely hidden by the authorities.

The main obstacle to overcome was the hostility of Lord Kitchener, who was—as he had ever been throughout his career—bitterly opposed to War Correspondents. Sir John French took an entirely different view. He desired to utilise the Press, believing that descriptive accounts of their actions, subject to an intelligent censorship to prevent information from reaching the enemy, encouraged the troops in the field and the public at home. For many months Lord Kitchener remained adamant. Time and time again deputations waited on him, but never got further than Sir George Arthur, his private secretary. Protests were written by newspaper proprietors, and Cabinet Ministers intervened, but in vain. All propositions, however reasonable, were invariably turned down by that great man, who entirely failed to realise, at this stage, that if he wished to make the war a national one, and to induce the whole nation to take part in it, it was necessary to interest the people and to employ an extensive propaganda for this purpose.

Neither were precedents lacking which should have warned Lord Kitchener and his advisers that they were pursuing a policy which had been tried before, and had singularly failed. Since the days of Russell, Kinglake, and Archibald Forbes, War Correspondents have played an honourable and valuable rôle in every campaign, and no British Army has ever had cause to regret their presence at the front. A long line of illustrious writers have added prestige to British arms from Afghan's snows to the South African veldt.

During the Russo-Japanese War the question of War Correspondents

became an international one. The British, American, and Continental Press had gone to great expense to send their best men to Tokyo to accompany the Japanese armies. For months these poor "Die Hards," amongst whom were such well-known names as Richard Harding Davis, John Fox, Martin Egan, William Maxwell, Bennett Burleigh, and Frederick Palmer, to mention but a few, remained in Japan unable to reach the front, receiving scraps of information thrown to them from headquarters in Tokyo, spending a great deal of money and losing much time, but without obtaining any of those tangible results which are the sole justification for their existence from the editor's, proprietor's, and public's points of view. The months passed and many left Japan as their newspapers were unable to stand the financial strain. When only a remnant of the original band remained, the Japanese Government suddenly awoke to the fact that they were deliberately failing to make use of this great weapon of free propaganda to advertise their cause—just when they most required the financial assistance of Europe. Then, "As if by stroke of the enchanter's wand," the Correspondents found themselves no longer outcasts unwanted and ignored, but honoured guests whose presence in the field was regarded as essential to the success of the Japanese cause.

Arrangements were made to divide them into three groups to accompany the different armies, and, pending the inevitable delays, they were entertained lavishly in Tokyo at dinners, luncheons, garden parties, whilst the fairest Geishas were laid at their feet as some slight compensation for the cavalier manner in which they had been treated since their arrival. From that hour the Japanese cause gained prestige ; the deeds of the Japanese armies received their due recognition, and, finally, during the negotiations, which ended in the Treaty of Portsmouth, the Island Nation had secured an excellent Press throughout the world.

The Press foresaw, but the majority of the soldiers did not, that a like situation would arise in the World War. Public interest began to slacken, recruits did not pour in as had been anticipated, and munition workers failed to display that keenness which patriotism and duty demanded, if their comrades at the front were to receive adequate support. Yet the public were not to blame, the authorities were responsible. How could the masses appreciate the war in its true orientation, as long as they were mentally fed on official bulletins of three or four lines, recording the fact that we had either taken or lost a trench in Flanders ; that the Russians had advanced or retired so many kilometres to or from rivers with unpronounceable names, or had captured towns the nomenclature of which is not included in the curriculum of our Board School education ?

An experiment was tried of having an Official Eye Witness attached to Headquarters, a professional officer, whose duty it was to write charming stories of how our soldiers lived when they were not fighting, of their humanity towards women and children, and to relate those funny anecdotes about armies, which have changed but little since the days of Julius Cæsar. Such thin fare only interested the public for a short time, and entirely failed to arouse the nation to a sense of the seriousness of the struggle in which it was engaged.

Then another stage was reached. It was announced by the War Office that, although it was considered inexpedient for War Correspondents to remain permanently attached to the armies, a series of excursions to the front would be organised from time to time, and they might write about everything they saw, provided their despatches were submitted to the censor before publication. I went on two of these personally conducted tours, one with the French Army, and one with the British. They were instructive to a student of war, but from the point of view of interesting the public of very little value. We saw old battlefields, we heard highly technical accounts of mighty operations, we visited deserted trenches, ruined chateaux, and desecrated cathedrals, and sometimes went up to the front lines. From our experience of other wars we were thus able to reconstruct some stirring scenes, yet lacking in that decisive element of realism without which it is impossible to hold the reader for long. Nevertheless, in spite of the immense influence of the Press, the Western Front was not destined to see a permanent War Correspondent until the beginning of the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

But the Dardanelles Expedition was the conception of an old War Correspondent of renown, and a politician of foresight and experience, Mr. Winston Churchill. He made his name on the north-west frontier of India, in the Sudan, and finally in South Africa ; and no one was in a better position to appreciate the value of the Press as a weapon of propaganda than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. He possessed the imagination and the experience to realise that an expedition of this magnitude could only be carried through with public opinion behind it. Therefore, when it was proposed that the Press should be represented at the Dardanelles, he whole-heartedly took up the cudgels on its behalf. The "Newspaper Proprietors' Association," which carried on all negotiations with the authorities, was informed that two Correspondents would be allowed to accompany the Expedition, one to represent the London Newspapers, and the other from Reuter's Agency for the Provincial Press.

I have to thank my friend, Harry Lawson, the present Lord Burnham,

that the choice fell on me. I had worked exclusively for the *Daily Telegraph* throughout the Balkan Wars, and had been successful in bringing off several "scoops" which brought my name before the public. When the representatives of the N.P.A. met to select a Correspondent, several names were brought forward by different papers, but found no favour amongst the others. The discussion went on without any decision being arrived at until Harry Lawson, who had an exclusive lien on my services, said, "Well, I am willing to let Ashmead-Bartlett go." The others agreed, and thus I came to be selected for this coveted post.

From the first my position was somewhat ill-defined. I was informed that I was under the authority of the Admiralty, and must report to the Permanent Secretary to receive my instructions. Reuter's representative, Lester Lawrence, and I were told by the Admiralty to make our own way to Malta, and report to Admiral Limpus in charge of the dockyard there.

On Thursday, March 25th, 1915, we left Victoria, reached Paris in time to catch the nine o'clock train to Milan, and arrived at Rome at 10 a.m., on March 27th, only to find that it would be impossible to cross from Syracuse to Malta until Wednesday evening. This delay seemed an eternity, as I thought I would be too late for the start of the Expedition. I knew absolutely nothing of what was taking place at the Dardanelles, except from unofficial reports which came through from the various islands of the Archipelago or from Athens, and these were naturally highly coloured. All I could learn was this—a descent on the Gallipoli Peninsula was to be made, and the Expedition was almost ready to start. At the Grand Hotel, Rome, I met an old friend from Constantinople, Prince Djemil Tossoun. He told me he had been living in Paris for some time, but had been obliged to leave when England and France declared war on Turkey, although his sympathies were entirely with the Allies. He invited me to meet the Military Attaché and the First Secretary of the Turkish Embassy in Rome. I found the Military Attaché was also an old friend of the Balkan War days. He was quite out of sympathy with the Committee of Union and Progress, and deplored the fact that England and Turkey were at war. He told me many facts about the attack of our fleet on March 18th, how at first the Turks were frightened by the volume and intensity of the fire of the ship's guns, but that the actual damage was almost nil, amounting to two guns put out of action, and about thirty-five men killed. He invited me to come round to the Embassy on the following morning to read their official report of the action.

March 28th. I went round to the Turkish Embassy, and there read

through the Turkish official account of the operations of March 18th. It was an extremely interesting document, very soberly written, and as it was only intended for their own representatives, and not for the world at large, it could be considered accurate. It served to confirm the opinion held by many that we had under-estimated our task, and that the attack of March 18th had never stood any chance of succeeding.

In the afternoon I went to the races and found a mixed crowd composed of all the warring nations. The majority of those present were far too busy discussing the European situation, and the probable attitude of Italy, to take much interest in the racing. Italian opinion is much divided. The upper classes, largely intermarried with Austrians and Germans, seem mostly to favour the Central Powers, but the middle classes and lower elements are heart and soul with the Allies, and are howling for intervention. There is much distress in Italy and the people feel that their lot may be improved, rather than rendered worse, by taking part in the war.

This is the first time I have been in Italy since 1911, and I find my name still unpopular amongst the Italians because I exposed the massacre in the Oasis, which took place in the early days of the occupation of Tripoli. This had caused a world-wide sensation at the time, but after the horrors which have taken place in this war, the killing of some thousands of Arabs would have passed quite unnoticed.

April 1st. I arrived at Malta from Rome at 10.30 a.m., and put up at the Osborne Hotel. Acting on instructions I went across to the Old Port to call on Admiral Limpus. The Admiral had been for some years head of our Naval Mission in Turkey, and he naturally knew the Turks and the defences of the Dardanelles better than anyone else. One would have thought that as he was Senior Naval Officer in the Mediterranean, he would have been given command of the fleet operating against the Straits, but because he had been attached to the Turkish Navy, it was not considered etiquette to employ him against his old pupils, and he is now relegated to the charge of the dockyards at Malta. It is difficult to understand this process of reasoning because Limpus was sent to train the Turks at their request, and if they are to benefit from his instruction, we are surely entitled to take advantage of his experience.

Limpus was extremely sceptical about the prospects of the Expedition. He declared that the attack on March 18th ought never to have been made as the forts and defences were far too strong. "Now," he added, "we have given the Turks warning that we intend to strike, and they will be ready for us on the Peninsula itself." He told me that he would send me on to the fleet by the first boat making the journey, but, as no

warships were sailing, I must not mind if I travelled in a collier or tramp.

This evening I dined at the Malta Club and found a vast gathering of officers of the Army and Navy, amongst whom I ran across several old friends, some from transports *en route* for the Dardanelles, and others in permanent garrison, all longing to get to the front. I had never associated many of those present with the Army before, but, having joined up at the start of the war, they have risen with remarkable rapidity, unparalleled since the French Revolution, to be colonels, majors, and captains.

April 2nd. I received a telephone message early this morning from Limpus, saying that the oil tank steamer *Sunik* was leaving at 2 p.m. to join the fleet at a secret destination and advising me to sail in her. Lawrence and I accepted the invitation, repaired on board, and presented ourselves to the Captain, an excellent host, who succeeded in making us very comfortable. The *Sunik*, a brand new oil tank steamer, was carrying about 6000 tons of fresh water to the troops about to land in Gallipoli, which she had brought all the way from Liverpool, as water is very scarce in the islands of the eastern Mediterranean. At 4 p.m. we steamed out of Malta Harbour feeling that at last we were launched on the great adventure.

April 3rd and 4th. Steaming down the Mediterranean, calm and crystalline. The only anxiety of the Captain, and that a very slight one, is being sunk by an Austrian submarine, but the danger is small. The German submarines have not yet ventured into the Mediterranean, and the Austrians, bottled up in the Adriatic, are singularly unenterprising in their attacks on our shipping.

April 5th. We steamed into Mudros Bay at 3 p.m., and there our gaze fell on one of the most magnificent spectacles the world has ever seen—the greatest Armada of warships and transports ever assembled together in history. Here for the first time I saw the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*, our latest and greatest battleship, carrying eight of the new 15-inch guns, shepherding a long line of pre-dreadnought battleships, beginning with the *Lord Nelson*, *Agamemnon*, *Swiftsure*, and *Triumph*, and followed down the tide of times by the *London*, *Prince of Wales*, *Canopus*, *Cornwallis*, *Majestic*, *Goliath*, and many others. Cruisers, destroyers, and countless transports packed this great sheet of land-locked water almost to overflowing. The entrance to the bay is protected by a torpedo boom with guns mounted at the entrance, and a pilot boat came off from one of the warships to guide us through the narrow channel, and to conduct us to our anchorage.

The officer in charge offered to take us to visit Rear-Admiral Wemyss,

who is the senior officer in charge of the base. He seemed surprised at our arrival, as not a word had reached him from the Admiralty, and decided to hand us over to the Commander of the Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sir John de Robeck, at the same time informing us that, as he had charge of all cables, it would be impossible for us to send a word home without its passing through his hands. He then lent us a launch, and we repaired on board the *Queen Elizabeth*. On the quarter-deck I met, for the first time, that remarkable man, Commodore Roger Keyes, the Chief of Staff to de Robeck.[1] Although Keyes had heard not a word about my appointment he gave me a hearty welcome, and then went to tell the Admiral of my arrival.

I found Admiral de Robeck a most delightful man, a perfect replica of the courteous type of the old English sportsman and country gentleman of bygone days before they were harassed from their lairs by the super tax and the decline in agriculture. He bears little resemblance to any of the great admirals whose portraits I have seen, and in character I should imagine Collingwood was more his prototype than Nelson. The Admiral told me that he had merely received an intimation that I was coming out and that he was to find accommodation for me in one of his ships. He then explained that as the fleet was divided into divisions, which might be employed on different services, it would be wiser for Lawrence and myself to separate, so as to cover a wider field. The Admiral invited us to lunch to-morrow and promised to send a launch to fetch us.

April 6th. This morning the launch came alongside and took us to the *Queen Elizabeth*, where I found quite a large party assembled. I was introduced to Burke, Captain of the "Q.E.," and to Lieutenant-Colonel Doughty-Wylie of the General Staff.[2]

At luncheon I had a long talk with Keyes, who gave me very many

[1] He is now Sir Roger Keyes of Zeebrugge fame, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. I shall have a great deal more to write of Roger Keyes in due course, but at this point I shall only say that from the very first moment I met him, until I went on board the *Triad* to say good-bye the following October, he was always my guide, philosopher, and friend in every one of the many difficulties which I encountered in carrying out my work at the Dardanelles. In fact, as long as I remained under the authority of the Navy everything was done to make me welcome, and to help me in my difficult task, one which required much tact and patience if all the obstacles and red tape placed in my way were to be overcome. It was a black day when I quitted the Navy, and was placed under the orders of the General Staff of the Army.

[2] In less than three weeks this quiet, unassuming soldier, who spoke so little, but who seemed to think so much, was killed, leading the landing party in the final assault on the Castle at Seddel Bahr, and for his gallant conduct was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross. A monument now stands to his memory where he fell. He was a great loss, not only to the General Staff, but to the whole army, as he possessed a unique knowledge of the Turks on account of his former service in the Gendarmerie in Armenia.

interesting details of the great fight on March 18th, and the reason for its failure.

April 7th. At Mudros.

April 8th. An Australian transport came alongside the *Sunik* this morning, and I went on board to have a talk with some of the officers and men. Their physique is remarkable. We seldom see such a high standard in our own army, except in Guards Battalions. On returning to the *Sunik* I found a signal for Lawrence and me to repair on board the *Triumph*. There I met Captain Fitzmaurice, her commander. After lunch the *Triumph* sailed for Tenedos, where a signal came through from Rear-Admiral Bailey ordering me to transfer to the *London*. I found Captain Armstrong, Commander of the *London*, a most charming man, and the officers of the wardroom a very cheery crowd.

The majority of the French and English battleships are anchored in Mudros Bay, whilst the cruisers are engaged in covering the passage of the convoys of transports from Alexandria to Mudros. Nearly all the transports have to go to Alexandria to enable the units to be re-sorted and reorganised before a disembarkation can be attempted on the Gallipoli coast. Stores, men, guns, horses, and mules have been shipped piecemeal from England, and, as there are no quays or cranes at Mudros, Alexandria is the nearest port available.

The divisions of the fleet cruise off the mouth of the Dardanelles, and up and down the coast to watch the enemy's movements. The Staff have no accurate knowledge of the number of Turks on the Peninsula, or of what preparations they are making to resist the attempted landing, and the battleships are ever on the look-out for information.

In the afternoon Captain Armstrong took me on board the battleship *Queen* to call on Rear-Admiral Bailey, who commands the Second Division. In a short talk with him I learned that he fully realises the difficulties of the task ahead, and has very little faith in our prospects of success. The Captain and I then rowed ashore to Tenedos and visited the aviation ground, which has been established on the island under the charge of the well-known naval airman, Commander Samson. The ground might have been designed for the use of our aviators, as it is almost flat and any inequalities have been removed by Greek labourers. Samson was away on a flight, and we passed our time looking round and examining the various types of naval bombs. He returned shortly afterwards and arranged with Captain Armstrong about some "spotting" he is to do for him to-morrow.

April 10th. We remained off Tenedos until about four o'clock and then steamed towards the Dardanelles, accompanied by the *Prince of*

Wales, and relieved the *Triumph* and another battleship. Two battleships take it in turn to cruise off the Straits for forty-eight hours at a stretch. It was already growing dark when we reached the entrance. All our portholes were shut, we did not show a light, and we were covered against a torpedo attack by an escort of three destroyers. At last, having taken part in ten campaigns on land, I was about to realise one of the ambitions of my life, namely, to have a glimpse of naval warfare. Standing on the bridge, I could see in the moonlight the silhouette of the shore, the hidden secrets of which we are so soon to attempt to discover. It was unpleasantly hot down below with all our portholes shut, and I found it extremely difficult to sleep, not yet having become accustomed to the life of a sailor, which consists in having too much fresh air on deck, and living in a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta when not on watch.

April 11th. The day broke beautifully fine and clear, there was hardly a ripple on the water, and the wonderful panorama of the Gallipoli and Asiatic coasts lay exposed before my eyes. I went aloft to the foretop to obtain a better view. This was my first visit to such a height, and it takes some time to become accustomed to mounting a steel ladder, and then climbing out on to the shrouds, and up through the manhole into the fighting top.

From aloft the enemy's position stood out clearly—the Castle of Seddel Bahr, Cape Helles, Kum Kali, and other points, which have become famous since the bombardments and naval engagement on March 18th, but I could not discover, through the powerful ship's glasses, a single Turk moving anywhere. Both the Asiatic and Gallipoli shores seemed to be deserted. We cruised up the coast as far north as the little promontory of Gaba Tepe, but although we kept a sharp look-out we only saw one Turkish soldier, or maybe a peasant the whole day. Gaba Tepe appeared strongly fortified and I could distinguish the enemy's trenches, and the field of barbed wire entanglements covering the front. We then turned and steamed slowly down the coast again. It being Sunday morning, a service was held on the quarter-deck. It was incongruous but moving to listen to hundreds of bluejackets and marines bawling out at the top of their voices "Abide with Me" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which were wafted across the waters to the waiting Infidel only a short mile away.

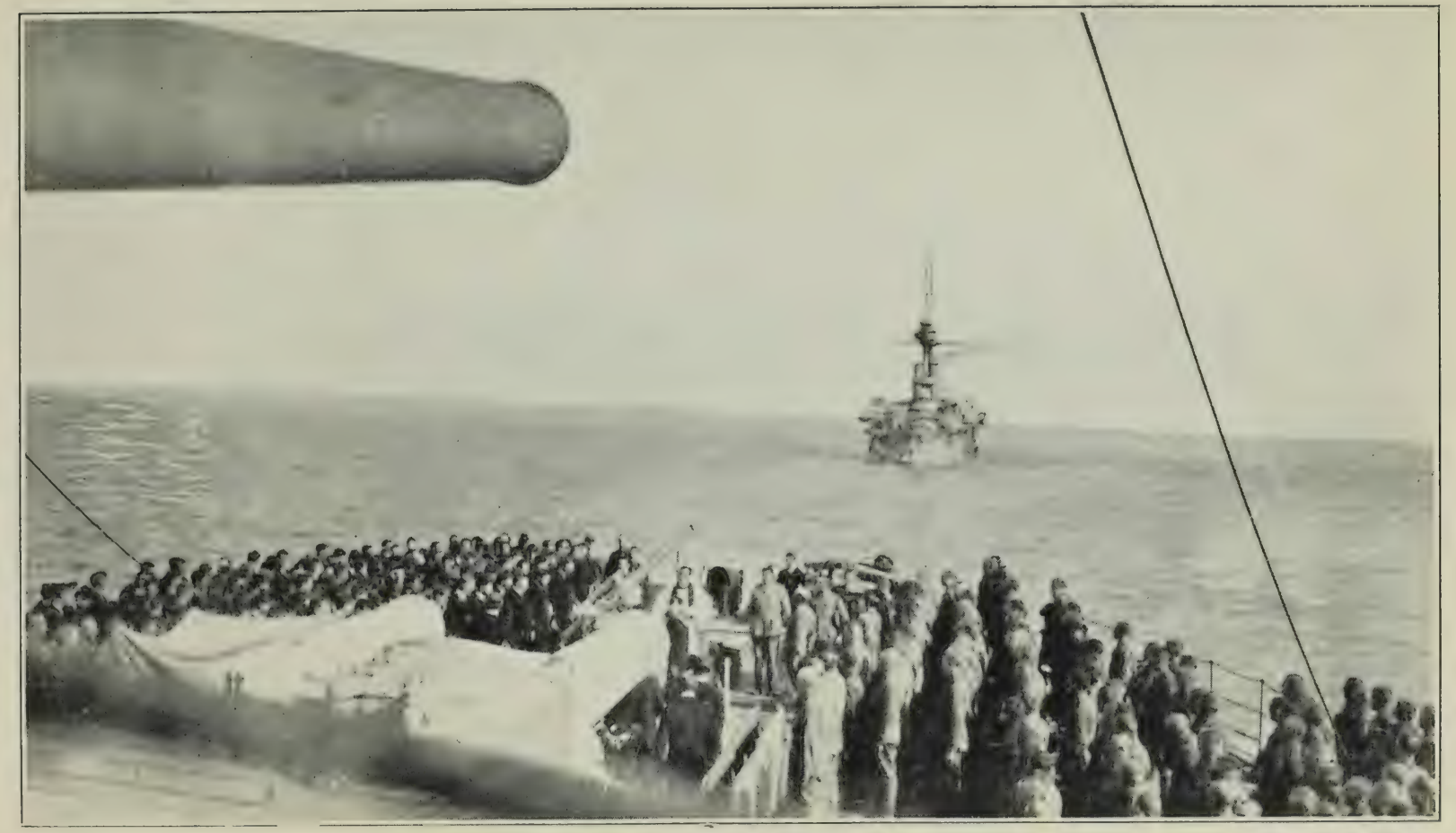
Two incidents alone marked the day. The *Queen Elizabeth* came out from Mudros, and did a speed trial up the Gulf of Saros. In the distance I also saw a dreadnought cruiser, and on asking her name I was told she was a dummy of the *Inflexible* type, a captured German liner made up to resemble a dreadnought, so that it was extremely

difficult to tell the difference on seeing her silhouette a long way off. I learn we have a number of these dummy ships, which are the invention of the ingenious brain of either Lord Fisher or Mr. Churchill. It is hoped that they will attract the enemy's torpedo craft and submarines, or else induce the *Goeben* to leave the Straits.[1]

We continued to cruise off the Straits all the afternoon, bitterly disappointed because no enemy showed himself, and longing for the chance of letting off a gun at something, or somebody. Binney, the gunnery lieutenant, was constantly seeing fortifications, and masses of Turks, but these invariably turned out only to exist in his imagination, and Captain Armstrong refused to allow him to fire a shot. Our only occupation, therefore, was to play Bull Ball, which is a favourite pastime on all battleships, for half a crown a corner. We were getting gradually more and more bored when at about five o'clock a signal was received, ordering us to enter the Straits to-morrow to cover some destroyers which are to go up on a scouting expedition. This order was received with joy by every officer and man, for they foresaw a chance of having a scrap with the forts at the Narrows, which had not been engaged since the battle of March 18th, and of avenging their comrades who fell in that disastrous engagement. This unexpected good news made everyone in the wardroom very gay, and cocktails flowed freely before dinner, which became quite a lively repast. Our captain, being senior naval officer of the two battleships, is in charge of the operations, and the *Prince of Wales* is placed under his orders. This evening we all turned in in a good humour with ourselves and life in general.

April 12th. This morning I woke up full of exalted thoughts of Drake, Benbow, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Nelson, and a hundred other great names in our naval history, for I knew I was going to take part in a naval action for the first time—not against an enemy fleet, it is true—but against a formidable collection of forts, howitzers, and mobile artillery on shore. How different is warfare on sea from that on land; how much more comfortable and agreeable. You cannot be left lying out on the battlefield between the lines, and the chances are you will survive, or else disappear with a thousand odd companions so quickly that the horror of realisation of what is about to happen has no time to freeze your soul. Another great advantage is that you can lead your normal life almost up to the moment of contact with the enemy. There was no change from the eternal routine on board the *London* this

[1] This dummy *Inflexible* served no useful purpose at the Dardanelles, was subsequently sent back to Malta, and was sunk on the way by a German submarine. They have a story in the Navy that the officer in command of the submarine subsequently went mad when he saw her wooden turrets and 12-inch guns calmly floating out to sea, as the huge vessel herself disappeared beneath the waves.



Alfieri Picture Service

PRAYERS FOR VICTORY, H.M.S. *LONDON*, APRIL 24TH, 1915

morning. Everything went on exactly as it has been going on for the last four hundred years in the Navy, except for the transformation from sail to steam. My servant brought me tea and prepared my bath, I got up, dressed, and sat down to the usual breakfast in the wardroom. The decks were cleaned just as on any other day, and only at 9 a.m. a stir became evident. My marine came and closed my cabin porthole, and carefully screwed down the steel shutter ; others were engaged in a similar task in the wardroom ; on deck I found the crew busily clearing for action, which consists in closing the companion ways and skylights, fastening down all the steel shutters, and removing the deck rail so that there is nothing to interfere with the training of the guns. Others were closing the watertight doors below, and stowing away hammocks, or preparing the sick bay. In the 6-inch batteries the gun crews were busily arranging the hundred-pound shells and hauling up cordite charges. All the passages were crowded with men, each engaged in his own particular task. When I returned to the deck not a soul was visible. Everyone had vanished somewhere into the bowels of the ship, where they could see nothing of the action. Only the captain was in sight, standing just outside the conning tower with one or two of his staff. On them depend, to a great extent, the lives of the 800 souls below deck. I entered the conning tower, and found myself in a little round steel chamber with an opening about eight inches wide between the wall and the roof. It was packed with eleven officers and men. I did not stay there long on account of the crowd and restricted view, but made my way along the deserted deck and climbed to the control station on the foretop—a small oblong chamber of thin steel, which would hardly keep out a bullet at close range. It has an opening all round the top, and a thin steel roof, and inside was a lieutenant of Marines, a naval lieutenant, two midshipmen, and three sailors, a range finder, several pairs of glasses, some telescopes, voice pipes, navy-phones, and telephones for communicating with the conning tower, the engine-room, the batteries, and transmitting station. On the deck below not a soul was visible, all were hidden at their stations, from which they would emerge later safe and sound, or else be drowned like rats in a trap. Asia and Europe on either side of us appeared so firm and secure, but in the fighting top it was difficult for a time to shake off a feeling of some unknown danger, such as I had never faced before, lurking around me.

But these reflections only lasted a few minutes, and I became interested in what my companions were doing. The lieutenant of Marines was trying his best to pick up ranges on the Asiatic coast ; the two midshipmen, young enough to be at school, seemed very happy, and

were telling one another blood-curdling tales of what happened to the *Bouvet* and other great ships which blew up or were sunk in the fight on March 18th, and the naval lieutenant was using horrible language, down a voice tube, to an individual buried somewhere in the bowels of the ship, who would not reply audibly to him. The three sailors each had their ears to a telephone, and their mouths to a tube. They seemed to be indulging in a solemn Gregorian chant, which never ceased, but the only words I could catch were " Foretop to A battery," " Foretop to X battery," " Foretop to F battery," followed by instructions as to the ranges, which I could not understand.

Then a solemn discussion took place between the two lieutenants as to whether we should duck our heads when we heard a shell coming our way. This may sound rather foolish, because, in an ordinary naval engagement, if a shell hits the foretop it is all over with everyone in it, and no amount of ducking will help, but at the Dardanelles the Turks had numerous field guns firing shrapnel at the tops and the thin steel plating would keep these out if you kept your head inside. So it was agreed to everyone's satisfaction that we should all get our heads under cover when we heard a shell coming—a decision I had personally come to a long time before it was carried by vote.

We were now well inside the famous Straits, wondering when the enemy would begin. The destroyer was about two hundred yards ahead when someone shouted " They're off," just as if it was the start of a race. I heard the whistle of the shell, and a jet of water rose up just astern of her. At the same moment there was a deafening report which made me spring a yard in the air, hitting the steel roof above my head, and I heard one of our 12-inch shells roaring its way through space, landwards. This was the signal for a medley of sounds, until the din became awful, caused by our guns of all calibres being let off together, shells screaming overhead, some hitting the water with a flop, others bursting in the air, and the eternal Gregorian chant of " Foretop to Y battery," " Foretop to X battery " from the sailors. The enemy's fire was concentrated on the destroyer, and I noticed that her small bridge was crowded with military officers whom she was taking up for the reconnaissance. She writhed about in all directions, as if she had a pain inside her. At other times she looked like a freak dancer, one moment steaming ahead and then shooting off at an abrupt angle towards Asia ; when a shell dropped near her, scooting back again towards Europe. A battery dropped a salvo alongside her, so she doubled in her own length and dashed back towards us, and so on up and down from side to side, twisting and turning like a mad Dervish. We had now reached the point beyond which our instructions forbade us to go, so we turned and steamed down the

Straits. This brought all the enemy's guns on the *London* and the *Prince of Wales*, and the shells screamed overhead, or burst in the water all around us. I imagined at first that each one was coming inside the foretop, but the enemy's aim was bad, and many of his shots passed right over the Straits, and I saw the strange spectacle of Europe hitting Asia, and Asia retaliating on Europe. We were soon out of range, and the " cease fire " sounded, and everyone reappeared on deck. I visited the wardroom, which had been smashed up, with the furniture and glass in heaps, from the concussion of our 12-inch guns. Then came a wild rush of officers from between decks for drinks. For the remainder of the day and night we lay off the Straits.

April 13th. We were relieved at noon by two other battleships and returned to Tenedos, where we received orders to sail for Mudros Bay. Arriving just before dark, we took up our anchorage.

Mudros Harbour is packed like a box of sardines with our great fleet, with a number of French battleships, and hundreds of transports belonging to every line which has ever flown the British flag in any quarter of the world. Fortunately, neither German nor Austrian submarines have yet put in an appearance. If they arrive in the eastern Mediterranean at this stage I think the descent on Gallipoli will have to be abandoned. The plans of the Commander-in-Chief and the number of divisions at his disposition are kept a profound secret. We spend a lot of time in guesswork, and it is easy to decide on some of the landing points in advance on account of the peculiar formation of the coast, which will only allow troops to be disembarked at certain beaches. I have little work to do, as the authorities refuse, quite rightly, to allow any cables to be sent until after the landing has been made, as it is essential to keep our preparations secret. Apart from this, the cable at Mudros is fully occupied with official despatches.

April 14th. The *Arcadian* arrived with Sir Ian Hamilton and his Staff, and I went on board to present a letter of introduction which I carried from Harry Lawson. Sir Ian said he had received no official intimation that I was attached to his army. I asked him whether I would be allowed to land with the troops. He replied that he had no objection, that he strongly disapproved of the policy by which the public had been kept in the dark throughout the war, and declared himself entirely in favour of having War Correspondents with the Army. He added that, although all despatches would have to be censored, he would personally see that nothing was taken out except what came within the category of military secrets. He informed me that William Maxwell, the ex-*Daily Mail* Correspondent, was on his Staff, and had been appointed censor. This news took me by surprise,

and I was far from satisfied. I wondered how this experiment would work and whether Maxwell's appointment would be acceptable to the N.P.A. In the early days of the war Maxwell had been employed by the *Daily Telegraph* in France and Belgium, but his opportunities had been few, and consequently at Christmas his contract was terminated by mutual consent, and Maxwell was compensated with a commission as captain on the Staff. I had first known Maxwell in the Russo-Japanese War, when he had acted as Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, and had met him from time to time since. But in those old days there was so much jealousy and competition amongst War Correspondents that it was very hard to make an impartial estimate of a rival's character, the fight for supremacy being too keen. I had a kind of feeling that Maxwell —having ceased to be a War Correspondent—would take a fiendish joy in cutting up my despatches.[1]

I also met Major-General W. F. Braithwaite, Hamilton's Chief of Staff, and some of the younger members, amongst whom were Captain G. P. Dawnay, young Brodrick, the eldest son of Lord Midleton, and Jack Churchill, Winston's brother. The latter has come out as Camp Commandant, so Winston has a reliable witness close at hand, who can correspond with him privately.

During this period of preparation the majority of the troops are kept on the transports but exercised on shore, although there is a camp for some of the Australian battalions on land. I can only form a general impression of the composition and numbers of our force, which are kept a profound secret. However, many Greek and other Levantine spies, who infest these islands, carry their gleanings to the German agents in Athens, and it has become common property that about 70,000 men have been collected.

We, on board the *London*, are kept very busy rehearsing the landing of the 11th Battalion of the Australian Infantry under Colonel Johnstone, which is to be disembarked from our ship. Every day parties of men fully equipped are brought on board and practised in climbing ladders to and from the boats. To facilitate the rapid disembarkation of a great number, wide wooden ladders have been made on board, up and down which two fully equipped men can climb at a time. Rope ladders were also experimented with, but these have turned out unsatisfactory, on account of the sagging, and have been abandoned. These wooden ladders, together with the ship's gangways, enable 500 or 600 men

[1] My fears were groundless. Maxwell maintained his position throughout the campaign, invariably behaved with the greatest friendliness and impartiality, and did his best to smooth over the many difficulties which subsequently arose between War Correspondents and Headquarters, as events went from bad to worse. No one could have fought harder than he for the rights of the Press.

to embark from, or disembark into, the boats and steam pinnaces in a very few minutes with a minimum of delay. The crews of the boats are kept busy all day landing the troops on the shores of the bay, and bringing them off again at night. On all the ships similar rehearsals are practised.

The most careful preparations are made to ensure success, and every item is rehearsed until the crews and the landing parties have obtained the highest possible state of efficiency. This is the first time I have been brought into contact with the Australian troops, and they certainly create an excellent impression with their fine physique and general bearing. A truly magnificent body of men ; but their ideas of discipline are very different from those of our old regular army. The men seem to discipline themselves, and the officers have very little authority over them through the holding of military rank—personality plays a much more important rôle. This is easy to understand because many of the officers are little better trained than their men, and, therefore, lack the experience and authority which comes from years of service. Nevertheless, they appear a body of men who can be relied on in any emergency ; whatever they lack in discipline and experience I feel will be compensated for by their native intelligence and initiative. A warm friendship has sprung up between our bluejackets from the North and these men from under the Southern Cross.

Colonel Johnstone tells me his great difficulty is the lack of experience amongst his officers and N.C.O.'s, but otherwise he feels perfectly confident that his men will give a splendid account of themselves whenever they meet the enemy in the field. Day after day these preparations and rehearsals go on until there is the danger of staleness setting in and the strain on the nerves becoming too great, for we are kept on the *qui vive* of expectancy wondering when the Expedition will sail.

April 21st and 22nd. It has now become obvious that the start of the Expedition cannot be much longer delayed. In three days the moon will wane and the experts declare that we can rely on a pitch black night. To-day the weather suddenly became overcast and squally, raising a short, choppy sea, which gets up very quickly in the Mediterranean, and is quite rough enough to render a landing from the boats extremely difficult and precarious.

This afternoon I went on shore for the last time and had a farewell walk through the little village and out into the country accompanied by the parson from the *London*. On returning to my launch I found Sir Ian Hamilton on the quay and had a talk with him. He seemed to be extremely confident, in excellent spirits, and even told me a funny story

about some Australians. I asked him how he reckoned his chances, and he replied that he thought they were very good. He said his Intelligence Department considered the Turks had about 35,000 men on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Personally I was far from sharing his confidence and ventured to remark, on saying good-bye, "General, the task ahead is one of the most difficult that has ever been undertaken, and the Expedition can only succeed if you have sufficient troops to push right inland at the start, and if the Government keeps you well supplied with reinforcements."

By this time I had become convinced that the Expedition was almost certainly doomed to failure. The military authorities took the standpoint that the most critical period would be the first twenty-four hours, namely, during the landing. Personally, I thought otherwise. Knowing the Turks from the Balkan wars, and, judging from the fact that they were now under German command, I did not believe they would concentrate the mass of their men to oppose the landing, as they would come under the fire of such a number of warships and would be crushed or demoralised. I felt the critical period would be when, having established ourselves on shore, we attempted to push inland to attack their main positions wherever they might be situated. Then the guns of the fleet would no longer be able to render the same assistance, and the army would have to depend on itself to storm entrenched positions with a very limited number of guns, howitzers, and ammunition to support these attacks. Vivid recollections of those bloody assaults on the forts of Port Arthur returned to my memory. Here conditions would be somewhat similar. I knew what an excellent soldier the Turk has ever proved himself to be behind entrenchments, and how difficult to turn out at the point of the bayonet. Only get him in the open, make him manœuvre, and his value as a fighter falls by 50 per cent. I also foresaw that once the troops were put ashore at a number of different points, G.H.Q. would lose control of the operations, and so much would depend on the skill and initiative of the local commanders. I felt we would encounter just the same high level of skill in defence on land as the fleet had met with when it attempted to force the Straits by sea, only with this difference: the Turks have received ample warning of our intentions, and have had plenty of time in which to make their preparations.

Whatever the eventual fate of the combined naval and military Expedition against the Dardanelles, it appeals irresistibly to the imagination. As a spectacle it is superb. Who will ever forget the scene in Mudros Bay during these weeks? From the quarter-deck of the *London* there lies spread out before my eyes an assembly of warships, trans-

ports, and smaller craft such as have never been brought together before. The whole of the bay is studded with ships, and with boats and launches plying between them. They vary in size and design from the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*, with her huge 15-inch guns, dominating the picture, to the little blue-painted fishing smacks of the islanders. Every type of warship, which can be spared from the other theatres of war, and hundreds of transports, have been collected at Lemnos for this, the last and the greatest of the crusades against the Ottoman Turks.

The knowledge that other crusades had not been conspicuous for their success was in the minds of many who watched the assembly of this vast armada, and the preparations for disembarking the army on an unknown shore. However, we live in the hope that the Expedition will avenge the Chivalry of the Middle Ages, whose bones lie scattered in forgotten graves throughout the old Ottoman Empire from the gates of Vienna to Jerusalem. The immensity of the task and the difficulties to be overcome, even in these days of steamships and rapid transport, increase our admiration for the Knights of old, who attempted the capture of Constantinople with none of the advantages which we now enjoy.

The Expedition to the Dardanelles is on a scale unprecedented in the annals of England, or of any other nation, of which we have authentic facts and knowledge. The closest parallels are the Spanish Armada, 1588 ; Napoleon's Expedition to Egypt, 1799, and the Anglo-French Expedition to the Crimea, 1854. But here comparison must cease. The Armada had not to force narrow straits designed by nature for easy defence on land and sea. The feeble forts of Alexandria could offer little resistance to the guns of Napoleon's covering fleet once the expedition had escaped Nelson's pursuit. When the Anglo-French troops landed in the Crimea to fight the Battle of the Alma, they found, it is true, an army to oppose them, but not a veritable network of entrenched positions, protected by barbed wire, and covered by innumerable machine guns and modern artillery of all calibres.

A few of the difficulties may well be enumerated here. We are about to attempt to land an army on an unknown shore, of which no accurate maps are available ; no general staff has patiently worked out every detail of the expedition, or measured its demands on our resources in relation to our deep commitments in other theatres of the war. The Commander-in-Chief has exercised no previous command in the World War, his Staff are equally inexperienced. Yet this is no ordinary campaign. No more precarious operation can be undertaken than to land an army from boats in the face of an enemy entrenched

up to his neck and armed with modern weapons of precision. All the lessons of the war have shown the advantage which a defending army enjoys unless the assault is made in overwhelming force, regardless of losses, and supported by an adequate artillery preparation. Experiments have shown that days must elapse before the whole army, with its artillery and material, can be put ashore at the various points selected.

Hopes of successful landings are based on the optimistic estimates of the effect of the tremendous volume of fire which the warships' guns will bring to bear on the enemy's defences. But, however much this fire may assist the disembarkation, once the troops move inland away from the coast, this support will steadily diminish, and the infantry will have to rely on the rifle and bayonet until the field artillery can be brought ashore to assist them. The Intelligence Department has little accurate information as to the disposition of the enemy's forces, the number of men he can concentrate on the Peninsula, which they put at 35,000, or even where his main defences are located.

We are about to make a leap in the dark, lacking information on the following vital questions: What number of Turkish troops are available for the defence of the Peninsula; have they had the necessary time to prepare all vulnerable points against a surprise attack from the lines of Bulair to Cape Helles; have both coasts—European and Asiatic—been fortified; is the Expeditionary Force of sufficient strength to drive the enemy from his positions on the seashore, then advance inland, establish itself astride the Peninsula, and maintain its grip on the vitals of the Ottoman Empire; will the guns of the fleet be able to support the attack and protect the flanks of the army, as has been calculated; can the guns of the forts be brought to bear against the selected landing points, and against the troops once they have established themselves ashore? The general is about to launch his troops on a mere blind attack, leaving the answers to so many all-important considerations, on which accurate information is essential, to be discovered, not by the researches of the intelligence staff, but by the infantry at the bayonet's point. One fact is obvious, namely, that as long as the Germans remain in control of the Turkish Army they will leave no stone unturned to save their ally and his capital. To Germany the security of Constantinople is a matter of life or death.

According to Napoleon, the moral force animating an army is eight-tenths of victory. If this estimate only held good in these days of arms of precision, machine guns, barbed wire, and deadly artillery, victory will be assured to us. But war is no longer a hand-to-hand struggle at close quarters, in which individual prowess counts for so much;

it is a long-drawn-out process of attrition of men and nerves, and the bravest and strongest are often shot down before they have ever seen the enemy.

The enthusiasm and confidence amongst all ranks were intense during the heavy work of preparing for the start, but few gave a thought to the future or to the possibility of defeat or disaster. The soldiers and the sailors are charged with all the old-time Anglo-Saxon light-heartedness in the face of danger, and with but few troubling to reason out for themselves whether it is a feasible undertaking or not. The majority are quite content to leave to the future the solution of all problems. Wars are only carried on, and desperate enterprises carried out, owing to the lack of imagination amongst the rank and file. How fortunate that only a few have any appreciation beforehand of what an attack means under modern conditions. If every private soldier realised what was ahead of him how different would be the spirits of the men during the final hours of preparation. How many around me now cheerful and enchanted with the prospect of putting their training to the supreme test, will be dead before they have even pulled a trigger.

A great deal of the confidence of all ranks is due to the superb spectacle presented by the huge fleet of warships and transports in Mudros Bay. A motley collection of types stretching back for well-nigh thirty years delights our eyes. The giant *Queen Elizabeth* is our flagship, and the spirit of the great Queen seems to animate every man afloat on warship or transport. The gaze next rests on the dreadnought-cruiser *Inflexible*, then passes on to a long line of pre-dreadnought battleships headed by the *Agamemnon* and *Lord Nelson*, followed in periods ranging back to the year 1900 by the *Queen*, *London*, *Prince of Wales*, *Implacable*, *Cornwallis*, and two good ships purchased at the time of the Russo-Japanese War—the *Swiftsure* and the *Triumph*. We are carried back to the 'nineties by the *Albion*, *Majestic*, *Canopus*, *Vengeance*, *Goliath*, and *Prince George*. Many of these old pre-dreadnought battleships, condemned to the scrap heap at the outbreak of the war, are now destined to end their careers gloriously in eastern waters. They have passed the early months of the war patrolling the Channel exposed to submarine attack, their officers and men oppressed by the prospect that even if the Germans did come out they would only be called upon to play a secondary rôle in the struggle between the Grand Fleets.

Now they find themselves engaged in a glorious enterprise of primary importance, which, if it succeeds, will stamp the names of all indelibly on the pages of history, whilst, if it fails, the old ships will go to a watery grave with colours flying. The crews no longer envy the lot of their

comrades in the Grand Fleet keeping their incessant watch in the North Sea. They would not change their antiquated craft for the finest dreadnought afloat.

Supporting our great fleet of dreadnoughts and pre-dreadnoughts are the old French battleships, the *Charlemagne*, *Jaureguiberry*, *Gaulois*, *Suffren*, and *Henri V*. All date back to the early 'nineties, the veteran of the fleet being the old high-sided, round-bodied *Jaureguiberry*, now in her twenty-third year. These ships belong to a period when French constructors were experimenting and seemed to have no fixed design in mind. They form a queer contrast to the *Queen Elizabeth* and our pre-dreadnoughts. The *Henri* V is a never-failing subject of interest and comment to all newcomers to Mudros Bay. From her low freeboard, scarcely a foot above the water, there rises a series of towers and turrets and batteries, giving her the appearance of an ancient castle rather than a warship.

To support the battleships we have a powerful fleet of cruisers : the *Bacchante*, *Euryalus*, *Dartmouth*, *Dublin*, *Talbot*, *Doris*, and *Minerva*, and the five-funnelled Russian *Askold*, which escaped, with four of her funnels, to Shanghai, accompanied by the battleship *Tsarevitch*, after the Battle of Round Island on August 10th, 1904, when the Russian fleet made its last abortive sortie from Port Arthur. In addition to the cruisers there are eight depôt and repair ships, and a vast number of destroyers, torpedo-craft and submarines.

I have attempted to describe this great fleet of infinite variety, but what of the transports collected together from all parts of the world to carry the Crusaders to Gallipoli—perhaps to Constantinople! From the quarter-deck of the *London* I can read the familiar names of famous liners belonging to almost every company which has ever carried the British flag. The resources of our Mercantile Marine seem unlimited. By day the spectacle is grand, as this immense fleet lies in the great bay on a surface as smooth as glass, with innumerable flags flying, and the smoke rising expectingly from hundreds of funnels ; at night thousands of lights sparkle on the water, and the signals heliographed by electric lamps twinkle brighter than the stars above. In a few days this immense armada will be launched to its fate, either to meet a second Salamis, or to carry the Crusaders victoriously to Byzantium, after 468 years of Ottoman mis-rule. Nothing will ever efface from the memory the majestic splendour of the scene in Mudros Bay.

April 23rd. The weather showed signs of clearing to-day, and we were officially informed that our division of the Expedition will sail to-morrow. For the last time we had a full dress rehearsal of embarking and disembarking the 11th Australian Infantry, and the rest of the day

was spent in watching numbers of battleships, cruisers, and transports sailing from the bay to unknown destinations. We were told that this force consisted of the 29th Division and covering ships, and is to rendezvous at Tenedos in order to disembark somewhere at the southern extremity of the Peninsula. The destination of the Dominion troops is, however, unknown. I paid a farewell visit to the *Queen Elizabeth* and saw Keyes, who promised me he would get my despatches off as soon as possible, but added that they would probably have to go by boat to Malta or Alexandria, and be sent from one of those ports, as the cable ship would be too busy with official messages.

CHAPTER II

THE LANDING AT ANZAC

APRIL 24th. Throughout the morning there were scenes of unwonted activity in Mudros Bay. The warships changed their anchorage and took up fresh stations, and the crowded transports slowly made their way to the entrance of the harbour. At 3 p.m. our boats brought the 500 men of the 11th Australian Infantry on board for the last time. Numbered squares had been painted in white on the quarter-deck, and on each of these a company fell in. The men were then dismissed and made their way forward to the mess decks. The hospitable British tars handed over their limited accommodation to the newcomers, who were to bear the brunt of the attack. At 5 p.m., our force, the Second Division of the fleet, consisting of the *Queen*, *Prince of Wales*, *London*, and *Majestic*, with four transports bearing troops, and the covering ships *Triumph*, *Bacchante*, and *Prince George*, slowly steamed out of the bay. As we passed through the long lines of waiting transports, our bands played the national anthems of all the Allies, and deafening cheers greeted our departure. It was the most majestic and inspiring spectacle I have ever seen, but withal there was an atmosphere of tragedy. Many, now full of life and hope and joy, will never see another sun sink to rest.

The weather was beautifully fine, and when we had cleared the entrance of the bay we turned our backs on Gallipoli and steamed due west to pass round the far side of the island of Lemnos, *en route* for a secret rendezvous only known to the Admiral. It is painfully obvious that we can only effect a local surprise, because the Turks, in Sir Ian Hamilton's own words, knew of the exact composition of his force before he ever left Egypt, and now they must have learnt from their aviators and spies, scattered amongst the islands, that our preparations are complete. They can also calculate on our striking between the waning of the old moon and the rising of the new.

At six o'clock the Australian contingent fell in on one side of the quarter-deck, and the crew of the *London* on the other. Captain Armstrong read Admiral de Robeck's proclamation wishing success to all

ranks. His place was then taken by the ship's chaplain, who conducted a short service, and, as he uttered solemn prayers for victory, the men stood with bowed and bared heads. The Australians were then taken to the mess deck, where a hot meal was served out to them by the crew; then, after a smoke, they turned in to obtain some rest before dawn. It was the last sleep for many a brave warrior from "Down Under." At seven o'clock dinner was served in the wardroom, where the Australian officers were entertained as our guests. Everyone feigned an unnatural cheerfulness, the wine passed round, not a word was said of what the morrow might bring forth, yet over the party there seemed to hover the dread angel of death. After this tragic repast we surrendered our cabins to our Dominion friends, and snatched some sleep in the wardroom chairs. At sunset all lights were extinguished, and we steamed slowly through the night to an unknown destination, and to an unknown fate.

April 25th. At 1 a.m. the fleet came to a dead stop and all on board were roused. I visited the mess decks, and watched the Australian troops having a final hot meal before falling in. They were as calm as if about to take part in a route march. At 2 a.m. the men fell in by companies on the numbered squares, of which I have already spoken. Our boats had meanwhile been lowered and attached to the steam pinnaces. Each battleship had towed three extra pinnaces from Mudros in addition to her own.

There was only a faint sheen from the stars to light up the dramatic scene on deck. This splendid contingent from Australia stood there in silence, as the officers, hurrying from group to group, issued their final instructions. Between the companies of infantry were the beach parties, whose duty it was to put them ashore. Lieutenants in khaki, midshipmen—not yet out of their 'teens—in old white duck suits dyed khaki colour, carrying revolvers, water-bottles, and kits almost as big as themselves, and sturdy bluejackets equipped for the shore. At 2.30 a.m. the pinnaces towed the boats alongside, and the Australians climbed down the wooden ladders. Thanks to the constant rehearsals there was no confusion, no overcrowding, and not a single mishap occurred. The tows then went astern, each battleship trailing four behind her. At 3 a.m., the fleet began to move slowly towards the shore until, a little after 4 a.m., the distant silhouette of the coast became visible for the first time. At 4.30 a.m. the *Queen*, *London*, *Prince of Wales*, and *Majestic* were in line about three thousand yards from the shore. The signal was then given for the tows to cast off, and make their way to the beach. It was still very dark and each pinnace, towing four boats, looked like a great snake as it slowly forged ahead. We, who

assembled on the bridge of the *London*, were now to pass some nerve-racking minutes of suspense which seemed like hours. Very slowly the twelve snakes of boats steamed past the battleships, the gunwales almost flush with the water, so crowded were they with khaki figures. To our anxious eyes it appeared as if the loads were too heavy for the pinnaces, that some mysterious power was holding them back, that they would never reach the shore before daybreak, and thus lose the chance of a surprise. The distance between the battleships and the boats did not diminish, but only because we were steaming very slowly in after them, until the water gradually shallowed.

Every eye and every glass was fixed on the grim line of hills in our front, so shapeless, yet so menacing in the gloom, the mysteries of which those in the boats, looking so fragile and helpless, were about to solve. Not a sound was heard from the shore and no light was seen ; it appeared as if the enemy had been completely surprised, and that the Australians would land without opposition. The stars above the silhouette of the hills were frequently mistaken for lights in our nervy state. On the bridge a sharp-eyed signalman suddenly called out " there's a light on the starboard bow," but after a brief examination it was pronounced to be a star, and this nautical astronomer turned away in confusion.

The progress of the boats was indeed slow, dawn was now breaking, and we feared they would never be able to land in the darkness. At last something definite did happen. Precisely at 4.50 a.m. the enemy showed an alarm signal, which flashed for ten minutes and then faded away. The next three minutes passed in breathless anxiety, for we could only just discern the outline of the tows, which appeared to be almost on the beach. At this moment seven destroyers conveying the rest of the covering troops glided through the intervals between the battleships and followed the boats inshore.

At 4.53 a.m. there came a very sharp burst of rifle fire from the beach, and we knew that our men were at last at grips with the enemy. The sound came as a relief, for the suspense of the prolonged waiting had become intolerable. The fire only lasted for a few minutes, and then a faint cheer was wafted across the water. How comforting and inspiring was the sound at such a moment ! It came as a message of hope, for its meaning was clear : a foothold had been obtained on the beach.

At 5.23 a.m. the fire intensified, and we could tell from the sound that our men were in action. It lasted until 5.28 and then died down somewhat. It was impossible to see what was happening, although dawn was breaking, because we were looking due east into the sun, slowly rising behind the hills, and there was also a haze over the sea.

At 5.26 a.m., astern, we saw the outline of some of the transports looming up as they approached the coast, conveying the remainder of the 1st Australian Division and the New Zealanders. The first news came with the return of our boats. A steam pinnace stopped alongside with two recumbent forms on deck, and a small figure, pale but cheerful, waving his hand astern. They were one of our midshipmen just sixteen years of age, shot through the stomach, but regarding his injury more as a fitting consummation to a glorious holiday ashore than a serious wound, together with a stoker and petty officer, all three wounded by the first burst of musketry, which caused many casualties in the boats just as they reached the beach. From them we learnt what had happened during those first wild moments. The tows had reached the beach, when a party of Turks, entrenched on the foreshore, opened up a sharp fusilade from rifles and a maxim. Fortunately, much of this fire was high, but nevertheless many men were hit as they sat huddled together forty or fifty in a boat. It was a trying moment, but the Australian volunteers rose to the occasion. They neither waited for orders, nor for the boats to reach the beach, but, springing into the sea, waded ashore, and, forming some sort of a rough line, rushed straight on the flashes of the enemy's rifles. Their magazines were not even charged, and they went in with cold steel; I believe I am right in saying that the first Turk received a Dominion bayonet in him at five minutes after 5 a.m., on April 25th.

It was all over in a minute. The Turks in the first trench were bayoneted, or ran away, and a maxim gun was captured. Then the Australians found themselves facing foothills of loose sandstone, covered with thick scrub, and somewhere half-way up the Turks had a second trench strongly held, from which they poured a heavy fire on the troops below, and on the boats pulling back to the destroyers for the second landing party. Here was a tough proposition to tackle in the darkness, but these Dominion soldiers went about it in a practical way. They stopped a few minutes to pull themselves together, to get rid of their packs, and charge their magazines. Then this race of athletes proceeded to scale the hill without responding to the enemy's fire. They lost men, but did not stop, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Turks were out of their second position, either bayoneted or in full flight. Thus were the first foothills above Anzac Cove seized.

Throughout the day fresh men, fresh guns, stores, ammunition, and medical supplies were dumped ashore. The troops, as soon as they were landed, were rushed up the foothills to the firing-line, seeking to extend the circle, and thus secure a position they could entrench and hold against the Turkish counter-attacks.

Throughout the afternoon the fighting continued, and the *London* was continually receiving signals to bombard positions, where the Turks were vigorously pressing the Australians back to the first line of hills they had seized at dawn. It became more and more obvious that the Dominion troops were extremely hard pressed. The wounded were brought off the shore in boats and pinnaces, in a never-ending stream, and the accommodation on the single hospital ship, allotted to Anzac, speedily gave out. As usual, with the start of all British expeditions, the medical arrangements were totally inadequate to meet the requirements of the hour. Optimism had minimised our casualties to the finest possible margin, but the Turks multiplied them at an alarming rate. Apparently there was no one in authority to direct the streams of wounded to other ships where accommodation could be found for them, and many were taken on board the warships. Finally, orders came that the wounded were to be sent on board those transports which had already discharged their landing parties, and doctors would be sent aboard to look after them until they reached Egypt. But many succumbed who might otherwise have been saved. The boats returning to the *London* all brought the same tale of things going badly, heavy casualties, the beaches choked with wounded, who could not be moved, while the enemy's attack showed no diminution in strength or persistency. About 9.30 p.m., one of our pinnaces came off for fuel and water, and I was able to return in her to the beach. We steamed in close to the shore under what appeared to be a kind of hailstorm caused by the bullets striking the sea. Fortunately most of this fire was high, and I found some cover under the shelter of the hills, when I had landed on the narrow beach, some thirty yards wide.

I climbed ashore over some barges and found myself in the semi-darkness amidst a scene of indescribable confusion. The beach was piled with ammunition and stores, hastily dumped from the lighters, among which lay the dead and wounded, and men so absolutely exhausted that they had fallen asleep in spite of the deafening noise of the battle. In fact, it was impossible to distinguish between the living and the dead in the darkness. Through the gloom I saw the ghost-like silhouettes of groups of men wandering around in a continuous stream apparently going to, or returning from, the firing-line. On the hills above there raged an unceasing struggle lit up by the bursting shells, and the night air was humming with bullets like the droning of countless bees on a hot summer's day. Nevertheless, this little stretch of beach was so angled that it provided a haven of refuge—if a precarious one.

Once ashore, I did not know where to go, or whom to address to obtain some reliable information on the position of the Australian troops,

Alfieri Picture Service

SAP AT TOP OF SHRAPNEL VALLEY, ANZAC

until I saw a little group of men standing apart, whom I judged to be officers. One of them, a short man in the centre, appeared to be giving instructions to the others, and, on approaching, I recognised him as General Birdwood, from a photograph, although I had not yet met him. Now, although I was in uniform, I had come ashore in my hurry in an old green hat, and, on approaching the group, a big man, whom I afterwards discovered to be an Australian colonel attached to the Staff, called out, " Who are you and what are you doing here ? " and, before I could answer, he shouted, " Seize that man, he is a spy." Allowance must be made for the terrible night and day he had passed through, and the consequent fatigue, but it struck me as being rather queer that a spy should be dressed differently from everyone else. Soldiers rushed up, and I found myself a prisoner. I recalled, at the moment, that this was the third occasion on which I had been arrested as a spy during the war, the last being at Rheims, when I found myself in very hot water, and got locked up in the Cherche Midi Prison in Paris. I went up to the Staff and said, " I am Ashmead-Bartlett, the official War Correspondent attached to the Expedition." Having at this period no recognised connection with the army, I possessed no pass, but before I left the *London*, realising that something of this kind was sure to happen to me, I got Captain Armstrong to give me a pass permitting me to go ashore. But even this did not satisfy the nervous Colonel, who remained convinced that I was a spy, and shouted out, " How do I know who you are ? Does anyone here know this man ? " Then from somewhere out of the darkness a very gruff voice replied, " Yes, I do," and I found myself free once again.[1]

Colonel Street, Birdwood's Chief-of-Staff, came up and presented me to the General, who, in spite of the nerve-racking noise and scenes of confusion all around him, appeared the embodiment of calmness. He asked me how I had come ashore, and I told him in a pinnace. Then several of the Staff said, " You must keep her here for the time being. There is an urgent despatch to be sent off, and we have no other steam launch ashore at this hour." The Naval Beach Officer, who was very excited, said to me, " Do not send your boat away, whatever you do. We have to go round all the transports and get them to send in their boats. It is impossible for the Australians to hold out during the night,

[1] I had no idea, at the time, who my unknown benefactor was, and did not, in fact, discover until six months later when, on taking a trip in a stray pinnace, the boatswain referred to the incident and said he was the man who had saved me from what he described as being " Hexecuted on the spot." He went on to say that I had made a trip with him to the *Queen Elizabeth* at Mudros, and that he had recognised me once again by my hat. I suitably rewarded him for—as he considered—saving me from a premature end !

they are being too hard pressed." Considering the confusion, the darkness and the heavy fighting, I saw that this would be impracticable, and could only lead to a massacre on the beaches.

It was a dramatic scene while General Godley was writing this momentous despatch in semi-darkness to Birdwood's dictation, surrounded by a small group of Staff Officers, by the dead and wounded, and a miscellaneous collection of stores and ammunition. On these few words, penned on the battlefield, in the darkness of the night, relieved only by bursting shells, the fate of the whole Expedition depended. The despatch finished, Birdwood handed it to the Naval Landing Officer, who dashed off to the pinnace, followed by me.[1]

We first picked up the battleship *Queen*, and my companion climbed on board, saw the Admiral, and handed him the letter. Shortly afterwards the *Queen* weighed anchor and stood off towards Cape Helles. "What is our next move?" I asked. My friend replied, "We've got to go to every transport in turn and order them to send in their boats immediately to bring off the Australians." I pointed out to him that such an operation was impossible in the darkness and confusion, and that the only chance the Australians had was to hold on till daybreak. He agreed with me, but replied, "I must obey my orders." We steered for the nearest transport, and he shouted through a megaphone, "Hold your boats in readiness to send them ashore at a moment's notice." To each in turn we delivered a similar order. In many of these transports discipline was non-existent. Instead of being prepared to meet any emergency that might arise during such a night of horror, and after such a landing, there was not even a solitary sailor left on watch, and we had difficulty in inducing someone in responsibility to take our message. It became obvious, the further we proceeded, that under such conditions it would be impossible to re-embark Birdwood's army.

It took us two hours to go round all the transports and then we returned once more to the beach. There was still heavy rifle fire, but it had lost a great deal of its intensity, and, as the Turkish guns were

[1] It was as follows:—

"Both my Divisional Generals and Brigadiers have represented to me that they fear their men are thoroughly demoralised by shrapnel fire to which they have been subjected all day after exhaustion and gallant work in morning. Numbers have dribbled back from firing line and cannot be collected in this difficult country. Even New Zealand Brigade which has been only recently engaged lost heavily and is to some extent demoralised. If troops are subjected to shell fire again to-morrow morning there is likely to be a fiasco as I have no fresh troops with which to replace those in firing line. I know my representation is most serious but if we are to re-embark it must be at once.

(Sd.) BIRDWOOD."

almost silent, there seemed to be an all-round improvement in the situation. On stepping ashore we reported to the Staff. I then returned to the *London*, feeling confident that the Australians and New Zealanders would be able to hold out during the night. Just as I was leaving, I ran across the P.M.O. of the *London*, MacMillan, who had been working incessantly amongst the wounded all through the afternoon and night. I offered to take him off but he declined, saying there was yet plenty more work for him to do, as they were very short of surgeons ashore.[1]

April 26th. The dawn brought no respite to the weary Dominion troops clinging tenaciously to the hills above the beach. It soon became obvious that the enemy had been strongly reinforced during the night and was preparing for a big assault from the north-east down the rugged slopes of Sari Bair. This fresh movement began about 9.30 a.m. From the ships we could see large numbers of the enemy creeping along the tops of the hills, endeavouring to approach our positions under cover—apparently unaware that his movements were visible from the sea. He had also brought up more guns during the night, and proceeded to plaster the whole position with shrapnel. The rifle and machine-gun fire once more became heavy and incessant.

But the enemy was not allowed to have matters all his own way.

Several warships moved in closer to the shore, whilst the *Queen Elizabeth*, which had come up from Helles, stood further out and acted as a kind of chaperon to the lot. Each warship covered a section of the line, and, when the signal was given, opened up a bombardment of the heights and valleys beyond, which can only be described as terrific. As the

[1] It was not until later that I heard what happened to Birdwood's letter, and this from Sir Ian Hamilton himself. He told me that at midnight, just when he was overwhelmed with anxiety over the Turkish counter-attacks on the various beaches at Helles, and the failure of the troops to get ashore from the *River Clyde*, he received the letter. He, Hamilton, had to decide whether they should endeavour to hold on or to attempt to withdraw the troops. Sir Ian gauged the situation rapidly and correctly. He saw that it would be impossible to withdraw the Australians during the night, and replied to Birdwood as follows :——

> " Your news is indeed serious. But there is nothing for it but to dig yourselves right in and stick it out. It would take at least two days to re-embark you as Admiral Thursby will explain to you. Meanwhile, the Australian submarine has got up through the Narrows and has torpedoed a gunboat at [Chanak]. Hunter-Weston, despite his heavy losses, will be advancing to-morrow, which should divert pressure from you. Make a personal appeal to your men and Godley's to make a supreme effort to hold their ground.
>
> (Sd.) IAN HAMILTON."

Sir Ian ordered the news of the submarine's exploit to be circulated amongst the troops on shore to encourage them to fresh exertions. But it could never have reached the firing line that night, and what really saved the situation was the sudden cessation of the Turkish attacks at midnight, which gave the Australians the chance to dig themselves in and to prepare a rough improvised defensive position.

Turkish infantry moved forward to the attack, they were met with every kind of shell which our warships carry, from 15-inch shrapnel from the *Queen Elizabeth*, each one of which contains 20,000 bullets, to 12-inch, 6-inch, and 12-pounders. The noise, smoke, and concussion produced was unlike anything the imagination can picture, or words can paint. The hills in front looked as if they had been transformed into smoking volcanoes; the common shell throwing up great chunks of ground and masses of black smoke, whilst the shrapnel formed a white canopy above. Sections of the ground were covered by each ship all round our front trenches, and, the ranges being accurately known, the shooting was excellent.

Nevertheless, a great deal of the fire was of necessity indirect, and the ground afforded such excellent cover that the Turks continued their advance in a most gallant manner, whilst the artillery not only plastered our positions on shore with shrapnel, but actually tried to drive the warships off the coast by firing at them. We were so close in shore that their snipers, in place of a better target, tried to pick off the officers and men on the decks and bridges. Many bullets were found stuck in the planking of the decks after the engagement.

One of the enemy's warships endeavoured to fire over the Peninsula at us, and dropped several salvoes quite close. However, the battleship *Triumph*, with the aid of an aeroplane, managed to drop two 10-inch shells within a few yards of her, whereupon she retired further up the Straits to a safer position, but continued to fire from time to time.

The scene at the height of the engagement was sombre, magnificent, and unique. The day was perfectly clear, and you could see right down the coast as far as Seddel Bahr. There the warships covering the landing at Cape Helles were blazing away at Achi Baba and the hills around it, covering their summits with great white clouds of bursting shells. Farther out, the silhouette of the transports which had carried the 29th Division to death and to eternal glory loomed up through the slight mist.

Almost opposite Gaba Tepe, a battleship and a cruiser close in shore were covering the low ground with their guns, and occasionally dropping shells right over the Peninsula into the Straits beyond. Opposite the hills, so tenaciously held by the Australian and New Zealand troops, the warships kept up an incessant fire, bathing themselves in yellow clouds of cordite. Beyond lay our transports, which had moved further out to avoid the fire of the enemy's warships in the Straits and his batteries ashore. Beyond all, the splendid silhouette of the *Queen Elizabeth* with her eight huge 15-inch guns, all pointed shorewards,

seemed to threaten annihilation to any enemy who dared even aim at the squadron under her charge.

On shore the rifle and machine-gun fire never slackened ; at times it rose to a perfect storm as the Turks pressed onwards to attack. On the beaches we could see masses of troops waiting their turn to move to any threatened point, whilst the beach parties worked incessantly at landing stores, material, and ammunition.

This great attack lasted some two hours, but entirely failed to shake the Dominion line. On the warships throughout the morning we frequently received encouraging messages such as " Thanks for your assistance," " Your guns are inflicting awful losses on the enemy."

The Turks must, in fact, have suffered terribly from the concentrated fire of so many guns, and from the rifles of the infantry in the trenches. The end came in a flash of bayonets and a sudden charge of the Colonials before which the Turks broke and fled, amidst a perfect tornado of shells from the ships. They fell back sullen and checked, though not yet defeated, but for the remainder of the day, no big attack was pressed home, and Birdwood's men gained some ground in local counter-attacks, which enlarged and consolidated the position they were holding.

For the remainder of the 26th the enemy contented himself with keeping up his incessant sniping, but the troops were now dug in and suffered less from this annoyance. Some prisoners were captured, including an officer who declared the Turks were becoming demoralised by the fire of the guns, and that the Germans now had difficulty in getting them forward to the attack.

Throughout the night the Turks continued to harass our lines, creeping up and endeavouring to snipe the Australians and New Zealanders in their shelter trenches, but never daring to press home an attack, although in greatly superior numbers and having the advantage of thoroughly knowing the ground. At one point of the line they paid dearly for their temerity, for a detachment of New Zealanders charged them with the bayonet and drove them off in disorder.

April 27th. It became obvious this morning that the Turks had not yet recovered from the terrible hammering they had received on the previous day, and had no stomach for another big attack on the entrenchments now firmly established on a semi-circular front which covered the whole of the foreshore where troops, supplies, guns, and ammunition were being landed without cessation. By this time our position ashore was immeasurably strengthened by the landing of the Corps artillery and several batteries of Indian mountain guns.

The Turks, under German leadership, had evidently intended to

drive us into the sea on the previous day by a great concentration of infantry, supported by an unceasing shrapnel fire, expecting to find an easy prey in a line thinly held by men demoralised by their exertions and their heavy losses. But they were sadly disillusioned, for the Australians and New Zealanders were determined from the first to die to a man rather than surrender the ground so dearly won on April 25th. Every man knew his only hope of safety lay in victory, as it would have been impossible to re-embark the whole army, if ever the grip on the ring of hills commanding the beach had been lost. As a general rule, troops under fire for the first time—more especially when composed of volunteers who have had only a few months' training—become somewhat dispirited and demoralised by heavy losses, if they have not had the opportunity of settling down to the new conditions of active service. But the Australians and New Zealanders proved themselves notable exceptions to this general rule, and the harder the enemy struck at them, the more determined they became to hold out.

It must be borne in mind that throughout the whole of the 26th and 27th of April, owing to the enemy's persistent attacks, the re-organisation of units was impossible. The men could only settle down on the ground they happened to hold, with battalions and companies hopelessly intermingled, whilst arrangements for bringing up ammunition, water, and supplies were being perfected. This makes the achievement of the Anzac Corps all the more remarkable. No finer feat of arms was ever performed than this sudden landing in the dark, this storming of the heights, and above all, the holding on to the positions just won. These raw Dominion troops in these desperate days proved themselves worthy to fight side by side with the heroes of Mons, the Aisne, and Ypres.

Throughout the entire day of April 27th, the enemy resorted to new tactics in the forlorn hope of driving us off the shore, and with the object of preventing supplies and reinforcements reaching the beach. During the night he brought up and got into position a great number of field guns, and with these he opened up a heavy bombardment of the foreshore and sea, whilst at the same time he maintained his rain of shrapnel on the trenches. But it was difficult for him to enfilade the beach, except from Gaba Tepe, owing to the peculiar converging formation of the hills. Ships were told off expressly to keep down the fire of two field guns posted in that position, which caused our working parties a great deal of annoyance. Every time the enemy endeavoured to move guns closer to the shore from the north, they were put out of action or at any rate silenced by the well-aimed fire of the battleships. Thus baffled in his efforts to concentrate the fire of his guns on the

crowded beach, he resorted to the experiment of putting a curtain of shrapnel between the warships and transports and the shore. He tried, in fact, to cut off the troops from their base by a steady barrage.

It was truly an amazing sight to watch the shells bursting, dozens at a time, above the calm sea, and the spreading bullets churning up the water as if a great hailstorm had suddenly come on. Some fell far out, being aimed at the warships and transports, whilst the bulk of the fire, concentrated nearer the shore, made a danger zone through which all the trawlers and boats had to pass going to, or returning from, the beach. But this hail of lead made not the smallest difference to the gallant crews of the pinnaces, boats, lighters, and tugs manned by the men of the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, and in charge of sub-lieutenants and midshipmen. There was never any delay or hesitation in order to give time for the storm to moderate. They took about as much notice of this hail of bullets as they would have of a tropical thunderstorm, and, although the spectacular effect of the bombardment was extremely imposing, the material damage inflicted was small.

April 28th. Throughout the whole of the day the warships kept up a steady fire on any of the enemy's infantry who attempted to advance, the aeroplanes spotting with excellent effect. Every day the ship's gunners become more efficient at this direct fire on land targets, until nothing can live above ground in a section fired at, provided the target has been accurately spotted. The Turks, for their part, frequently fired guns of heavy calibre from the forts or warships from the other side of the Peninsula, hoping to hole a transport. In this they were singularly unsuccessful. The battleship *Majestic* and several transports had narrow escapes. If the fire was reported by aeroplane to be coming from a warship, she would be speedily made to shift her position by one or two well-aimed salvoes from our guns. Our most persistent opponent was a Turkish ship—some thought her to be the *Goeben*—which let loose with her heavy guns every morning between six and seven. The scream her shells made passing through the air, the tremendous splash as they hit the water, and the violent detonation if they happened to burst, aroused everyone from their slumbers, and brought the curious with a rush to the decks to see where they had fallen. Sailors soon find an appropriate name for everything, and our matutinal enemy soon became known throughout the fleet as " Christians, arise."

Nothing is more remarkable in war than the speedy manner in which a well-trained army buries its dead after a hard fight, and settles down to make itself comfortable in some newly-won position. Thus, within a very few days of the landing, the stretch of foreshore and cliffs occupied

by the Australian and New Zealand troops had been named by the sailors, regarding the panorama from the ships, as the "Folkestone Leas," and the ground certainly does bear a remarkable resemblance to what Folkestone must have looked like before the town sprang up on the cliffs. The scenes at Anzac in these early days have left an indelible impression on the minds of those who witnessed them. On going ashore amidst what seemed to be an avalanche of bursting shrapnel, you landed on a sandy beach about thirty yards wide, between the water and the cliffs, which then rise very steeply for a hundred to two hundred feet. There you found concentrated on this narrow stretch of level ground, regiments waiting to move up to the trenches, fatigue parties unloading boats and lighters, others building up great pyramids of tinned meat and biscuits, others fetching water, of which only a moderate supply had up to this time been found on shore. There were trains of mules working laboriously to drag field guns into positions up the precipitous hills covered with sand and scrub, into which the wheels either sunk or stuck, picturesque Indians in charge of the mountain guns and mule trains, dressing stations where the wounded were hastily tended before being piled into the barges and sent off to the ships; other fatigue parties were laying telegraph and telephone wires, and yet others carrying supplies up the hills to the men in the firing-line.

You ran across your beach parties from the battleships and found young midshipmen who had worked almost without rest for three days and nights, now engaged in building themselves bomb-proof shelters against the constant shelling. One of them complained bitterly to me that his last one was considered such a perfect model of its kind that some superior officer no sooner saw it than he appropriated it for his own use.

Thousands of hardy Australians and New Zealanders were concentrated on this ground, purchased with the life-blood of many a brave man. Each was engaged in some necessary occupation. In these early days, no sooner was a man taken for a spell from the trenches, than he was required for fatigue work, and short indeed were the hours for repose or sleep.

The generals and the staff officers fared no better than their men. No stately châteaux, well out of the range of the enemy's guns, provided them with shelter and comfort after the fatigues of the day. Each and all sought some protected spot in one of the valleys running up from the foreshore, and there built himself, or had constructed for him, some kind of shelter from the enemy's shrapnel. General Birdwood shared the common dangers and discomforts with his men. He was loud in his praise of his troops. He could not say enough for their courage, endurance, and soldierly qualities. He added that the manner in which they

Alfieri Picture Service

VIEW OF LANCASHIRE LANDING IN EARLY DAYS

hung on to the position the first day and night was a magnificent feat which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, considering their very heavy losses, the shortage of water, the incessant shrapnel fire to which they were exposed without the protection of any trenches, not to mention the unceasing attacks of the enemy's infantry.

The whole scene on Anzac Beach reminded one irresistibly of a gigantic shipwreck. It looked as if the whole force and all the guns and material had not been landed, but had been washed ashore. But this southern colony, so strangely and suddenly planted on the bleak inhospitable Gallipoli coast, soon began to assume a definite form. The soft face of the hills was speedily cut away into roads, dug-outs, and bomb-proof shelters. An improvised colony sprung up under the very eyes of the enemy, who, seated comfortably on the higher ground, could watch every movement below and who yet were powerless to shift the unwelcome invaders.

On the third day after the landing, the Anzac Corps was holding its semi-circular position on two lines of hills so securely entrenched that all danger of the Turks driving them into the sea may be said to have passed. The cheerfulness of the men in the front lines augured well for the future. They felt that they had emerged from their fiery ordeal in reputation second to none of the myriads of warriors fighting in every corner of the world. One of the most curious features of Anzac at this time was the incessant sniping which went on even in the middle of the position, and which caused many casualties. It became obvious that some of the enemy's sharp-shooters had remained behind as the troops pressed forward, hidden in the scrub or in sand-holes or disguised as the very trees themselves. It became necessary to hunt out and kill off these pests one by one.

The cessation of the enemy's attacks enabled the units under General Birdwood's command to be sorted out and reorganised. Four battalions of the Royal Naval Division were sent to reinforce the Anzac Corps, and thus it was possible to relieve some of the worn-out battalions in the front trenches. Both sides settled down to entrench, and the war at once began to assume the character of a siege, neither side being able to advance, and neither willing to retire. Minor skirmishes between the advanced lines were frequent.

It seems almost incredible to relate that throughout these days we did not receive one scrap of authentic information as to what was happening at Cape Helles, only twelve miles away. Rumours varied from extremes of optimism to pessimism. At one time we were told that the landing had been completely successful, that Achi Baba had been seized, and that the Cape Helles army would shortly appear over

the hills to join up with the Anzac Corps. This would be followed by dismal accounts of tremendous losses sustained during the landings and tales of how we were holding our own with extreme difficulty. But as our naval shells were continuing to burst over Achi Baba it was apparent that this sinister hill had not yet fallen.

I began to worry over the question of sending off my despatches, which is the primary duty of a War Correspondent. I had not been able to visit the *Queen Elizabeth*, as that vessel remained off Cape Helles, only running up to Anzac for short spells and standing a long way out. I managed to complete my first accounts to-day, and Captain Armstrong sent them on board our divisional flagship the *Queen* for transmission to the "Q.E." I also despatched a signal to Keyes asking to be transferred to Helles.

April 29th. This morning I received a signal from Keyes telling me to come to Helles immediately and promising to send a destroyer in the afternoon. I paid a farewell visit to Birdwood, who presented me with a pass giving me the freedom of Anzac. The General is satisfied with the position of his troops, but, of course, realises that all chance of getting astride the Peninsula is gone for the time being. His army is more in the position of a besieged garrison, than one about to attempt a successful advance.

At four o'clock a destroyer came alongside and I said good-bye, with great regret, to Captain Armstrong, and my many friends on the *London*, with whom I have spent three such crowded and exciting weeks. The commander of the destroyer gave me a few details of the fighting at Cape Helles, and I learnt that my surmises on what would happen had turned out to be correct, namely, our men, having got ashore with incredible difficulty, were immediately held up when they attempted to advance inland and seize Krithia and Achi Baba.

I went on board the *Queen Elizabeth* and saw Keyes, who told me he wished me to write an account of the various landings at Cape Helles. I found to my dismay that none of my cables had been despatched, although they had been censored, the reason given being that Hamilton objected to my accounts going through until he has got off his official despatches. I have never heard of a Commander-in-Chief taking this attitude before, but, of course, Sir Ian is notoriously fond of writing. Official despatches are never published till months have passed. Acting on the same principle, no correspondent with the Grand Army in Russia could have sent home a line until after Napoleon had published his famous 29th Bulletin. Keyes gave me the envelope containing my censored despatches, and told me to take them on board the *Euryalus*, from which ship all destroyers and transports going to Malta or Alexandria

take their instructions. He said that they could be put on board the first boat leaving for one of these ports.

On the *Euryalus* I met with very little encouragement, as they told me no ship was leaving for a day or two, and advised me to go on board the cable ship and find out if the " R.T.P." had been arranged from Alexandria and Malta. I saw Mr. Cockrill, who was in charge of the cables, and he gave me the required information. Finally, I decided to leave the whole matter in the hands of Allah, and to make my way on board the battleship *Implacable*, which had been assigned to me by Keyes as my new home. He had promised to inform the captain, but when I arrived on board no signal had been received. It was now a little past eight, and I was taken down to the wardroom, where I found a very convivial gathering. A middle-aged, grey-haired man with a clean-shaven face, rather short and stout, was sitting at the head of the table, surrounded by a group of younger officers. The officer of the watch introduced me to the captain, who turned out to be the man at the head of the table. On hearing my name, he asked me why I had come to the *Implacable*. I explained that I had been sent on board by Commodore Keyes, who had promised to make a signal. He replied, " Well, sit down and make yourself at home. Have you dined ? " I replied, " No." He then ordered dinner, a whisky and soda, and when the repast was finished made me drink three or four glasses of port with him. This was my first introduction to the famous Captain " Tubby " Lockyer, one of the best-known characters in the Navy, of whom I had heard so much. He is about the only captain who dines in the wardroom with his officers every night, and who absolutely declines to be shut up like a " Blooming hermit," as he puts it, in his own quarters. He is a terrible man for sitting up late, and your only chance of ever getting to bed is to sneak out quietly without saying " Good night," otherwise you are certain to be collared for " just one more." This being my first evening, there was no escape, and it was 3 a.m. before I got to bed, having had far more drink than was good for me in the heat of the Mediterranean.

April 30th. I woke up suffering slightly from Captain Lockyer's excessive hospitality of the previous evening, and took the first available launch ashore. I landed at X Beach and worked my way along the coast to W Beach, Lancashire Landing, V Beach, and saw the *River Clyde*. Everywhere are evidences of the bitter struggle. The forlorn nature of the undertaking is clearly shown by the strength of the enemy's works, and only the magnificent courage of the 29th Division enabled them to get ashore. Nevertheless, the fact remains that such a landing should never have been undertaken, as it does not come within the

category of legitimate operations of war, those which a general is entitled to ask his men to undertake. The first landing parties, knowing there was no retreat behind, stormed these entrenchments and redoubts in sheer despair, and thus saved the reserves from annihilation. Our line is now about two miles inland, stretching from the Gully Ravine in front of Krithia to Totts Battery on the Dardanelles. The right of the line is held by the French, while we occupy the centre and left. I went on board the *River Clyde* and met Captain Unwin, who gave me a first-hand account of what had happened. In fact, by getting eye-witnesses on each beach to describe exactly what they saw I was able to visualise the whole attack, and to write an account of these events.[1]

[1] This was subsequently ruined by the authorities at home, who insisted on taking out the names of all the regiments, which is like trying to paint a picture with only one colour. The Turks knew the composition of every division at Gallipoli before the Expedition left Egypt, and the names of the battalions afterwards appeared in Hamilton's despatches.

CHAPTER III

THE LANDING AT CAPE HELLES

THE story of the landing of the 29th Division, assisted by units of the Royal Naval Division and by the crews of the battleships and cruisers, is indeed one of, if not the most, splendid, in our military history, and was only brought to a successful conclusion by the most devoted heroism and self-sacrifice of our officers and men.

One might almost say that the bravery and efficiency of this, our last remaining division of the Old Contemptibles, nearly landed the Empire in subsequent disaster through its success, for it committed us to an enterprise which cost millions of money, about two hundred thousand casualties, and absorbed a high percentage of our available shipping. For, had troops less brave and less efficient been engaged in this terrible landing, they would never have succeeded in their task on the first day, and then, in all probability, we would have abandoned the whole ghastly enterprise as impracticable.

The covering force of the 29th Division under the orders of Rear-Admiral R. E. Wemyss, C.M.G., M.V.O., left Mudros Harbour on the evening of April 23rd for the five beaches S, V, W, X, and Y. His squadron consisted of the following battleships : *Swiftsure*, *Implacable*, *Cornwallis*, *Albion*, *Vengeance*, *Lord Nelson*, and *Prince George* ; the cruisers *Euryalus*, *Talbot*, *Minerva*, and *Dublin*, six fleet sweepers and fourteen trawlers.

The transports conveying the covering force of the 29th Division arrived off Tenedos on the morning of April 24th, and during the afternoon the troops were transferred to the warships and fleet sweepers in which they were to approach the shore. About midnight, these ships, each towing a number of cutters and other small boats, silently slipped their cables, and, escorted by the 3rd Squadron of the fleet, steamed slowly towards their final rendezvous off Cape Helles. The sea was covered by a thin veil of mist, was calm, and there was no sign of life anywhere ashore. The four battleships and four cruisers which formed the 3rd Squadron at once took up their allotted positions, and

at 5 a.m. opened up a violent bombardment of the enemy's defences. Meanwhile, the troops forming the covering party were being rapidly transferred to the boats in which they were to be towed ashore.

The problems which the landing parties had to face at Cape Helles were of a different character from those which the Australians and New Zealanders successfully solved further north. The cliffs are not high and irregular, but rise from fifty to a hundred feet from the water's edge round the whole semi-circle of southern Gallipoli. At the foot of the greater extent of these low cliffs there is no foreshore, and jagged rocks make a landing impossible, but at intervals there are stretches of beach, and five of these were selected for the disembarkation of troops, each under the covering fire of warships.

Two of these were on the western shore of the Peninsula and were known as Y and X beaches, a third, known as W Beach (later as " Lancashire Landing "), lies between Cape Tekke and Cape Helles ; a fourth, known as V Beach (where the *River Clyde* was run ashore), is between Cape Helles and the fort, castle, and village of Seddel Bahr ; and the fifth, known as S Beach, is situated east of Seddel Bahr, at Eski Hissarlik Point. Y Beach is seven thousand yards north-east of Cape Tekke, and W Beach one thousand yards north-east of Cape Tekke. Thus it will be seen that the general scheme of the Commander-in-Chief was to seize the whole of the toe of the Peninsula by a general attack conducted at five different points, and for his troops to seize and hold the line stretching from Y Beach to Eski Hissarlik Point. Orders were issued to the troops to press on and seize Krithia and Achi Baba immediately after the landing. The summit of Achi Baba is roughly six miles from Cape Helles.

Once you have climbed the low cliffs at any point, you find yourself on an open grassy plateau, which stretches inland for about three miles until the ground becomes more hilly and broken as you approach the village of Krithia and the slopes of the dominating height of Achi Baba, which rises some seven hundred feet above the sea. The plateau in front of Achi Baba looks flat and easy to negotiate from the sea. In reality it is broken into cultivated areas, farms, deep nullahs, and ravines, and is in places covered with the thick shrub which forms such a dominating feature of the Anzac position, and offers innumerable concealed positions for the defending infantry and his machine guns.

I shall now describe the descent of the 29th Division, assisted by the Royal Naval Division, on these various beaches, in detail, commencing with Y Beach, the most northerly of the landings.

Landing at Y Beach

The troops to be first landed, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, embarked on the 24th on the *Amethyst* and *Sapphire*, and proceeded with the transports *Southland* and *Braemar Castle* to a position off Cape Teke. At 4 a.m. the boats proceeded to Y Beach, timing their arrival at 5 a.m., and pulled ashore, covered by the fire of the *Goliath*. The beach at this point consists of a narrow strip of sand at the foot of sandy, scrub-covered cliff some two hundred feet high, broken, as at Anzac, by small gullies running down the face of the hills. Evidently the Turks considered the spot impracticable for a landing, and had made no arrangements to defend the position. At first, the beach further south, subsequently known as Y2, had been selected for the landing of the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, but fortunately it was abandoned and Y Beach selected in its place. At Y2 a large force of Turkish infantry were waiting entrenched up to their necks, supported by machine and Hotchkiss guns. The K.O.S.B.'s were thus able to establish themselves on the cliffs almost without opposition, and to bring up reserves of supplies, water, and ammunition. They were followed at once by the Plymouth Battalion of the Royal Marines, belonging to the Royal Naval Division, the whole force being under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Koe. Immediately the two battalions were established on shore, in accordance with their instructions, a determined effort was made to move south-west down the coast to get in touch with the troops who had landed simultaneously at X Beach. But this scheme was frustrated by the strong Turkish force above Y2 Beach which effectively checked the movement south, whilst the troops who had landed at X Beach were fully occupied in dealing with the Turks in their front, so that the effort to effect a junction had to be abandoned.

Later in the day, the Turks launched a powerful counter-attack with fresh reserves from the hills above Y Beach from the direction of Krithia, supported by many field guns. Lieut.-Colonel Koe made an effort to entrench his line and to repel these repeated attacks, which lasted throughout the afternoon and night. Unfortunately, owing to the peculiar configuration of the ground, the ships' guns were only able to render his slender and ever-diminishing force but slight assistance. The fighting became of the most desperate nature, the Turks advancing time and time again to the attack, and hurling bombs into our trenches. Our troops had no bombs and thus fought at a great disadvantage. The K.O.S.B.'s and the Marines worthily maintained the traditions, the one of its regiment, the other of its corps. Time and time again devoted bodies of officers and men charged with the bayonet vastly

superior bodies of the enemy, only to find fresh troops taking the place of those they had driven off. Colonel Koe was hit early in the day, and subsequently died of his wounds, and the casualties among the officers and men became increasingly heavy.

At dawn of the 26th only about half the K.O.S.B.'s remained to man the trenches made for four times their number. Worn out by constant fighting and with no available reinforcements at hand, it became obvious that their position was no longer tenable. Orders were therefore issued for the survivors of both battalions to be re-embarked. A heavy covering fire was opened on the cliffs by the battleship *Goliath* and by the cruisers *Dublin*, *Amethyst*, and *Sapphire*, whilst a small rear-guard of the K.O.S.B's. prevented the enemy from lining the cliffs. Thanks to these measures, the whole force was safely re-embarked, together with all its wounded, stores, and ammunition, and was brought round to the southern end of the Peninsula.

Thus, by the 26th, one of the flanking bastions of the main attack on the southern extremity of the Peninsula had already given way. The losses had been heavy, but undoubtedly the gallant stand of the K.O.S.B's. and the Marines materially aided the troops at the other landings by pinning down a great portion of the enemy's available reserves.

The Landing at X Beach

The landing at X Beach was undoubtedly the most successful and economical of this dreadful day, chiefly owing to the tactics adopted by the covering battleship H.M.S. *Implacable*, Captain Lockyer. The 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers (two companies and a machine-gun section) embarked on the *Implacable* on the 24th, and the ship proceeded to a position off the landing-place where the disembarkation of the troops commenced at 4.30 a.m. and was completed by 5.15 a.m. At dawn, the covering ship, H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, opened up a fierce bombardment of the cliffs above X Beach, and then the *Implacable* herself stood in, drifting on her cables, until she actually reached the six-fathom limit. From this point, only five hundred yards from the shore, she plastered the top of the cliffs with 12-inch shrapnel and the foreshore with her 6-inch. The beach here consists of a strip of sand some two hundred yards long by ten yards wide. The enemy could not show his head above his trenches under this terrible cannonade, and the tows went right in, the troops obtaining a footing on the cliffs above without any casualties. The remainder of the Royal Fusiliers having been landed, the battalion immediately moved south-west to attack the Turkish trenches on Hill 114, which separated

Alfieri Picture Service

THE *RIVER CLYDE* AND SEDDEL BAHR CASTLE

them from their comrades engaged in their desperate struggle at Lancashire Landing (W Beach).

Two battalions of the 87th Brigade, the Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Border Regiment were landed to support the Royal Fusiliers. Severe fighting followed. The troops advanced about a thousand yards inland, but were then counter-attacked in great force and found their right wing exposed, owing to the advance from W Beach being held up all day. They were also greatly annoyed by a Turkish battery near the village of Krithia, but, the position of this battery being spotted, it was knocked out by the fire of the *Implacable's* guns.

All the Turkish attacks were repulsed, and by the evening the whole force was entrenched in a position half a mile in front of the landing-place, and as far south as Hill 114. Here they joined hands with the Lancashire Fusiliers who had landed on W Beach. Brigadier-General Marshall, who had been wounded early in the fighting, continued to command his brigade.

Landing at W Beach

We now come to the desperate struggle which raged all day for W Beach, and the adjoining hills between Cape Helles and Cape Tekke. The beach here consists of a stretch of sand some four hundred yards long and from twenty to sixty yards wide. It is commanded on the right by Cape Tekke and on the left by the continuation of the hills which end in Cape Helles. A small valley running down to the sea offers a gradual approach to the plateau beyond, and a number of sand dunes on either side lead by gentle approaches to the high ground on either flank. The top of the valley giving access to the plateau was covered by two strong infantry redoubts near Hill 138, each protected by barbed-wire entanglements twenty feet wide. These works could only be approached by a bare glacis, which afforded not the smallest cover to an attacking force. The Turks had spared no pains to make this landing-place impregnable, and, in fact, had turned it into a death-trap. Land mines and sea mines had been laid, a broad wire entanglement extended across the whole length of the beach close to the water's edge, and another entanglement, as the covering force discovered to its cost, lay concealed from view under the surface of the sea in the shallows. The hills overlooking the beach to the east and to the west were strongly entrenched. Barbed wire covered all approaches to these positions. Deep holes had been cut into the face of the cliffs in which machine guns were concealed in total immunity from the fire of the ship's guns. In fact, the whole position may be likened to a funnel with a broad mouth gradually contracting as it approached

the valley, which alone could give access to the plateau beyond. The mouth of the funnel was blocked by two lines of barbed wire and covered by machine guns and pom-poms. Its sides were lined with deep trenches manned by a determined infantry and many machine guns. Its narrow exit was blocked by two infantry redoubts covered by barbed wire.

This was the position about to be attacked by the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. Well might the Commander-in-Chief write: "So strong, in fact, were the defences of W Beach that the Turks may well have considered them impregnable, and it is my firm conviction that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier—or any other soldier—than the storming of these trenches from open boats on the morning of April 25th."

The covering parties of the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers embarked on the *Euryalus* on the 24th under the command of Major Bishop. At 5 a.m., the covering ships opened up a bombardment of the enemy's trenches, but unfortunately this fire does not seem to have had much effect. At 6 a.m. the whole battalion approached the shore, towed by eight steam pinnaces in line abreast, each pinnace pulling four ship's cutters. As soon as shallow water was reached, the boats were cast off and were rowed ashore. Three of the four companies headed straight for the beach, but the fourth, on the left, made for the rocky foreshore directly under Cape Tekke. Brigadier-General Hare, commanding the 88th Brigade, accompanied the latter party, which fortunately escaped the heavy cross-fire brought to bear on the tows approaching the sandy beach, and found some cover under the shelter of the overhanging cliff. Immediately the men scaled Cape Tekke and established themselves on the top of the cliff, seizing the first of the enemy's trenches on the crest.

As the boats, containing the remaining three companies, approached the shore not a shot was fired by the enemy. But directly the first of them touched ground, a terrible fusilade broke loose from the semi-circle of trenches. Led by their officers, these gallant Fusiliers hurled themselves ashore. Some were caught by the barbed wire under the sea, others, passing over their comrades' bodies, hurled themselves on the wire stretched along the foreshore and literally hacked their way through it. A long line of men fell at this point under the enemy's withering rifle and machine-gun fire as if cut down by a scythe. The warships now closed into the shore and poured a rain of shells on the Turkish trenches, smothering to some extent the fire of his sharp-shooters. Helped also by the flanking fire of the company which had stormed Cape Tekke, the survivors of the Fusiliers broke through the barbed wire and collected under the cliffs on either side of the beach.

Here the companies were re-formed and then led forward with further devotion by their surviving officers against the enemy's entrenchments. Progress was made towards Hill 114. One small party worked their way under the cliffs of Cape Helles, and then proceeded to scale them, just as their comrades had done at Cape Tekke. By 10 a.m. three lines of the enemy's trenches had been captured and our hold on the beach was secured.

Thanks to the gallant efforts of the Lancashire Fusiliers, at 9.30 it became possible to land the Essex and Worcestershire Regiments. They were at once pushed forward into the firing-line, and, at noon, a junction was effected on Hill 114 with the troops who had landed at X Beach.

But on the right little progress could be made owing to the two infantry works, to which I have already referred, on Hill 138. A small party of the Fusiliers advanced to the edge of the wire and endeavoured to cut it, but were shot down in the attempt. Brigadier-General Hare had been wounded early in the day, and now Major Frankland, Brigade-Major of the 86th Brigade, who had gone forward to make a personal reconnaissance, was also killed. Colonel Wooley-Dod, of the general staff of the 29th Division, was now sent ashore to take command at W Beach and to organise a further advance.

Meanwhile, the covering ships were ordered to concentrate their fire on Hill 138, and at 2 p.m. the Worcestershire Regiment advanced to the assault. Gallant volunteers rushed forward and attempted to cut the wire ; some fell, others persisted, and by 4 p.m. the hill and redoubts were captured.

Having cleared the enemy away from the immediate neighbourhood of W Beach, the men of the gallant 86th Brigade attempted to assist their comrades, who were vainly endeavouring to obtain a footing on shore at V Beach in the face of obstacles which rendered all efforts to land impossible. To achieve this end the troops worked eastwards along the edge of the cliff, so as to take the Turkish positions overlooking V Beach from the flank and rear. But the enemy had provided against just such a contingency. His trenches faced both ways and were covered by barbed wire entanglements of extreme thickness. More heroic men endeavoured to cut a passage through this wire, but were shot down, and it became evident that a further advance was impossible. The men of the 86th Brigade, now thoroughly exhausted by a sleepless night and by twelve hours' continuous fighting, were obliged to fall back to the high ground covering W Beach. Here they entrenched themselves as best they could in a line extending just east of Cape Helles Lighthouse through Hill 138 to Hill 114. Every man had been thrown

into the contest and all were required to hold this extended line. The only available reserves on this part of the front were the 2nd London Field Company R.E. and a single platoon of the Anson Battalion which had been landed as a beach working-party.

During the night the situation became serious, for the Turks, having brought up large reinforcements, counter-attacked most determinedly. The beach parties of officers and bluejackets, the detachment of Royal Engineers, and the platoon of the Anson Battalion, who were landing stores on the foreshore, were ordered to pick up their rifles and to reinforce the firing-line. In the darkness and confusion the majority of their rifles could not be found, as they had become buried in the soft yielding sand, but every man who could obtain any sort of a weapon went forward to assist the troops, whilst the remainder carried up a continuous stream of ammunition from the beach to the firing-line in most gallant fashion.

It is recorded of one young midshipman that he covered himself with dozens of bandoliers and carried them forward. Before he reached the firing-line he was hit three times full in the chest by bullets, all of which struck the bandoliers without doing him any harm except to knock him down.

With the aid of this meagre reinforcement, the thin khaki line held its ground throughout the night, and all the attacks of the Turks were repulsed with heavy loss.

The Landing at V Beach

We now come to the most difficult and costly of all the landings which took place on V Beach between the old No. 1 Fort on Cape Helles and the castle and fort of Seddel Bahr. The general configuration of the ground is much the same as that of W Beach, which I have already described. There is the same narrow stretch of sand some three hundred to four hundred yards long and some ten yards wide, backed almost along the whole of its extent by a low sandy escarpment some four feet high, which was destined to play an important part in the operations. Beyond this escarpment the ground rises in a natural grassy amphitheatre to the height of a hundred feet above the shore, and every yard of it can be swept by the enemy's fire. The amphitheatre is overlooked and commanded to the west by the old No. 1 Fort on Cape Helles, and to the east by the old castle and fort of Seddel Bahr. No. 1 Fort was a very solid structure which withstood the fire of the ship's guns without suffering any material damage. The two great guns mounted there had been knocked out and their emplacements badly damaged, but the bombproofs and ammunition chambers remained

intact. Running back from this fort was a network of trenches and barbed wire, which went right round the semicircle of lower hills overlooking the beach, and finally joined up with the castle and fort of Seddel Bahr on the eastern side of the position. The Turks had mounted pom-poms on the Cape Helles side and had their sharp-shooters concealed everywhere. On the right, the picturesque castle of Seddel Bahr fronts the Straits. It had been sadly battered by the warships, but nevertheless still presented a solid mass of masonry, in which marksmen and machine guns could lie in comparative safety from our fire.

Just east of the castle stood the remains of the great battery which was silenced on February 19th and 25th, and whose guns were finally demolished by a landing party of marines and bluejackets. Behind the fort and castle lie the remains of the village of Seddel Bahr, in which there was hardly a house left intact after our repeated bombardments. Nevertheless, the ruins and gardens provided excellent cover for the enemy's sharp-shooters, from which they could snipe the foreshore.

Behind the ruins of the village, the ground again rises to a height known as Hill 141, on which the Turks had constructed a maze of trenches and barbed wire, and from which they could dominate the beach at almost point-blank range. The foreshore and valley leading inland were likewise protected by trenches and barbed wire, and the whole position was indeed one of the most formidable which an army has ever attempted to take even under normal conditions. But when it is remembered that the men had to be rowed ashore and landed from boats without a particle of cover, the feat becomes even more inexplicable.

The landing on V Beach will ever remain memorable for the novel experiment of running a ship, an old collier, the *River Clyde*, full of troops, deliberately ashore, and thus allowing them to approach their objective under cover without being exposed to rifle fire, as was the case with the open boats. There seemed to be a general consensus of opinion after all was over that many lives were saved by the protection which her thick steel sides afforded to the hundreds of soldiers packed between her decks. The *River Clyde* was beached within sight of the ancient city of Troy, which fell before a similar ruse in the guise of a wooden horse.

Large doors were cut in her sides to allow of a rapid disembarkation, and wooden gangways slung from ropes from the deck sloped gradually down from these doors to the bows, so that men could pass down on both sides in a single file, and either jump into the water if it were not

too deep, or on to the lighters which were towed in with her. Her bridge was made an armoured citadel with steel plates, and twelve maxim guns, also protected by these improvised casemates and manned by the Maxim Section of the Naval Division, were placed in her bows and lower bridge to sweep the shore when the troops disembarked.

The whole of the enemy's defences were furiously bombarded at dawn by the covering ships. Then three companies of the Dublin Fusiliers were rowed ashore in boats. The *River Clyde*, was to follow carrying 2000 men stowed away between decks, consisting of the balance of the Dublin Fusiliers, the Munster Fusiliers, half a battalion of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment, the West Riding Field Company and other details. As soon as the first boats reached land, the *River Clyde* was to be run straight ashore. Her lighters were to be placed in position to form a gangway between the ship and the beach, and by this means it was hoped that 2000 men could be landed with the utmost rapidity. The remainder of the troops were then to follow in tows from the attendant battleships.

The official programme, however, did not work out exactly as had been intended. The tows took longer to reach the sandy foreshore than had been anticipated, and the *River Clyde* came into position off Seddel Bahr slightly in advance of them. Just as the latter reached the shore, Captain Unwin beached his ship also. Whilst the boats and the collier were approaching land, the enemy showed no sign of life. The hundreds watching these exciting scenes from the warships and transports began to believe that they would be unopposed. But, just as at Lancashire Landing, the moment the first boat touched bottom, the storm broke. A terrible rifle, machine-gun, and pom-pom fire swept the flotilla and the incoming collier drifting slowly ashore. In a few minutes the troops in the tows and their crews were practically annihilated. The majority were killed, wounded, or drowned before they could ever disembark. Some of the boats disappeared altogether with every soul on board. A few of the Dublin Fusiliers managed to reach the beach and lay down behind the sandy escarpment some four feet high which provided them with a little cover from this dreadful fusilade. Not one of the boats, however, was able to return. Together with their heroic crews they were destroyed.

Now it was the turn of the *River Clyde* to discharge her garrison. But delay was caused by unforeseen obstacles. A narrow, unsuspected reef of rock running out from the beach caused her to ground prematurely, leaving an expanse of deep water between her bows and the shore. Such a contingency had been provided against and it became necessary to make a bridge with the lighters she was

towing. A strong current hindered the work and almost every man engaged in it was immediately shot down. But the gallant sailors sacrificed their lives willingly. Fresh volunteers came forward and eventually the lighters were placed in position.

The critical moment had now come for the disembarkation to begin. A company of the Munster Fusiliers led the way, but, short as was the distance to be traversed, but few ever reached the shelter of the friendly escarpment on the other side of that deadly ten yards of beach. Some were shot on the extemporised gangway hanging by ropes from the deck; others fell on the bridge of lighters, which was swept at point-blank range by the fire of hundreds of marksmen and many machine guns; yet others, losing their footing or endeavouring to avoid the bodies of their fallen comrades, fell into the sea and were dragged down and drowned by the weight of their equipment; others, reaching the beach, were shot before they could move another step; and the few who, by some miracle, did escape the general massacre, lay down behind the sandy bank, the sole cover available.

Yet, in spite of this dreadful disaster, another company of the gallant Munsters followed their comrades to a like fate. A few again managed to reach the escarpment, the rest perished on the lighters or in the sea, for at this point the pier, connecting the *River Clyde* with the shore, gave way in the swift current. The lighter nearest the shore drifted into deep water. The unhappy men crowding on this frail bridge could now no longer land; some tried to return to the *River Clyde;* others, refusing to turn their back to the enemy, sprang into the sea and endeavoured to swim ashore, but those who escaped being shot were dragged down and drowned by the weight of their treacherous packs.

Then it was that one of those gallant acts of devotion was performed which brighten the darkest pages of warfare. Commander Unwin, who originated the scheme and who commanded the *River Clyde*, seeing how things were going, left the bridge, rushed down the frail gangway of planks, jumped on board the nearest lighter, and then into the sea. He was followed by Midshipman G. L. Drewry, R.N.R., of H.M.S. *Hussar;* Midshipman W. St. A. Malleson, R.N., of H.M.S. *Cornwallis;* Able Seaman W. C. Williams and Seaman R.N.R. George Mackenzie Samson, O.N., both of H.M.S. *Hussar*. Standing up to their waists in water, and under a withering fire from all sides, Unwin and his gallant companions managed once more to get the lighters into position. For this act he and his companions were subsequently awarded the V.C.

For some time all efforts to land from the *River Clyde* were abandoned. At the next attempt the lighters again drifted into deep water, bearing

with them Brigadier-General Napier, Captain Costeker, his Brigade-Major, and a number of men of the Hampshire Regiment. These unfortunates could only lie down to escape the enemy's sharp-shooters, but both Napier and Costeker were almost immediately killed with the majority of the men on board.

Between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. about a thousand men had left the collier and attempted to run the fatal gauntlet of gangway, lighters, and beach. More than half this number had been killed, wounded or drowned. Some of the survivors had managed to regain the shelter of the *River Clyde*, and the remainder, to the number of two or three hundred, were clinging desperately to the sandy escarpment.

It was now reluctantly decided to abandon any further attempt to land. Had the troops been in open boats instead of protected by the *River Clyde's* thick steel plates, it is doubtful if any would have survived. Throughout the remainder of this fateful day the old collier lay ashore with her living freight packed like sardines between decks, and with the officers crowded on her protected bridge. The bullets rattled like hailstones against her steel plates, but could not penetrate them, whilst the sharp-shooters on shore picked off anyone who dared show his head above cover. The Turkish gunners on the Asiatic side endeavoured to destroy her with shell-fire, but this was kept under by the warships. Nevertheless, she was pierced by four big shells, all of which, fortunately, failed to explode.

The situation remained the same throughout the remainder of the day. During these hours there were many anxious thoughts for the men who remained alive under the shelter of the sandbank. It was feared that the Turks might counter-attack and drive them into the sea, but the shells of the warships prevented the enemy from leaving his entrenchments, and the twelve machine guns mounted on the lower bridge and bows of the *River Clyde* performed most useful work by sweeping the whole amphitheatre with a murderous fire.

Whilst the main landing was being attempted on V Beach, one half-company of the Dublin Fusiliers were landed in open boats in Camber Bay, just east of Seddel Bahr village. They established themselves ashore, and then gallantly tried to work their way round to assist their comrades on V Beach. But they were checked by the enemy's sharp-shooters in the castle and village and by midday were reduced to a strength of twenty-five men.

The failure to seize V Beach led to a change in the general plan of operations. The reinforcements which it had been intended to land on V Beach were now diverted to W Beach, which by this time was firmly held by the Lancashire Fusiliers. At first it was decided to send them

to assist Colonel Koe and his men, who were being hard pressed on Y Beach, but the delay which would be caused by the distance to be traversed was considered too great, and W Beach was therefore chosen.

The only other incident of the afternoon which need be recorded was the gallant attempt made by men of the Lancashire Fusiliers and Worcestershire Regiments to work their way along the high ground from W Beach and to relieve the pressure on their comrades ashore and in the *River Clyde* by taking the Turks in rear. But this effort failed, owing to the thick barbed wire which could not be cut. Throughout the whole of the afternoon, the Turkish positions were subjected to a tremendous fire from the covering warships.

Just before night, the watchers on the *River Clyde* saw some of our men, who had lain all day behind the sandbank, make their way along the beach, undetected by the enemy, to the better shelter of the rocks and outer walls of the old fort of Seddel Bahr. Encouraged by this movement, another attempt was made to land from the *River Clyde* at 8 p.m., when darkness had finally settled over this scene of carnage. By one of those inexplicable chances, with which providence seems to delight sometimes to flatter and sometimes to deceive, the entire force was got ashore without the Turks firing a shot. The enemy seems to have remained quite unaware of the movement. At 11 p.m., he again woke up or became suddenly alarmed, for he opened up a furious fusilade, sweeping the whole beach and foreshore. But fortunately by this time the men had gained cover, and suffered but few casualties. On landing, the troops were not pushed straight up the amphitheatre leading to the semicircle of hills beyond, but eastwards to the shelter of the cliffs under the castle of Seddel Bahr. The whole of the force available for attack was now ashore, but all efforts to clear the fort and village of the enemy failed during the night owing to the bright moonlight and the accurate fire of his sharpshooters. Under cover of darkness, all the wounded who could be moved were taken on board the *River Clyde*.

Thus, when dawn broke on the 26th, there were concentrated the survivors of the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers and the two companies of the Hampshire Regiment, probably a total of under one thousand. The men were exhausted, having been thirty-six hours without sleep. They had seen half their comrades killed and wounded on the previous day, they found themselves on an unknown shore cut off from the sea, and with the enemy apparently in undiminished strength all around them. Their Brigadier-General and his Brigade-Major were dead, Lieut.-Colonel Barrington Smith had been killed and his Adjutant wounded. The Adjutant of the Munster Fusiliers was wounded, and the majority

of the senior officers of all three battalions were either wounded, killed, or drowned. The companies of all three regiments had become hopelessly intermixed during the nocturnal landing, and at dawn the force was merely a disorganised mob in which all military cohesion and organisation had vanished. The stout heart of the British and Irish soldier alone remained undefeated. Two officers of the General Staff, Lieut.-Colonel Doughty-Wylie and Lieut.-Colonel Williams, landed from the *River Clyde* during the night. They took over the command of the force and strove with conspicuous devotion to restore its morale and to keep the men in good heart. At dawn they set to work to organise an attack on Seddel Bahr castle, on the fort, on the village, and on Hill 141 beyond. The measure of their difficulties can only be gauged by realising the immensity of the programme they had set themselves to perform, and by the paucity and state of exhaustion of the force under their command. But in attack and success lay the only hope of salvation for the survivors of the *River Clyde*. At daybreak, the covering battleships, the *Albion* and *Cornwallis*, once again resumed their bombardment of the castle, the fort, and the village. Under cover of this fire, and gallantly led by their officers, the troops obtained a footing in the village by 10 a.m. Once again they suffered heavy losses, but, determined and undeterred by all obstacles, this gallant band of desperate men pressed on. First they gained the northern end of the village and were now in a position to attack the castle of Seddel Bahr and Hill 141. Here Captain Walford, Brigade-Major R.A., fell, leading the infantry to the attack. Of the senior officers, Lieut.-Colonel Doughty-Wylie alone remained. All through the morning he had been in the forefront of the fight, inspiring the men by his gallant bearing and contempt of death. Now he was destined to perform his last service to his country. Rallying and reorganising the line in the outskirts of the village, he once more led it forward to the assault of Hill 141. Doughty-Wylie fell at the foot of the position, but nothing could check his infuriated followers. They pressed on and completed with the bayonet the work he had begun. By 2 p.m., Hill 141 and the castle were in our hands. V Beach, which had cost us so dear, and which had been the scene of so much heroism, at last was won. Doughty-Wylie lies buried at the summit. Once more that position and the hero's grave are in enemy hands ; nothing remains to us except the memory of the glorious example he set his men, and how gallantly they followed where he led.

The landing at S Beach of the 2nd South Wales Borderers under Colonel Casson was a fine piece of work and entirely successful. The battleship *Cornwallis*, steaming up the Straits some two miles to Eski

Hissarlik, otherwise known as De Totts Battery, put the Borderers ashore just before dawn. Assisted by a party of marines and sailors, the Borderers stormed the cliffs, captured two lines of trenches, and established themselves on the high ground overlooking Morto Bay. Here they remained completely isolated for the next forty-eight hours but succeeded in maintaining their position, beating off the Turkish attacks and effectively stopping the advance of reinforcements on Seddel Bahr. The position was then taken over by the French and was held by them until the evacuation of the Peninsula.

I can only give a brief résumé of the further operations at Cape Helles between the landing on April 25th and April 29th. During this period I was busy at Anzac and knew no accurate details of what had passed until I joined the *Implacable*.

The landing of one French regiment at Kum Kali on the morning of April 25th was entirely successful. After a preliminary bombardment from their warships, the French commenced to disembark at 10 a.m., and by the afternoon the whole of the force had been landed. When however, they attempted to advance on Yeni Shehr, their immediate objective, they were met by a heavy fire from well-concealed trenches, and were held up just south of Kum Kali village. A further advance proved impossible. During the night of April 25th–26th the Turks made several counter-attacks, all of which were repulsed. Five hundred Turks were cut off by the fire of the warships and compelled to surrender on the afternoon of April 26th. The critical position at Cape Helles brought about by the heavy casualties amongst the 29th Division rendered it absolutely essential to concentrate all available troops on the European side of the Straits. On the night of April 26th the French were ordered to re-embark and to reinforce the right flank of the hard-pressed extenuated British line. V Beach was handed over to them as their base.

While the landings were being made at Anzac, Cape Helles and on the Asiatic coast, a feint was made by a portion of the Naval Division and several warships off the lines of Bulair. The force was under the command of Captain Grant of the *Canopus*. It was only meant as a diversion and no serious attempt was made to land. Every device was resorted to to make the Turks disclose their position, but no sign of the enemy could be discovered. Captain Grant then decided to make a report and to ask permission to land, when, unfortunately, at midnight on the 25th–26th he received orders to come south immediately with his whole force in case it was necessary to re-embark the Australians.[1]

[1] We now know from Liman von Sanders that the lines of Bulair had been abandoned on the afternoon of April 25th, and that the two divisions holding them had been moved to reinforce Anzac and Helles.

After the beaches had finally been secured by the evening of April 26th, it became the immediate objective of the Commander-in-Chief, in spite of the fatigue of his troops, and the heavy losses they had sustained, to move inland across the plateau leading to the village of Krithia and the lower slopes of Achi Baba, to secure more breathing space for his army and to relieve the ever-growing congestion on the overcrowded beaches. At midday on April 27th, a general advance was ordered from Hill 236, near Eski Hissarlik Point, to the mouth of the stream two miles north of Tekke Burnu. This movement was completed almost without opposition ; its immediate results were to relieve the pressure on the beaches and to give us the possession of several new wells, thus affording a temporary solution of the water problem, which was already causing anxiety. By the evening of the 27th the Allies had established themselves on a line about three miles long, stretching from the mouth of the nullah, three thousand yards north-east of Tekke Burnu, to Eski Hissarlik Point. This line was held by the three brigades of the 29th Division on the left and centre, four French battalions on their right and with the South Wales Borderers on the extreme right at Eski Hissarlik Point.

Once again the Commander-in-Chief was faced with a serious problem. His troops were very weary and had suffered heavy casualties, which must have now amounted to nearly 40 per cent. of those engaged in the landing. His only reserve was the Naval Division, which up to this point had been but lightly engaged. He held none of the commanding ground round Krithia and on Achi Baba, which had been his objective on the first day ; it was known that the enemy was bringing up strong reinforcements which must soon make their weight felt in the struggle. He had to decide whether he would re-embark, or entrench his line where it was now established, or else make a further advance and seize more favourable positions before the enemy could recover himself. He chose the last of these three alternatives.

At 8 a.m. on the morning of April 28th his weary but indomitable troops were called upon for a further effort. On the extreme left of the line the 87th Brigade, minus the King's Own Scottish Borderers, but reinforced by the Drake Battalion of the Naval Division, pushed on rapidly, and at 10 a.m. had advanced some two miles. Here further progress was barred by a strong work. The Border Regiment halted to make their dispositions, and were at this moment called upon to face a heavy Turkish counter-attack. Fortunately, the guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* were able to render great service in beating off the enemy, but no further progress could be made that day, and the troops were obliged to entrench themselves on the ground they had

won in the morning. Meanwhile, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, advancing with their right on the Krithia ravine, arrived within three-quarters of a mile south-west of Krithia. Later in the day they were obliged to fall back to conform with the movements of the rest of the corps.

The 88th Brigade, on the right of the 87th, advanced steadily until 11.30 a.m., when the enemy's stubborn resistance and a shortage of ammunition brought the movement to a stop. Thereupon the 86th Brigade, under Lieut.-Colonel Casson, which had been held in reserve, was ordered to push forward through the 88th Brigade and to occupy Krithia. This movement commenced at 1 p.m. but was unsuccessful, for the broken nature of the ground and the enemy's machine-gun posts held up the advance. Some small parties did succeed in pushing through and arriving within a few hundred yards of the village, but the bulk of the 86th never passed beyond the line held by the 88th, and the units of the one became absorbed in those of the other. The French, on the right flank of the 29th Division, in the face of strong opposition, pushed forward along the spurs of the western bank of the Kereves Dere and arrived within a mile of Krithia with their right wing thrown back and their left in touch with the 88th Brigade. Here they were unable to make any further progress in face of the enemy's ever-increasing opposition.

By 2 p.m. the whole of the troops available had been drawn into the struggle with the exception of the Drake Battalion of the Naval Division. It must be remembered that the advance had been made almost without artillery support, for only a few guns had been landed and these had very little ammunition. The line was too far inland for the warships to be able to render adequate support in a country broken into nullahs, ravines, dry river-beds, and covered with scrub. The men were completely exhausted by four days of continuous fighting almost without sleep, and the available transport hardly sufficed to keep the infantry supplied with small-arm ammunition. Thus all hope of reaching Krithia and of occupying Achi Baba had perforce to be abandoned.

The object of the Commander-in-Chief was now no longer to seize these positions, but to hold the ground he had won in face of the determined Turkish counter-attacks which were launched against the centre and right of his line at 3 p.m. The 88th Brigade, stubbornly resisting, was nevertheless forced to yield some ground, and thus our line was bent, but not broken. More serious in its results was the enforced retirement of the French, who were driven back along the western slopes of the Kereves Dere and thus uncovered the right flank of the

88th Brigade. This unfortunately caused heavy casualties to the Worcestershire Regiment. At 6 p.m. orders were issued for the whole line to entrench where it stood and to hold on at all costs. The net gains and losses of the day can be shortly summarised. The attack had absolutely failed in its objective, heavy losses had been suffered, but some ground had been gained. On the evening of the 28th, the line held by the British extended from a point on the coast three miles north-west of Tekke Burnu to a point one mile north of Eski Hissarlik, whence it was continued by the French south-east to the coast.

The 29th and 30th of April were spent in reorganising the British and French forces. The advance of the 86th Brigade through the ranks of the 88th had left the units of these two brigades intermixed. There was a dangerous re-entrant in the line at the junction of the 87th and 88th Brigades near the Krithia nullah. The French, who had been forced into the fighting almost as they stepped ashore, also required time to reorganise. Their casualties amongst the officers leading the Senegalese troops had been exceptionally heavy. On the 30th the bulk of the artillery was landed and a readjustment of the forces took place, the French taking over a large section of the front. Fortunately, during this period of delay and readjustment, the Turks did not attack. Meanwhile a small, but nevertheless welcome, reinforcement reached the British Army. Two more battalions of the Naval Division were landed, and these, together with three battalions withdrawn from the 88th Brigade, were formed into a general reserve. It is worthy of notice that, for the first time since the landing, the British Army possessed a reserve of any sort. Up to this time, our thin khaki line had been without supports, and, had it been broken at any point, there was nothing to prevent the enemy from pouring down to the beaches. On May 1st a still more substantial reinforcement arrived in the 29th Indian Brigade consisting of two Gurkha battalions and two of Sikhs. They were held in reserve and the three battalions of the 88th Brigade were sent back to the trenches.

Fortunately for the Allies, the Turks seem to have been slow in bringing up any reserve sufficient to justify Liman von Sanders in attempting a general counter-attack on our lines. This delay not only gave us time to consolidate our positions, but also allowed the whole of the French Expeditionary Force to disembark.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIGHT FOR ACHI BABA

MAY 1st. I stayed on the *Implacable* most of the day until my account of the Helles landing was finished. I took it to the *Queen Elizabeth* and saw Keyes, who promised to have it censored and sent off as soon as possible. Then I went on board the *Arcadian* and had a talk with Hamilton and Braithwaite. The latter had his arm in a sling as the result of being inoculated against smallpox. Sir Ian spoke very freely of the campaign, and of the difficulties he was up against, and declared the Turks were in far stronger force than he had anticipated. Yet he was unwilling to admit that we were no longer on the offensive and could not hope to get astride the Peninsula without reinforcements ; or that the only justification for a further attack would be to enlarge the ground we held, so that we could obtain some sort of a base on shore, out of close range of the enemy's guns. He was loud in his praise of the splendid courage shown by all ranks. He told me that in future all despatches relating to the movements of the Army would have to be censored on board the *Arcadian*, and no longer on the *Queen Elizabeth*. At the same time a pass was given me, signed by the Provost Marshal, Colonel Bigham, whom I had first met in the Turko-Greek War in 1897, which would enable me to go anywhere I liked. I also saw Maxwell, who promised to censor my despatches as he would have wished his own to be handled under similar circumstances. Sir Ian informed me that in future I should be warned in advance of any intended movements, but that nothing would happen for two or three days.

About 10 p.m. this evening tremendous firing broke out all along the Helles front and lasted for many hours. From the *Implacable* it was impossible to tell in the darkness what was happening. It seemed, however, obvious that the Turks were attacking our lines in great force. All I could see was the flashing of rifles in the darkness and the red flames of the bursting shells. The rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire was incessant.

May 2nd. I went on shore this morning and called at the G.H.Q. of the 29th Division, where I met Major-General Hunter-Weston, in order to find out what had really happened during the night. Reports were coming in from all parts of the front but no one seemed very clear as to what had really taken place or as to the exact position of our line. In the course of the day I learnt the following facts. The Turkish attack was preceded by a fierce bombardment at 10 p.m. and the advance itself commenced half an hour later, just before the rise of the moon. The formation was in three solid lines, the men in front not having their rifles loaded, some even say they were allowed no ammunition, in order to make them rely on the bayonet. The front rank crawled on hands and knees through the scrub until the moment arrived for the final rush. The officers were served out with coloured Bengal lights so as to signal to the Turkish artillery when the front trenches had been occupied. The first momentum of this well-planned attack fell upon the right of the 88th Brigade where, unfortunately, all the officers had been killed or wounded. The Turks, coming steadily on without firing, charged right into the trenches and made a gap in the line. The situation was saved by a brilliant bayonet charge of the 5th Royal Scots (Territorials) attached to the 29th Division. They were supported by the Essex Regiment. These two battalions charged with the bayonet, drove the Turks from the captured trenches, and restored the line. The attack on the remainder of the British front was a dismal and costly failure, for the enemy never reached our trenches, and it was not even found necessary to employ the small general reserve.

The attempt was, however, more successful against the French left, held by the Senegalese, supported by two British Field Artillery Brigades and a howitzer battery. The Senegalese fought bravely for a time, but were finally forced to give ground, and one company of the Worcestershire Regiment and some gunners were lent to fill the gap. Later, a second company of the Worcester Regiment was sent forward and the position was maintained for the remainder of the night. The Turks also attacked the extreme right of the French line and it was found necessary to send one battalion of the Naval Division to their support. At 5 a.m. a counter-attack was launched against the enemy, and on the left and centre some five hundred yards of ground were gained. On the right some progress was made in conjunction with the French, but the remainder of the French line was held up. Owing to a heavy enfilade fire from machine guns it was found impossible to hold these new positions and at 11 a.m. the whole line was ordered to withdraw to its old trenches. The Turkish losses were extremely heavy, and they

Alfieri Picture Service

BOWS OF THE *RIVER CLYDE* FACING V BEACH

have left 350 prisoners in our hands. They have also completely failed in their objective, viz. to drive us into the sea.

To-day the enemy came out under a Red Crescent Flag and commenced to bury his dead. He did not ask or wait for the customary permission, but was nevertheless allowed to proceed with his humane work, which is in the interests of both armies.

I made a fresh examination of all the beaches and of the positions we now occupy inland. Everything I see convinces me that the Expedition is now a stalemate and that our chances of getting to the Narrows are nil.

At Anzac any further advance is out of the question, for the Australians and New Zealanders have as much as they can do to hold on to what they have won. No army has ever found itself dumped in a more impossible or ludicrous position, shut in on all sides by hills, and having no point from which it can debouch for an attack, except by climbing up them. At Helles the 29th Division has lost half its number in storming the beaches and resisting counter-attacks, and the only other division is the Naval, which has also suffered severely. The French Corps has likewise had a heavy percentage of casualties during the landing at Kum Kali. We have not gained a single position of stragetical value like Krithia or Achi Baba and the Expedition as planned has already broken down. If it is to be carried through we shall require enormous reinforcements and fresh disembarkations at very different points, otherwise our only alternative is to settle down to the eternal *guerre des tranchées*. I wonder what course will be adopted, whether the Expedition will be withdrawn before we commit ourselves still deeper to a long-drawn-out campaign. I wonder if Hamilton will let the authorities at home know the true position. To sum up, we are barely holding our own on the Peninsula, there is absolutely no question of an advance, and to enable us to keep the ground we have won we are compelled to retain all the battleships off the coast constantly bombarding the enemy's trenches, or resisting his counter-attacks. When I look at the warships, and the immense fleet of transports lying off the shore, I am astounded that such a splendid chance has been missed by the enemy's submarines; and I tremble to think what will happen if the battleships and transports are forced to retire to Mudros by their arrival. In fact, the prospects of the Expedition look to me as bad as they can possibly be.

I went on board the *Queen Elizabeth* and stayed for dinner. One of her officers is Lieut.-Commander The Hon. A. Ramsay, who married Princess Patricia. After dinner he said to me, "Come and take a walk; I wish to go to French headquarters." We went ashore at Lancashire

Landing in total darkness and made our way to Hunter-Weston's headquarters, but all the staff seemed to have gone to bed, so we went on to V Beach. We had not gone very far before we were challenged by a sentry, but were allowed to pass. Our troubles only commenced when we entered the French lines. There, everyone we encountered regarded us with the utmost suspicion, wandering round the lines at night without any passes. We asked the way to d'Amade's headquarters, but missed them in the dark, and came out on a part of the ruined walls of Seddel Bahr Castle, and stopped to discover the right road. Suddenly there came a voice, followed by a challenge, "*Qui va là!*" My companion replied, "I am Lieut.-Commander Ramsay," which, instead of having the soothing effect we anticipated, brought forth the somewhat curt rejoinder, "*Retirez vous immédiatement ou je tire.*" I waited for no second invitation, but jumped for cover, followed by Ramsay. I then suggested we were on a crazy expedition that could only land us in trouble, and our wisest course would be to return to our ships. On passing through the French lines we were again run in, and it took a lot of time and trouble to induce them to let us go. We then made our way towards Lancashire Landing and were making good progress when, out of the darkness, there came a stern challenge, "'alt, who goes there?" My companion replied, "I am Lieut.-Commander Ramsay," but we were met by another curt rejoinder in a broad Lancashire accent, "Well, 'ands 'oop, anyway." There we had to stand with our hands above our heads, feeling like two blithering idiots, while the guard closed round us to examine our credentials. However, we were able to establish our innocence, and allowed to proceed. I was glad to get back to the *Implacable* safe and sound. Never move about an outpost line at night. It is the surest way of getting killed, or getting into trouble.

I learn that another division, the 42nd Lancashire Territorials from Egypt, is due to arrive at any moment.

May 3rd. I went on board the *Cornwallis* to visit Lawrence, whom I had not seen since we left Mudros. He related his adventures and his many troubles with the censor, some of which arise from his lack of experience. He is greatly handicapped by being so short-sighted that he can see nothing a hundred yards away, and is, therefore, dependent on what he learns from others. I returned to the *Implacable* after a short visit to the shore. Our ship is covering the left of the line near the Gully Ravine, and the amount of ammunition we consume is stupendous. We are constantly being called up at all hours of the night and day to bombard the enemy. I am afraid we do but little material damage, otherwise there would not be a Turk left on the Peninsula, but

we exercise a certain moral influence over the enemy and on our own worn-out infantry, who love to hear the sound of the 12-inch guns. The crews are very hard worked, on ship and shore. Everything seems to be hung up, and it is difficult to say what the next move will be.

I learnt some details of the Turkish attack last night. The chief weight fell against the French, where the ground favoured the enemy's approach. He was, however, everywhere repulsed.

May 4th. I examined the left of our line, which needs advancing, being constantly sniped from the high ground above the gully. I went over in the afternoon to visit my old friend, Reginald Kahn,[1] whom I first knew in the Moroccan campaign in 1907. He is one of the greatest French students of war, and he is now attached to G.Q.G. as a member of d'Amade's staff. I found him suffering from the heat and the effects of an old wound. He complained bitterly of the conduct of the Expedition, and dwelt freely on the friction between the two commands. It appears that the French staff are very dissatisfied with things in general. Kahn told me he thought d'Amade was a little off his head, having never recovered from the shock of having been twice *Stellenbosched* on the Western Front. It was he who led the first wild dash to Mülhouse. The death of his son, recently killed, has greatly upset him. He tries to rush into the firing line at the head of his staff in every engagement. According to Kahn, the French are disgruntled at having been ordered to withdraw from the Asiatic coast, after their successful landing at Kum Kali, where they succeeded in taking some five hundred Turkish prisoners. They maintained, I think correctly, that the Asiatic coast ought also to be held, as otherwise the Turks will place guns in position there, and shell both V and W beaches. They have already planted some shells near headquarters. Kahn criticised the position of G.Q.G. in the old castle of Seddel Bahr, but it is difficult to see where else they can go. They have several batteries of *soixante quinzes* right alongside, and are thus constantly exposed to the fire of the Turkish counter-batteries, and they get no rest owing to the nerve-racking noise of their own guns, and thus the staff are exhausted, and in a bad humour. The first person killed at G.Q.G. was d'Amade's chef, by a shrapnel shell, just as he was preparing dinner.

May 5th. This morning I was summoned by signal to go on board the *Arcadian*, where I saw Hamilton. He told me that operations would recommence on the following day, and that I ought to be in position at 10 a.m. The Lancashire Territorial Division has arrived, but this only gives one extra division, quite without experience of war, with which to make a further attack on Achi Baba. This advance seems to me

[1] Since killed in Morocco.

doomed to failure, because this untried 42nd Division hardly brings our force up to its original strength. However, two brigades, one Australian and one New Zealand, have been brought down from Anzac to lend their aid. Personally, I am convinced that no result will be achieved and that it will only lead to a heavy loss of men and waste of our precious ammunition. The only guns of any use against trenches are field howitzers, and of these I have not seen a single one ashore. Our field guns are also limited in numbers, and are very short of ammunition, so once again we shall have to rely on the ships.

May 6th. On going ashore I went to Hunter-Weston's headquarters just above Lancashire Landing. He took me to his bomb-proof shelter, pointed out the enemy's position, and explained what he intended to do. He told me I could not very well stop with him as he was expecting G.H.Q., which would make too much of a crowd, but he showed me another vantage point from which I could obtain an even better view of the operations. Hunter-Weston was, as usual, the embodiment of optimism and seemed absolutely certain of success. He assured me he would take Krithia this afternoon, and possibly Achi Baba, but if there was no time for both, he will take Achi Baba on the following day. I quite fail to see on what his optimism is based.[1]

May 9th. At 10 a.m. on May 6th, I took up my position to watch the attack.

It is impossible for me in this record to describe in detail this battle, which has occupied our attention for the whole of the last three days. But I shall mention one or two points which make it unique in the fighting at Gallipoli. It was an effort to attack the enemy simultaneously all along the line. Of course, it has failed, as it was bound to do under modern conditions of warfare, when the enemy is entrenched up to his neck, and before it has been possible to obtain that concentration and precision of shell fire without which no attack can be successful. It was unique as a battle in another respect, namely, that the whole panorama was under one's observation, and I could follow the movements of every unit on the battlefield, except on the extreme wings, where the broken ground occasionally hid our men from view. The whole scene resembled rather an old-fashioned field day at Aldershot than a modern battle. The Commander-in-Chief had, in fact, his troops under his eye, just as Wellington and Napoleon had them at Waterloo. An artist

[1] His optimism showed how hopelessly he misread the position, because neither Krithia nor Achi Baba were ever occupied by our troops in the course of the campaign. But Hunter-Weston, a most charming gentleman to meet, was invariably unhappy in his prognostications. It was he who announced to the 29th Division on the day of the landing that they must occupy Achi Baba at all costs that afternoon. Apparently he left the Turks out of his calculations.

could have painted an accurate panorama of the whole field, placing every unit in its correct position from ocular observation. Of the Turks I could see nothing, and I could only judge their positions by their rifle fire, and bursting of our shells. They remained hidden as usual in their trenches, most of which could only be located by actual assault. The object of the attack was to obtain possession of the village of Krithia and the height of Achi Baba. The Allies were, in fact, fighting for the sides of a rhomboid culminating in the peak of Achi Baba, the base of which was already in their possession, and covered by the fire of the warships.

Achi Baba, the mountain—if such it can be called—has a peculiarly forbidding aspect. It resembles an old Chinese idol, with a great round stupid-looking head, has two short thick-set shoulders, and then two long arms stretching out on either side to the sea. Between these two arms lies the plain, broken into low plateaux and nullahs of varying depth, and the old Chinese idol looks exactly as if he had been placed there to devour in his fiendish grasp all the soldiers, guns, and material discharged from the ships. The plain which is embraced by the arms of Achi Baba is, at this time of year, a beautiful and fertile garden. I gazed down upon a landscape of dark green, light green, and bright yellow. It abounds in fields covered with a coarse grass and dotted with trees, and some scattered farms. In a short ride across country I found myself amid olive groves, Turkish oaks, wych-elms, apricots, and almonds, Scottish firs and small tamarisks. On the cliffs were great bunches of yellow plantagenesta and poppies. I rode over fields and through gardens, in which flowers abounded in profusion. There were white orchids and rock roses, white and mauve stock and iris. There I saw fields of poppies, white marguerites and blue borage intermingled with deep purple vetches, brick-red pea and yellow clover, pink and white campions and asphodel. The beauty of the scene remains, but now the whole plain is littered with the debris of war, broken rifles, barbed wire, deserted trenches, dead bodies in tattered uniforms, hastily dug graves and abandoned equipment, whilst the shells shriek incessantly overhead.

On the memorable morning of May 6th, there stood, drawn up in front of the Ottoman Turks, the army of the last Crusade. The main road to Krithia runs through the centre of the position, and roughly divides the ground into two sections, that on the left facing the right arm of Achi Baba being held by the English, and that on the right by the French, but some of our troops were over the road supporting the left wing of our Ally. Thus the British left rested on the Gulf of Saros, and the French right on the Dardanelles.

This three days' struggle will probably be known as the Battle of Achi Baba or Helles, but it might well be called the Battle of the Nations. I doubt whether, even at Leipzic, so many different nationalities have been brought together on the same battlefield. Side by side in the Anglo-French Army there fought English, Scottish, and Irish regiments, Australians, New Zealanders, Sikhs, Punjabis, and Gurkhas, whilst our Navy was represented by the Naval Division and Marines. On the other side of the Krithia road, in the French ranks, were drawn up Frenchmen, Algerians, Zouaves, Goumiers, Senegalese, and the heterogeneous elements which make up the Foreign Legion. Neither was the picturesque element of colour absent from the scene as in most modern battles, for, amidst the green and yellow of the fields and gardens, the dark blue uniforms of the Senegalese, the red trousers of the Zouaves, and the new light blue uniform of the French infantry, showed up in pleasant contrast amidst the dull-hued masses of the British brigades.

On either flank, out in the Dardanelles, and along the Gulf of Saros, lying close into the shore, were our battleships and cruisers, with their guns trained to sweep over the enemy's positions, and further out to sea lay the forest of masts and funnels of the immense fleet of transports which had disgorged this mixed host between the forbidding arms of Achi Baba.

The fighting during the three days of May 6th, 7th, 8th can only be described as a forlorn hope to drive the Turk out of his entrenched positions in front of Krithia and Achi Baba. It is difficult to believe that G.H.Q. really thought these frontal attacks with infantry divisions worn out by many days' fighting, and which had suffered losses amounting in some cases to over 50 per cent., could possibly succeed. Certainly the brigadiers had no illusions on the subject. The only reinforcements which had reached the army up to this time to make good these losses were the 29th Indian Brigade, and the 5th Lancashire Fusilier Brigade of the 42nd Lancashire Territorial Division. The latter were naturally raw and untried. On the other hand, the whole of the corps artillery was now ashore and the infantry could rely on more efficient artillery support.

Before the attack was launched on the morning of May 6th, the British Army was reorganised. A composite division formed of the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade under Brigadier-General J. W. McCay, and the New Zealand Infantry Brigade under Brigadier-General F. E. Johnston, was brought down from Anzac to Cape Helles. To this division was added a Naval Brigade composed of the Plymouth and Drake Battalions of the Naval Division.

The 29th Division was re-constituted into four brigades, composed of its original 87th and 88th Brigades (the 86th Brigade was absorbed into the other two owing to the heavy losses the division had sustained), the 5th Lancashire Fusilier Brigade, and the 29th Indian Brigade.

The new composite division brought down from Anzac formed the general reserve. The 29th Division held the left and centre of the line with its left resting on the coast some three miles north-east of Cape Tekke Burnu, and it was ordered to direct its attack on the south and west of Krithia. The French corps, to which were attached the 2nd Naval Brigade, had assigned to them as their first objective the commanding ridge running from north to south above the Kereves Dere. A foothold upon this ridge was considered essential as it would ensure a safe pivot upon which the 29th Division could swing in making any further advance. Communication between these two main attacks was to be maintained by the Plymouth and Drake Battalions.

Such was the setting of the scene. To attempt to describe in detail this battle which lasted for three successive days would require a volume in itself. Sufficient it is to say that throughout the 6th and 7th it consisted in desultory bombardments and then hurling our infantry in successive waves against different parts of the enemy's front in vain endeavours to force a passage through his trenches into Krithia and up Achi Baba. Everywhere these attacks failed to reach their objectives, and only led to heavy losses. By the evening of May 7th only a few hundred yards of valueless ground formerly belonging to no man's land marked our total gains. Yet a detailed account of this fighting would be of historic interest, because it is probably the last battle which will ever be fought, when tactics were employed based on the old Aldershot school of the pre-South African days.

By the evening of May 7th the army was fought to a standstill, but, nevertheless, Sir Ian Hamilton determined to make one last effort on May 8th before admitting the total failure of his plans. I shall describe this final day's fighting just as it appeared to me. During the night, G.H.Q. was established on Hill 138. The general plan of operations was extremely simple. It consisted of a direct attack of the enemy's positions along the whole front. The New Zealand Brigade was ordered to advance through the line held during the night by the 88th Brigade, and press on towards Krithia. Simultaneously the 87th Brigade was to threaten the works on the west of the Kereves Dere ravine, and to endeavour to steal patches of ground from those areas dominated by German machine guns.

At 10.15 a.m. a tremendous fire from the ships and batteries was opened on the enemy's positions. From its volume and sound one would have

thought that no enemy could have lived through such an inferno. The development of this attack was one of the finest sights any spectator could have wished for, and was a perfect example of the old Aldershot method. Across the whole front, successive lines of khaki figures pressed forward across the green fields and through the farms and orchards towards the firing-line. The enemy's shrapnel burst over them, but inflicted small damage owing to the open formations adopted, and when each successive wave reached the decisive zone of infantry and machine-gun fire, it doubled across the open ground, resting for a few minutes in the vacated shelter trenches, and then pressed on to the next.

The whole plain seemed alive with this khaki-clad infantry. It was indeed a perfect example of the classical British attack, carried out over a broad front so as to concentrate the maximum number of men in the firing-line, for the final assault on the enemy's position, with a minimum of loss. Had the Germans advanced over the same ground, their close formations would have been swept away by rifles, machine-gun fire, and shrapnel before ever reaching their objective—namely, the most forward shelter trenches. But when the New Zealanders reached the firing-line and endeavoured to push on through the shelter trenches held by the 88th Brigade, they could make but little progress. By 1.30 p.m. only about two hundred yards of ground had been gained. The French, who were supposed to attack, reported they could not advance up the crest of the spur west of Kereves Dere till further progress was made by the British.

Thus exactly the same result had been reached as on the two previous days. Some ground had been gained in front of the 88th Brigade, otherwise the enemy's positions remained intact and he showed no signs of wavering. Under these circumstances, the Commander-in-Chief resorted to exactly the same tactics as on the previous afternoon. His local attacks having all broken down, he decided upon a general advance along the whole front which he apparently hoped would overcome all obstacles and set everything right. At 4 p.m. he gave orders that the whole line reinforced by the 2nd Australian Brigade, which had not hitherto been engaged, should fix bayonets, slope arms, and move on Krithia precisely at 5.30 p.m.

At 1 p.m. there came a complete lull over the battlefield, the only incident being the arrival of one of the enemy's aeroplanes which attempted to drop some bombs on the beaches and transports, without, however, doing any harm. On the right, held by the French, there had been no movement throughout the morning and even the artillery had hardly fired. The afternoon passed very slowly. It was obvious

GENERAL LIMAN VON SANDERS

that something was happening, but no one except the staff knew when the next movement would come or what form it would take.

There were various reasons for this delay. In the course of the morning the line had become very mixed, and it had to be straightened out and the position of the various units accurately ascertained. It was difficult to tell whether certain trenches and positions were in our hands or were still held by the enemy. All this information had to come from the front, and was then distributed to the batteries and ships, so that they could ascertain the ranges accurately and not run the risk of shelling our own men. As the afternoon wore on there were some who thought that the fighting was over for the day, and many of the spectators who had come ashore from the ships or who had climbed up to the cliffs from the beaches returned to their posts.

Exactly at 5.15 p.m. there suddenly burst forth from every ship afloat and from every battery ashore the most stupendous bombardment it has ever been my lot to see. In fact, those officers who had served in France declared they had never known anything like it before. All the battleships and all the cruisers with their heavy guns and secondary armament opened up a rapid fire on both arms of Achi Baba, and on every patch of scrub and on every ravine which could possibly conceal a Turk or a Hun. The 15-inch shells of the *Queen Elizabeth* charged with lyddite or shrapnel searched every yard of the slopes leading up to Achi Baba, whilst the 6-inch and smaller guns sprayed the country nearer our trenches. There were, in fact, three separate zones of fire : the great guns on Achi Babi and its higher slopes, the secondary armamemt of the warships lower down, and then, just in front of our trenches, the field guns and field howitzers poured a continuous shower of shrapnel over the ground over which our infantry had to advance.

The noise was something frightful, the hills echoing back the reports of the great guns and the detonations of the thousands of bursting projectiles. As a spectacle the scene has never been surpassed, for, from the extreme left at the head of the great gully to the extreme right of the French line, it seemed as though the whole country had suddenly caught fire, covered as it was in a few minutes by a solid bank of yellow, green, and white smoke out of which great volcanoes seemed suddenly to burst into eruption as the shells exploded on the high ridges.

In the midst of this inferno I occasionally caught a glimpse of the solid round head and thick-set shoulders of Achi Baba, still gazing defiantly on the plain beneath. The tremendous disturbance to earth and atmosphere caused by this unprecedented bombardment brought all work to a standstill on the beaches, and soldiers and sailors, seized by a common desire to witness the grand finale of this three days'

battle, rushed up to the higher ground from which a view could be obtained.

The bombardment lasted exactly a quarter of an hour. Every one knew that something decisive must happen soon and the suspense was great. According to most preconceived theories of the effect of artillery fire, the enemy should have been wiped out, or so stunned by the exploding lyddite that he would not be capable of resisting the advance of our infantry. Not a Turk was to be seen, and up to this time their artillery had not fired a round or else had failed to attract attention amid the uproar.

Suddenly, as if controlled by a single will, the guns ceased to fire for a few seconds. This was the signal for the infantry, who had been lying carefully concealed amidst the scrub and in the shelter trenches. As one man, the entire line from the entrance of the great gully to the Krithia road leapt forward and rushed to the assault of Krithia. At the same instant light and dark blue columns were seen to burst from the French trenches, where they had lain quiet, and darted up the slopes towards the Krithia-Maidos road.

Line after line of khaki figures emerged from cover and dashed forward, with the sun glittering on their bayonets. No sooner were they clear of the trenches than the bombardment was resumed, the ships' guns again shelling the higher ground, and our own artillery keeping up a white surf of shrapnel only fifty yards ahead of the firing-line.

In spite, however, of this preliminary preparation, the enemy was waiting, ready for the attack. No sooner had our men emerged from cover, than a storm of rifle and machine-gun fire was opened upon them from the trenches and scrub over which the shells were still bursting. The rifle fire rose fast into one continuous roar, only broken by the more rapid note of the machine guns.

On the extreme left the sorely tried 87th Brigade, under Major-General R. W. Marshall, made a final effort to advance across the open ground devoid of cover between the ravine and the sea. Progress was, however, almost impossible in face of the enemy's machine guns, and by nightfall only some two hundred yards of ground had been gained. Here the brigade were obliged to entrench.

On the right of the 87th Brigade, the New Zealanders attacked, advancing through and over the position held by the 88th Brigade. Many of the men of that brigade, unwilling to yield pride of place, joined the Colonials and continued the attack with them. The line entered one Turkish trench with a rush and bayoneted all in it, and then passed on into broken ground, shooting and stabbing parties of Turks. The first rush carried the line over some of the enemy's

concealed machine-gun positions, and these opened up on the supports and the reserves as they came up, until they were gradually disposed of with the bayonet. The first line pressed on beyond the fir clump to within a few yards of the main Turkish position, but here it could make no further progress and the men were obliged to dig themselves in.

On the right of the New Zealanders, the Australians advanced at the same moment, but over much more open ground, which provided little or no cover. They were met by a tornado of bullets and were enfiladed by machine guns from the east of the Krithia Road. Our artillery endeavoured in vain to keep down this fire. The manner in which these Dominion troops went forward will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The lines of infantry were enveloped in dust from the patter of countless bullets in the sandy soil, and from the hail of shrapnel poured on them, for now the enemy's artillery, which had hitherto remained silent opened up. The lines advanced steadily as if on parade, sometimes doubling, sometimes walking. I watched them melt away under this terrible fusilade, only to be renewed again as the reserves and supports moved forward to replace those who had fallen. No man, except the wounded, attempted to return to the trenches. They simply lay down where they were and endeavoured to reply to the fire of their concealed enemy. But it became quite obvious at the end of an hour that the attack had spent its force, and that the hope of taking Krithia by direct assault must be abandoned. Only a few hundred yards of ground of little value had been won, and the weary troops proceeded to entrench themselves so as to hold on during the night.

On the right much the same scenes were being enacted on the ground over which the French were advancing. They attacked simultaneously with the British, with their drums beating and their bugles sounding the charge. Whenever I could tear my eyes away from the khaki line moving forward, thinned but still steadfast, I watched the French. A confused memory remains of solid lines of dark-coated Senegalese and light-blue infantry charging forward, then recoiling, breaking, and retiring a little under a hail of shrapnel, only to renew the attack a few minutes later.

There seemed to be a constant succession of desperate bayonet charges taking place over the southern slopes of Kereves Dere. The French at one time made a most promising advance, covered by their 75's, which kept up an unceasing fire on the Turkish trenches. The attack looked as if it would lead to great results, especially when a light-blue infantry regiment, the 8th Chasseurs, stormed the redoubt which had previously held up the advance at the point of the bayonet. It was

one of the most dramatic moments of the whole scene, for apparently the Turks could not retreat to the valley beyond, being cut off by the barrage of the 75's. The glittering bayonets of the French were only fifty yards away when the survivors of the Turkish garrison came boldly out, stood on the top of their trenches and fired into them. The French hesitated for a moment as if expecting a surrender, and then rushed forward, and both sides clashed on the top, finally disappearing from view over the crest amidst a cloud of dust and shrapnel. Not many of the Turks escaped.

No sooner had the position been won, however, than the French were driven back again by the fire from another trench, and by the rapid salvoes of shrapnel, the Turks or Germans handling their guns with great skill. But Generals d'Amade and Simonin, who were actually present in the firing-line, once more rallied the wavering Senegalese, and by a timely counter-attack retrieved the position. This advance was made by the 2nd French Division. On the east of the Kereves Dere Ridge, the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division advanced simultaneously and achieved a fine success in their first rush, but then a battalion of Zouaves was forced to give way under a heavy bombardment. But the other battalions of the 1st Regiment de Marche d'Afrique, under Lieut.-Colonel Nieger, restored the situation, and in the end the division carried and held two complete lines of Turkish redoubts and trenches. Confused fighting continued for some time all along the line, until at 7.30 the gradual approach of darkness put an end to the combat.

The net result of this three days' struggle left the Anglo-French armies in possession of a few hundred yards of ground of no strategical and very little tactical value. The operations cost the British Army another 6000 in killed and wounded, not counting the French casualties.

Melancholy scenes met the eye when the fighting died down on the evening of May 8th. Heavy palls of smoke hung over the battlefield, and from every quarter of the line stretcher-bearers converged on Lancashire Landing bearing the victims of this failure. Hundreds of wounded made their way on foot to the dressing stations and there waited their turn to be conveyed in trawlers or lighters to the hospital ships or base hospitals on the neighbouring islands. Amongst those borne down on a stretcher was the son of the Prime Minister of England, shot through the knee. For the first time an atmosphere of depression settled over the army at Cape Helles. Up to the evening of May 8th there still remained a slight ray of hope in the minds of the men that something definite might yet be accomplished. Now that hope had fled. The loss of so many trusted officers, who could not be replaced, cast gloom throughout the decimated battalions, and it was obvious to

all that nothing more could be accomplished until after the arrival of fresh divisions from England and drafts to replace casualties. The troops now settled down to consolidate the line won at so much cost. No longer was there any prospect of taking Krithia or Achi Baba; it became necessary to construct a defensive line to hold off the Turkish counter-attacks until reinforcements could arrive.

CHAPTER V

COMMENTS ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THE EXPEDITION

WITH the complete repulse of the final attack on Krithia and Achi Baba on the evening of May 8th, 1915, the first stage of the Dardanelles Expedition came to an end. From that hour it developed on entirely different lines from what was originally intended by its unhappy sponsors. Having failed to achieve immediate and dramatic success in the Near East, it ceased to be a secondary operation of war. At this critical hour in the fortunes of the Empire it suddenly grew to premature manhood, throwing an immense strain on our limited resources by its incessant demands for men, ammunition, guns, material, and ships.

Up to May 8th, the Army under Sir Ian Hamilton's command had been considered an auxiliary of the Navy, which was still intended to play the primary rôle after the Expeditionary Force had overcome the initial difficulties by clearing the Turks off the Kilid Bahr Plateau, an operation which would, it was hoped, allow the fleet a free passage to the Sea of Marmora, and on to Constantinople.

But now this dream of speedy success—so essential in view of our vast obligations and commitments in other theatres of war—had faded away, and we found ourselves launched on an enterprise of limitless magnitude, confronted by an enemy whose strength was being augmented day by day, whilst we had failed to gain a single position of any real strategical or tactical value.

All the faults and weaknesses of Sir Ian Hamilton's plans were now exposed. It would be almost hopeless for any military critic to attempt to defend the scheme of operations as either sound or practical. They were in opposition to every accepted principle of war as laid down by the dead masters of the past, and opposed to every one of the revised lessons of war as modified by our experiences on the Western Front in 1914–15.

The first and foremost maxim of war, constantly reiterated by Napoleon, and accepted by every other recognised master of strategy, is to strike at your enemy's most vulnerable point with every available

man and gun at your disposal. In other words, concentration alone assures success on the battlefield, whereas dispersion of strength almost invariably leads to failure.

But Sir Ian Hamilton, instead of seeking out his enemy's most vulnerable point, and striking with every available man and gun, deliberately chose to attack his prepared positions, where they were strongest, at a number of different points spread over a wide front. The Expeditionary Force was weak in numbers, although strong at heart. It was, therefore, of paramount importance to hold the units together, and to maintain a sufficient reserve to follow up any success that might be achieved in the initial stages.

No commander-in-chief, presumably fully informed on the general European situation, ought to have committed his country to an enterprise, which if it once met with preliminary failure, would mean embarking on a gigantic operation of war under the most adverse conditions, without advising the Government of the consequences.

But generals are, after all, human beings. It is the ambition, no doubt laudable in itself, of each one of them to secure an independent command, and to keep it as long as possible. It requires a man with a high sense of duty and firmness of character to admit that the task set him is impossible from the start, and incapable of being carried to success. But it would be unfair to criticise the Commander-in-Chief too severely. The root of the trouble lay not with him, but in our amateur system of conducting war whereby there was, at this period, no General Staff at the War Office to co-ordinate our various campaigns, to decide on their relative importance to the Empire, or what men and what material were available for each. No one at home, or at Gallipoli, ever seemed to have given a thought as to what would happen in the event of our *coup de main* failing and large reinforcements being required.

But the operations as drawn up by Sir Ian Hamilton were doomed to failure from the start. They were planned on far too ambitious a scale, considering the slender resources at his command, and showed a deplorable ignorance of strategy, of the topographical features of the country in which the campaign was to be fought, of the psychology of the opponents he had to face, and revealed the customary time-honoured British contempt for the intelligence of his adversaries.

What hope ever existed of accomplishing something decisive by a sudden *coup de main* vanished with the warning of our coming given by the preliminary bombardments and general attack of the fleet on March 18th ; and any other chance of success disappeared with the plan of campaign decided upon by the Commander-in-Chief.

The fundamental evil lay in the fatal dispersion of the forces on the

was sent off to make a feint at Bulair, which, in spite of the naval objections, should have been chosen as our main objective. At all these points, except X and S beaches, the most strenuous opposition was encountered. Some of the attacks, such as those at Lancashire Landing, and from the *River Clyde* at V beach, hardly seem to belong to the annals of modern warfare. They were Homeric enterprises, which future generations will hardly credit, and might have emanated from Troy, not Mudros. They only succeeded through the truly marvellous discipline and unsurpassed courage of the soldiers of the last of the divisions of our Regular Army, the "Old Contemptibles" of the 29th. Even to this day it seems a miracle that the landings should have succeeded in the face of the obstacles which had to be overcome; and it is even more extraordinary that our attenuated line, without reserves of any sort in the early days, should have been able to resist the enemy's determined counter-attacks backed by his powerful artillery.

The fatal dispersion of the army left every attacking force without any weight behind it, so that in the critical hours following the seizure of the beaches there were no reserves to throw in to follow up the initial success. Examine, first of all, what happened to the Australian-New Zealand Division at Anzac. The covering troops landed, it is true, without much difficulty, and seized the first semi-circle of hills. But when the units, greatly disorganised, attempted to advance inland to occupy Sari Bair Ridge, they became lost or dispersed in the network of hills and dense scrub, and were quickly pushed back by the Turkish counter-attacks. As fresh troops were landed, they were thrown pell-mell into the combat, and by the evening of April 25th, five brigades of infantry forming the Anzac Corps were all engaged, not in advance against the salient of Kilid Bahr, but in an effort to prevent themselves from being driven back into the sea. I have already related how it was seriously contemplated re-embarking the force on the night of the 25th, a step which was wisely negatived by Sir Ian Hamilton, as it could only have led to an overwhelming disaster. Fortunately, on the following day, the weary Australians and New Zealanders were able to beat off the Turks with the very material assistance rendered them by the fire of the battleships, which, owing to the enemy's proximity to the shore, found direct targets.

Anzac was saved because General Liman von Sanders had no reserves available with which to continue his attacks against the Dominion Corps. Those at his disposal were employed by him in an endeavour to drive us into the sea at Cape Helles, and the exhausted Turks, facing General Birdwood's army, could only entrench around

the Anzac position and effectually check any further movement towards Kilid Bahr. It was not until May 18th–19th that von Sanders was in a position to deliver his ponderous onslaught on the Dominion troops with a fresh division from Constantinople—an event which I shall describe later. But had these reserves been available on April 25th, 26th, and 27th, before the Australians and New Zealanders had been able to settle down and entrench their positions, we might well have been driven into the sea. As it was, from the night of April 25th until the final effort was made four months later, on August 6th, the Anzac Corps as an offensive factor in the situation ceased to exist. It became merely a retaining force bottled up on two narrow semi-circles of hills, unable to advance, with the enemy equally impotent to drive it from its positions.

Turning to the landings at Cape Helles, we find an almost exact repetition of what happened at Anzac, only on different ground. Owing to the configuration of the coast-line, it was considered by G.H.Q. necessary, if a rapid disembarkation was to be made, to utilise all five of the narrow strips of sandy beach, which give access to the plateau in front of Krithia and Achi Baba. These five beaches were known respectively as Y, X, W, V, and S. The only troops assigned for this most difficult of all military operations, namely, landing from open boats in the face of an entrenched enemy, were the twelve battalions of the 29th Division. The Commander-in-Chief failed to keep any reserves in hand with which to follow up an initial success, and with which to seize the vital positions of Krithia and Achi Baba, which had been designated as the objectives of the first day's operations.

He had in reserve the untried and inexperienced Naval Division and there was also one division of the French Corps Expéditionnaire available. But the greater part of the Naval Division was fifty miles away making a feint off the lines of Bulair—four battalions had subsequently to be ordered to Anzac—and the French Corps, instead of being employed to follow up the 29th Division, was engaged in a successful attempt to land on the Asiatic side of the Straits at Kum Kali, with Chanak as a final objective.

Exactly what might have been anticipated came to pass. The 29th Division met with such desperate opposition in getting ashore that its cohesion and strength for an immediate advance on Krithia and Achi Baba were completely destroyed in the early hours of April 25th, and only the extreme gallantry of the men enabled them to hold their positions and resist the counter-attacks of the Turks during the following days. Some of the battalions of the Naval Division had to be hurried to their support and immediately thrown into the firing-line;

and the French troops recalled from Kum Kali, so that General d'Amade might take over the right of our line, which had become so thin and attenuated that we had not more than one man per yard. From the very first von Sanders attached the utmost importance to preventing us reaching Krithia and Achi Baba. The moment he was sure of holding the Australians and New Zealanders at Anzac, he moved all his available reserves, which had been concentrated at Bulair, to Cape Helles.

It is easy to understand the importance the German commander attached to Achi Baba. Had we been able to seize it, even though we did not reach the salient of Kilid Bahr and thus gain possession of our real objective the forts commanding the Narrows—we should have found ourselves holding a position which could be rendered impregnable against attack, with plenty of space behind it for the landing of fresh troops, artillery, ammunition and supplies, out of range of artillery fire. We would, in fact, have won the southern end of the Peninsula, thus commanding the entrance to the Dardanelles, and the gateway to Constantinople. But it was not until a later stage that Sir Ian Hamilton seems to have realised its importance, when he writes, "Anzac was in fact to play a second fiddle to Helles."

How different might have been the result if only the Commander-in-Chief, instead of dispersing the slender forces at his disposal, had concentrated every available man to obtain this more limited objective. For, once in possession of Achi Baba, we could have entrenched in perfect security, and calculated our chances of making a further attack on the Kilid Bahr salient. Had sufficient reserves not been forthcoming for the moment from England, we could have sat where we were and waited until they became available. The fatal error in this scheme was sending the five splendid brigades of Dominion troops to Anzac. Had they been held in reserve and pushed right in after the 29th Division had forced its way ashore, we certainly would have stood a very fair chance of reaching Krithia and Achi Baba. The Turks, according to Sir Ian Hamilton's own words, had become "demoralised by our success" and were utterly desperate when they delivered their unsuccessful counter-attack against our right and the French, on the night of April 28th. That onslaught was replused with extreme loss, and then was the psychological moment when a counter-attack delivered by every man might have carried us, if not to decisive victory, at least to a limited objective. But no troops were available for this purpose. Those which might have been were clinging like ants to the hills round Anzac, unable to advance and unwilling to retire, bottled up by the Turkish lines of circumvallation. Thus, from the very first

the Expedition was doomed to failure. It would be dangerous to prophesy that it would have succeeded in any circumstances, but the chances of success which it did possess were thrown to the winds by the fatal abandonment of the most elementary rule of war, namely, to concentrate your army and strike at the enemy's most vulnerable point, and not to deliver half a dozen widely separated attacks, without retaining any reserves with which to follow up an initial success. Too late Sir Ian Hamilton realised his mistake.

The battle of May 6th-8th, which followed the landing, can only be described as a forlorn hope to make good the early failure, after the real chance had slipped through his hands. As a spectacular effect it was magnificent, but when analysed it becomes at once exposed as an operation impossible of success. The entire Anglo-French Army was asked to advance against positions the location of which were unknown. The Intelligence Department had not even an approximate estimate of the enemy's strength, but, as only three days before he had counter-attacked with the avowed intention of driving us into the sea, he cannot have been feeling any great shortage of men. There was no reason to suppose he was either exhausted or discouraged. He had been fighting for the greater part of the time on the defensive, and his lines of communication were open behind him. Sir Ian Hamilton claims as his excuse that "strong reserves were arriving," but it is difficult to understand the process of reasoning which launches a tired army, which has lost from one-third to one-half of its numbers, against an enemy of unknown strength, whose defensive line had not even been located, so as to allow of proper artillery preparation, even if artillery had been available.

CHAPTER VI

THE TROUBLES OF THE FLEET

MAY 9th, continued. I remained on board the *Implacable* all day trying to put together a long cable on the events of the last three days. It is heartrending work having to write what I know to be untrue, and in the end having to confine myself to giving a descriptive account of the useless slaughter of thousands of my fellow countrymen for the benefit of the public at home, when what I wish to do is to tell the world the blunders that are being daily committed on this blood-stained Peninsula. Yet I am helpless. Any word of criticism will be eliminated by the censor, and there would be a row with headquarters rendering my position more difficult than ever. To-day I feel inclined to stop writing half-truths, to resign and return home. But I am not a free agent. I have my employers to consider and all the expenses they have incurred. Sometimes I feel it my duty to resign, but I know that if I did there would be little chance of the truth ever being known. I have, therefore, decided to carry on and to await a more favourable moment before definitely exposing those who are responsible for the conduct of the campaign. Roger Keyes knows the truth, but, unfortunately, the sailors will never interfere with the soldiers' job.

My attempts to write are rendered none the easier by the *Implacable* keeping up a constant bombardment as the enemy are showing considerable activity and are making local counter-attacks to retake the trenches we have won during the last three days. Having finished my cable, I sent it off to the *Queen Elizabeth*. The *Arcadian*, with the general and his staff on board, was nowhere to be seen, and I learnt that they had left for Tenedos. I hear she will lie off this island in future and not off Helles, but this is probably untrue.

May 11th. I went on shore to have a look round and visited Hunter-Weston. I found his staff in very different spirits from those they were in before the last attack. Fatigue and depression were marked on every face, and the general opinion was expressed that nothing more could be attempted before the arrival of large reinforcements. To-day the Turks

started shelling Lancashire Landing and V beach very vigorously from Achi Baba and the Asiatic coast, with a 6-inch gun, which fired a high explosive shell, bursting with a terrific detonation. I had just gone ashore and was talking to Captain Bettelheim, the official interpreter, in his tent when the first of these arrived. It burst in the centre of the little valley running up from the beach, knocking out twelve horses and killing one man. Some of the horses were killed outright, others had their legs broken, or their insides ripped out by these jagged pieces of molten steel, and had to be destroyed. This new visitor, the first of its kind, caused general emotion amongst the heterogeneous population of Lancashire Landing, as it was followed by a series of others which burst all over the valley and on the beach. Occasionally the Turks varied the proceedings by bursting one high in the air, but I fancy this was to enable them to gauge the range more accurately.

Up to now the beach parties on Lancashire Landing had not thought it necessary to build dug-outs, except a few of those very wary ones, who provide against every possible contingency. The majority were caught unawares, and started digging in feverish haste until the scene resembled an old-time gold rush. But Bettelheim, being a fatalist by nature, decided it was not worth the bother. I had to sit with the old warrior outside his tent for an hour whilst the shelling lasted, with the fragments whizzing all round us, but, fortunately, the soil being sandy, the effect of each explosion was minimised. Nevertheless, in the course of an hour one hundred valuable horses were killed, and there were fourteen casualties amongst the parties on the shore. This was our first experience of six months of almost daily shelling from 6-inch high explosive shells. Finally, when a shell burst a few yards from us, I induced Bettelheim to dig himself in, when he reluctantly consented, and ordered his servant to set about the task. I then took him off to the *Implacable* for dinner, where he had his first bath since the landing.

May 12th. The day passed with a continuous bombardment, the Turks shelling the beaches while the ships' guns tried to keep down their fire. I went for a walk on shore and found everyone much disturbed by this fresh menace.

May 13th. Nothing to record during the day—the quietest I have spent at Gallipoli. The night was more animated. At 2 a.m. I was aroused by the gunnery lieutenant, who told me that he had been ordered to send our boats to endeavour to pick up the crew of the *Goliath*, which had just been sunk by a torpedo as she lay off Morto Bay covering the right wing of the French. This disaster, entailing great loss of life, occurred as follows. It was customary to leave a battleship on the right flank day and night, and she, in turn, was covered by two

destroyers further up the Straits. Nevertheless, there were many who had prophesied that, owing to the exposed position, a disaster would occur sooner or later. On the afternoon of the 12th, the *Goliath* relieved the *Cornwallis*. The flanking ship was not allowed to use her searchlights for fear of attracting the Asiatic batteries, as otherwise she could have swept the Straits, and discovered the approach of a hostile craft. It was a pitch black night, and a Turkish destroyer, or torpedo boat, drifted down with the current undiscovered by our destroyers. She was sighted by an old quartermaster on watch as she crossed the bows of the battleship, but, instead of giving the order to fire, he hesitated, thinking it might be one of our own craft, and challenged instead. A reply came back in English, and immediately afterwards a torpedo struck the *Goliath* in the bows, and she listed to port. This was followed by two others, which got home. The unfortunate battleship turned over and sank in less than three minutes. The majority of the crew were caught like rats in a trap, and were drowned below, and only 20 officers and 130 men were saved. These were picked up by boats or destroyers lying farther down the Straits. Although the *Goliath* was lying within one hundred yards of the shore the current was so strong that not a single survivor succeeded in reaching land. The high percentage of officers to crew saved is explained by the fact of their quarters being higher up in the ship, which made egress easier. One midshipman was picked up more than three miles down the Straits. The hostile craft then made her way back, still unobserved by the covering destroyers, and her signals were picked up by one of our ships, as she sent a wireless to the *Goeben* announcing the successful result of her attack. The disaster has naturally cast a gloom over the Navy.

May 14th. There have been rumours for some time that German submarines are on their way to the eastern Mediterranean. It is reported that one was sighted passing Gibraltar, one off Malta, and a third in the Doro Channel, but they may all have been the same boat. If this is true, it will be very serious for the Expedition, as it will be impossible to keep the ships lying off the coast. The *Queen Elizabeth* has disappeared, rumours say, to join the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. What a moral loss to the Army! No more will the weary infantry ashore listen to the sound of those huge shells rushing through space like express trains passing overhead, or watch the gigantic explosions as they strike the enemy's line. No more will the Turks advancing to the attack suddenly find fifteen thousand shrapnel bullets sprayed over their heads, sweeping their lines away like corn beneath the scythe—so some claim. Well, the *Queen Elizabeth* has gone and

Constantinople still remains in the hands of the Infidel, but she has left her mark. Whether we get through the Straits or not, Achi Baba will retain the scars of her bombardments for centuries to come.

This afternoon two transports lying close to the Gully Ravine, for the reception of wounded, were suddenly opened upon by a Turkish field battery, which commenced to pour shells into them. It was a remarkable sight. The shrapnel either hit the decks and sides with a fearful whack, which could be heard miles off, or else threw up large columns of water alongside. Both ships had their anchors down and one of the first shells burst the pipe conveying the steam to the anchor winch, which could not be raised. The position of both vessels began to look precarious, and a destroyer hastened in to their assistance, whilst the *Implacable* and neighbouring ships tried to locate and knock out the Turkish battery, but with no success. One of the crew jumped or fell overboard, and the destroyer had to lower a boat to pick him up. This was done in the most gallant manner, for the boat was under a very heavy fire and frequently disappeared from view behind the water-spouts thrown up by the shells. Captain Lockyer now ordered our anchor to be raised, intending to place the *Implacable* between the transports and the shore, thus covering them from the shells. But before this could be done one of the two ships raised anchor, and towed her companion out of range, dragging the cable it was impossible to raise. They were hit by about thirty shells and the casualties were four killed and eight wounded, of whom half a dozen happened to be Turkish prisoners.

May 16th. The day passed quietly except for the rumours of the arrival of submarines, and the authorities are getting more and more anxious.

At 1.30 the *Implacable* received orders to sail for Mudros to take in coal and ammunition. On arriving there, I found the *London* in port and went on board to visit my old friends. I found the first letters and newspapers I had received since the start of the Expedition.

May 18th. I returned to our old anchorage off Cape Helles at dawn. The *Implacable* received orders to proceed immediately to Malta where the *London*, *Queen*, and *Prince of Wales* are to join her. This squadron, under Admiral Thursby, is being detached from the Dardanelles and is not to return. It is said it will join up with the Italian Fleet, which looks as though Italy is on the verge of declaring war. I had to shift my floating home once again! I visited the *Swiftsure* and saw Admiral Stewart Nicholson, who told me to join the *Cornwallis*, pending further instructions from Admiral de Robeck. I went on board the *Cornwallis* and met Captain Davidson, an old friend. I found Lawrence on board.

These continual changes of quarters at any hour of the night and day are a great nuisance, so I wrote to Keyes to ask if I might hire a yacht for my own use. I think the London papers should have a yacht of their own. They can split up the cost between them and it will not hurt much. With the fleet so dispersed it is difficult to get about, especially up to Anzac. There are rumours floating about of Cabinet changes. We are told there is going to be a Coalition Government, that Winston is to leave the Admiralty, and that Balfour will take his place. Everyone out here is alarmed about the future of the Expedition, which up to date has been one long muddle from start to finish.

May 19th. I decided this morning to try and make the truth about our position realised at home, and to draw up a memorandum on the whole situation in the form of a letter to the Press, in order to discover what attitude the staff would take up. If they let it through it is proof that they wish the truth to be known, so that adequate reinforcements may be sent from England. But I fear otherwise. I am certain they are concealing the facts about the state of the Army, the *morale* of the troops, and the enormous strength of the enemy's positions. They are afraid, if they ask for sufficient men and guns to give us a chance of success, that they will be withdrawn altogether.

May 20th. At 6 a.m. the *Cornwallis* cleared for action, the crew went to battle stations, we cruised up the Dardanelles, and shortly afterwards commenced a vigorous attack against both Europe and Asia from both broadsides, a dignified job for this obsolete ship, destined for the scrap heap, to take on, in her old age—two continents full of Infidels! I believe we were supposed to be firing at a 5·9 gun in Europe, and some emplacements the Turks were supposed to be constructing on the Asiatic coast. I am sure, however, we hit nothing, except mother earth, and there was the usual fearful waste of ammunition, and consequent discomfort caused to everyone on board, when 12-inch and 6-inch guns are let off. The short 12-inch carried by these ships knocks hell out of you. I have tried every spot on deck to escape from the concussion, running round like a scared rabbit whenever I see these monsters being slowly trained on their invisible target. For hours afterwards my head aches as if it would burst, and the wardroom looks as if a free fight had taken place in it, all the furniture being overturned, and the cabins full of dust and débris. I wish I could get on a ship without guns. The enemy replied vigorously to our attack, and we had quite a lively time on board, but, as usual, his aim was bad, and we zig-zagged about to confuse his gunners. The *Majestic* also came under fire as she lay at anchor. Finally we were struck by a 5·9 Armstrong-Whitworth shell, which came in on the starboard side amidships, destroyed two cutters,

and burst in the battery. A ship cleared for action looks as if she were deserted, because all the crew are kept below. Only the captain and his staff remain on the bridge or in the conning tower. Now, when this shell burst, there was a stampede from below and at least a hundred sailors poured on deck, fighting, scrambling and knocking one another down after the manner of a huge rugby scrum. I thought a panic had broken out, but in reality, bored with being shut up down below, they had rushed on deck to see what had happened, and to collect the pieces of shell as souvenirs. There was an angry roar from the bridge, which sent the mob back as quickly as they had come. We left the Dardanelles at 1 p.m., and received the signal sent round the fleet announcing the decisive success gained by the Australians at Gaba Tepe on the night of May 18th-19th, when they repulsed the great attack of the Turks under von Sanders in person.

At 4 p.m., I sailed in a trawler for Kefalos Bay, Imbros, to visit Keyes and William Maxwell. Admiral de Robeck and his staff have shifted their headquarters to a private yacht, the *Triad*, now that the *Queen Elizabeth* has gone home. I went on board and saw Keyes, who told me I could not have a yacht, but I could hire a motor boat if I cared. This is not a bad idea if I can get hold of one. I then went on board the *Arcadian* and dined with William Maxwell, and afterwards got Jack Churchill to give me a cabin for the night. After dinner I saw Sir Ian and had a long talk with him. He tried to impress me with the idea that things were going very well. I pointed out that very large reinforcements would be necessary and fresh landings at other points if we were to carry the Expedition through successfully. He replied, " They have promised me two more divisions," and then, turning to Braithwaite, the Chief of Staff, he said, " We must not worry the old man too much. He is very pleased with us now and in time we shall get all we want out of him." He then discussed the campaign, and seemed to think that all his troubles would be over once he had taken Achi Baba, which he regarded as the key to the Narrows. He declared he was confident he could take it at the next attempt with the assistance of the promised reinforcements. Since the start of the Expedition I had not found Sir Ian so cheerful and optimistic, and his attitude amazed me. Have they already forgotten the utter fiasco of the last attack on Achi Baba ? Since then the Turks have brought up fresh troops, fresh artillery, and have been digging themselves in like moles. Both Achi Baba and Krithia are covered by a maze of trenches, dug-outs, bomb-proofs and barbed wire, which can be seen with the naked eye. Yet the Commander-in-Chief, after the experiences of the past month, proposes to take these strongholds with the old army

reinforced by two fresh divisions. The idea is preposterous and can only lead to a fresh massacre of the innocents. How strange this attitude of mind, namely, to risk your army and endanger your country rather than worry Kitchener for the right number of troops and guns! I went to bed in despair.

On coming on board I handed in my memorandum to Maxwell, but neither Hamilton nor Braithwaite had seen it up to this time.[1]

Whilst I was talking with Sir Ian a message was brought that several wagon-loads of copper had been reported at Dedeagatch on their way to Turkey. Sir Ian turned to Braithwaite and said, "We must try and stop them at all costs. Could not our Military Attaché in Sofia do something?" The latter replied, "He is no use." Sir Ian continued, "It must be a job for some of our independent bright boys out there. Will you send a cable and see what can be done?" He complained bitterly that the War Office had not yet published his despatches. He loves writing, and would like to combine the two offices of commander-in-chief and eye-witness in one.

May 21st. At 10 a.m., I sailed on a torpedo boat from the *Arcadian* to Anzac with several officers of the staff to collect information about the last repulse of the Turks. I landed just in time to accompany Birdwood on his morning round of the entire front lines. He is a terribly fast walker, as hard as nails, and it is no joke accompanying him on this pilgrimage up steep hills in the heat and dust, groping your way through narrow trenches and passing innumerable danger spots, where very often the only obstacle between you and the enemy's snipers is a blanket or old towel hung on a couple of poles to look like a trench. From the front trenches I could count hundreds of Turkish dead, already stinking, piled up a few yards away. Some were actually leaning up against our parapets, having been shot or bayoneted in their last stride. I found the Australians and New Zealanders very pleased with themselves, lying about in the front lines, having a good rest after the exertions of the last few days. As Birdwood passed, one of them caught a glimpse of his rows of ribbons, and remarked, "The b—— army isn't going to know me long enough to get a row like that." In fact, they greeted the general in a familiar manner which would have caused many deaths from sudden apoplexy at Aldershot in the

[1] See Appendix I. It subsequently became the cause of my very strained relations with the staff, because, after reading it, they realised three things, for which they never forgave me. First, that I had no illusions about the extent of the so-called "success" up to date; secondly, that I knew too much of what was going on behind the scenes and disapproved of the strategy and tactics adopted; thirdly, they saw that I was not prepared to act as an official eye-witness in the interests of the staff, but was determined to remain independent, and to lose no chance of making the truth known at home.

old days. I lunched with Birdwood—a Spartan repast, very little better than the men get in the trenches. The general gave me a new map of the Anzac position.

Afterwards I went on board the *Canopus* and had a very interesting talk with Captain Grant, who gave me many details of the Falkland Islands battle, and the part played by the *Canopus*. He was also most instructive on the subject of the feint made by the Naval Division at Bulair on the day of the landing, April 25th. He declared that in his opinion the lines were quite deserted that day, and might have been occupied without resistance. He used every device to endeavour to get the Turks to show their hand, but not a man was visible and not a shot was fired. He made several feints of landing troops, and the boats went close in shore, but nothing happened. At night he sent in some marines, who penetrated inland some distance, but were not molested. He was about to make a report on the state of affairs, and to ask permission to land, when, at midnight, he received orders to come south with his whole force to assist in taking off the Australians from Anzac, who were then in a very tight corner, and it was thought they would not be able to hold out during the night. How great events turn on little things. Had we occupied the Bulair lines that night the campaign would probably now be over. But were they really deserted ?[1]

May 22nd. I went on board the *Swiftsure* and saw Admiral Nicholson. I pointed out to him how extremely difficult it was for me to get my work done while living on board the *Cornwallis*, which was constantly engaged in duties up the Straits, and requested to be transferred to another ship. The Admiral very kindly invited me to stop with him on the *Swiftsure*. I returned to the *Cornwallis*, packed up, said good-bye, and took up my quarters on the Flagship—my fourth floating home since the start of the campaign. I lunched with the Admiral and met General Fuller, who is O.C. Artillery, and who also lives in the *Swiftsure*.

May 23rd. To-day an armistice was held at Anzac for the burial of three thousand Turkish dead lying in front of our lines, who fell in the abortive attack on May 18th–19th. Unfortunately I was unable to get up to Anzac to witness this unique event, the only official armistice ever held on the Peninsula. I tried every means in my power, but there was no boat of any sort, and I found myself a prisoner on the *Swiftsure* as the ship moved further to the north to shell the extreme right wing of the Turks, as the armistice only applied to Anzac. The truce lasted from dawn until 4 p.m., and was scrupulously observed by both sides,

[1] According to von Sanders, yes.

not a shot being fired. A line of demarcation was drawn between the trenches, and it was agreed that the Anzacs should bury all the dead in their zone, and the Turks all in the other. The rifles were to belong to the respective zones. The Turks wished to bury the dead, but they also wished to recover the rifles. During the night, however, the Anzacs crept between the lines and collected all the rifles they could find in the Turkish zone. The latter, on the following day, were bitterly disappointed at finding their share of the corpses almost totally unarmed. The armistice had to be prolonged an extra hour as the grim work had not been completed. Of course, both staffs seized the opportunity to have a good look at each other's lines with an eye on future operations.

May 24th. I was awakened early this morning by the trampling of feet overhead, followed by loud shouts. On reaching the deck, I found the battleship *Albion* had run ashore in the night in a fog off Gaba Tepe, and was being heavily bombarded by the Turkish guns. She remained in this position from 4 a.m. until 10 a.m., and was hit one hundred times, but fortunately the Turks could not bring any guns of large calibre to bear, and the shells from the field guns could not damage her heavy armour. The *Canopus* went to her assistance, got a cable on board, and tried to tow her off, but it immediately snapped. Later two fresh cables were fixed and the whole crew went aft so as to lighten the bows, which were stuck on a sand-bank. At the same time the *Albion* opened up a terrific bombardment with her own forward 12-in and 6-inch guns—not meditating any evil against the Turks, but to get rid of some ammunition, and in the hope that the recoil of her heavy ordnance would shake her bows out of the sand. This plan was at length successful, and both vessels got clear with a loss, I am told, of four killed and several wounded. Poor de Robeck and Keyes have had a worrying time. They were driven from the *Queen Elizabeth* to the *Lord Nelson*, and now, on account of the menace of submarines, the Admiral's flag has been transferred to the yacht *Triad* and the *Lord Nelson* has been sent back to Mudros. On learning the *Albion* was in trouble, the *Triad* came over to Anzac, and got a shell through her just to remind those on board she was a yacht, not a battleship.

May 25th. I was dressing, about 7.30 a.m., when I heard shouts from the deck, followed by the rapid firing of guns. I rushed to the quarter-deck to ascertain the cause of the alarm. A sailor told me that he had seen the periscope of a submarine appear within three hundred yards of us. But our crew on the *Swiftsure* were all first-class naval ratings, and were lying ready round the 14-pounders. They

immediately opened on the unwelcome intruder, who appears to have been thoroughly scared, and immediately dived for safety. The submarine certainly missed the chance of a lifetime, because, in addition to the *Swiftsure*, the *Agamemnon* was lying within a hundred yards, and the old *Majestic* a short distance further off. Probably the submarine came up " blind " and was fired on before she had a chance to lay on a target. This ocular proof of the enemy's presence caused fresh consternation throughout the fleet, and no one seemed to know what the next move would be. The *Agamemnon* immediately received orders to weigh anchor, and to go back to Mudros, as she was too valuable a ship to risk, only leaving the *Swiftsure* and *Majestic* off Cape Helles. It is uncomfortable lying at anchor knowing that at any moment you may be blown to smithereens by an unseen foe. It is not so bad when a ship is under way, as you feel you have a chance, but here we lay presenting a " sitter " to the sportsman mean enough to take advantage of such a target.

I went ashore at 10 a.m., to visit Hunter-Weston. He told me there would be another attack in a few days' time, and once again he was quite confident of taking Achi Baba. I am getting tired of this old, old story. I returned to the *Swiftsure* at noon and learnt that the submarine, which had disappeared for a couple of hours, had fired a torpedo at the battleship *Vengeance*, which was cruising between Cape Helles and Anzac. The torpedo missed, passing across her bows. The *Vengeance* then hurried off to the doubtful protection of the nets at Kephalos Bay. We then adjourned for lunch, and had nearly finished, when a young signalman came to the commander with cap in hand, and said, with a most apologetic air for interrupting his repast, " Beg pardon, sir, the *Triumph* is listing." We rushed on deck, where every officer assembled, including Rear-Admiral Stewart Nicholson, and there, sure enough, off Gaba Tepe, lay the unfortunate battleship with a heavy list and stricken to death. Destroyers were rushing to her assistance, almost covering the horizon with dense clouds of black smoke. Fortunately, there was a trawler close to the *Triumph* at the time, which was able to take off a number of her crew. The battleship hung at an angle of forty-five for about eight minutes and then turned bottom upwards, floating in this position for twenty minutes, looking like a whale at rest. The admiral, the officers, and the crew of the *Swiftsure* stood to attention, bareheaded, when she made her final plunge beneath the waves in a cloud of smoke and steam. Admiral Nicholson then turned on his heel, closed his telescope with a snap, and, turning to the officers, said, " Gentlemen, the *Triumph* has gone." We had all seen her go, but I suppose she had not officially sunk until the

admiral announced the fact. We returned to finish our lunch, somewhat chastened in spirits, and fortified ourselves with a few extra glasses of port. We realised how nearly it had been our turn that morning, and were drawn by another bond of sympathy to the *Triumph* because she was our sister-ship, both vessels having been built for Chili during the Russo-Japanese War, and taken over by the British Government to prevent them falling into the hands of the Russians. They were quite unique as to type, there being nothing like them in the Navy. Now everyone began to ask, what is going to happen to us? Are we to lie off this infernal coast until our turn comes, or shall we run for cover and leave the army to take care of itself?

At 3.30 p.m., Admiral Nicholson announced he would transfer his flag to the *Majestic*, the oldest battleship at the Dardanelles, because she possessed nets—so had the *Triumph*—and ordered the *Swiftsure* to Mudros. He told me he would take me with him if I wished. No more hurried or undignified departure was ever made by an admiral transferring his flag. A trawler came alongside and all the admiral's kit, his staff's and mine were thrown in pell mell, without even being packed, mingled up with a mixed assortment of tinned meats, preserves and wines, so anxious was everyone to see the *Swiftsure* on her way to Mudros. At 4.30 p.m., I found myself on my fifth, and, as it turned out, my last, floating home, the old *Majestic*, once the pride of the Navy, and now the rearguard of a mighty fleet. New arrivals crowded the ship out, but I was lucky to get a cabin, belonging to a warrant officer, right amidships. For the last time an admiral's flag was hoisted, and the old *Majestic*, which had commenced her career some twenty-three years before, as a flagship, was destined to end her days as one also.

A little later the *Triad* appeared from Kephalos, anchored close to the *Majestic*, and a conference then took place between de Robeck and Nicholson. I could not help remarking the irony of the position. Just a month before our mighty armada had sailed from Mudros full of high hopes and expectations, with the admiral and his staff in proud possession of the finest battleship in the British Navy, or in the world. Now the admiral was installed on a little yacht, the pleasure boat of some gentleman at Constantinople in pre-war days, whilst, of the whole armada, only the old *Majestic* remained. Gone are the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Lord Nelson*, and that great fleet of pre-dreadnought battleships which had sailed so proudly out of Mudros Bay, chased into protected ports by one or two miserable little submarines, costing about one-tenth of each battleship, and with a crew of thirty, not eight hundred.

The conference over, the *Triad* returned to Kephalos, and the *Majestic* remained off Cape Helles, eagerly watched by thousands of British, French, and Infidels on shore, who expected every moment to see her share the fate of the *Triumph*, and who were determined not to miss the show. At 8 p.m., however, we suddenly received a signal to retire to Kephalos for the night, and the admiral called several destroyers to cover us during this dangerous passage of ten miles of moonlit ocean. The stokers worked our war-worn engines up to better time than they had done for years.

Kephalos is a small open bay on the island of Imbros, about ten miles from Cape Helles, nine from Anzac, and twelve from Suvla Bay. It offers little or no protection when the wind is in the east or north, but it does keep off the "sou-'westers." The entrance is as wide as the bay itself, and is, therefore, difficult to protect against submarine attack. For some time past the Navy has been trying to get a boom in position, but this work has not yet been completed, and rumour says it only consists of fishing nets placed there as a bluff. In any case, in the darkness and desire to get home, the *Majestic* missed the entrance, ran into the nets, and curled them all round her. We, therefore, had to back out again, and it took us some time to get in. At midnight there was an alarm, for the destroyers on patrol reported that they had sighted a submarine trying to enter the bay. I think this enemy only existed in their imagination. The *Majestic* could not change her berth, and we sat up until the scare had died down, waiting for the end with the same resolution and rigidity as the soldiers on the *Birkenhead*, only with this difference, that, as the ship was not sinking, we were able to use the wardroom and to stiffen our nerves with an odd one or two from the reopened bar.

May 26th. It was blowing half a gale this morning, which rendered it extremely difficult to get about the harbour in motor boats or steam pinnaces. However, I managed to make my way to the *Arcadian*, as I was anxious to see Maxwell and to find out if they had let my memorandum go through to the Press. One of the first people I met was Hamilton, who seemed far from friendly. When I saw Maxwell, he told me that both Hamilton and Braithwaite had read the document and had written in the margin that it was not to be allowed to pass in any circumstances. I cannot say I am surprised.

Meanwhile, before I could return to the *Majestic*, she had sailed for Helles, and I found myself stranded on the *Arcadian*, but learnt that there would be a trawler leaving at 2 p.m. There is wailing and gnashing of teeth on the *Arcadian*. The admiral has just issued an ultimatum to say that the Navy can no longer be responsible for safe-

Alfieri Picture Service

AUSTRALIAN BATTERY IN ACTION AT ANZAC

guarding the ship against submarine attack and, therefore, the staff must take up their quarters on shore. The island of Imbros has been selected as being the nearest and most central point for all the beaches, and I am told that a site has been found, overlooking the bay, on a sandy waste, where there is good water. I lunched on board and then caught the trawler for Helles and rejoined the *Majestic*. This evening we moved closer in shore towards Lancashire Landing, carefully anchoring behind several transports. In former days it was the duty of the Navy to protect commerce, but now the submarine has changed the rules, and we have liners protecting warships. We, on board, had no illusions as to our eventual fate, and in spite of these precautions felt no sense of security. Personally, I felt convinced the end was near. To-night we agreed to have a kind of farewell dinner in the wardroom, in order to drink the few remaining bottles of champagne, as it would have been a tragedy had they gone down with the ship. The port was also saved in considerable quantities from a watery grave. There was an officer belonging to the *Majestic* on Lancashire Landing, with a beach party, and he felt so certain about our fate, that he went round to his soldier friends and said, "Mind you are up early to-morrow morning, and you will see a sight you have never seen before—a battleship sunk by a submarine."

I sat up until after midnight talking to the P.M.O., and, on leaving, he handed me a life-belt, one of the bicycle tyre variety, which you inflate, but I was too lazy to blow it up, and meant to ask one of the marines to expand his chest on my behalf. I went to my cabin below the water line on the exposed sea side of the ship, and did not like the look of it. I felt I would be safer on deck, so I asked a marine to carry up my mattress. I then wrapped up all my notes and valuable documents in a thin waterproof coat, and placed them in a handbag, intending to take them with me. But at the last minute I thought it might create an unfavourable impression amongst the crew if they saw me preparing to leave the ship before she had been struck, so, much to my after regret, I left them below. I put on my pyjamas and placed thirty pounds in banknotes in the pocket, also my cigarette-case, and then went on deck and was soon fast asleep.

May 27th. I do not think I woke up once during the night, and slept soundly until 6.15, when I called out to the sentry, "What's the time?" He replied, "Six-fifteen, sir." So I turned over and went to sleep again. The subsequent times I learnt after the catastrophe, as they were all taken from the shore. It was 6.40 when I was aroused by men rushing by me, and someone trod on, or stumbled against, my chest. This awoke me, and I called out, "What's the matter?" A

voice replied from somewhere, "There's a torpedo coming." I just had time to scramble to my feet when there came a dull heavy explosion about fifteen feet forward of the shelter deck on the port side. The hit must have been very low down, as there was no shock from it felt on deck. The old *Majestic* immediately gave a jerk towards port, and remained with a heavy list; then there came a sound as if the contents of every pantry in the world had fallen at the same moment, a clattering such as I had never heard, as everything loose in her tumbled about. I could tell at once that she had been mortally wounded somewhere in her vitals, and felt instinctively she would not long stay afloat.

As I had been prepared for days for just such an emergency, the actual realisation came as no great shock. Having mapped out my programme in advance, I proceeded to carry it through. I stooped down to pick up my life-belt, and then, to my intense disgust I discovered it was not blown out. Thus the first part of my plan, namely, not to take to the water unless encircled by a good belt, was at once knocked on the head. I decided not to lose any time over it now, but to get off the ship at once, as she listed more and more and seemed likely to turn turtle at any moment. I was swept down the ladder to the main deck by the crowd rushing by me, and from there made my way aft to the quarter-deck, which was crowded with men, some wearing lifebelts, some without, who were climbing up the side and jumping into the sea, determined to get clear before she went down. The explosion was followed by a cloud of black smoke which got down my throat and in my eyes, so that all this time I seemed to be in semi-darkness. I looked over the side, and saw that I was clear of the torpedo-nets, and then climbed over, intending to slide down a stanchion into the water and swim clear. But again my programme was upset by unforeseen events, for, just as I had both legs over the rail, there came a rush from behind, and I was pushed over the side, falling with considerable force on to the net-shelf, where the nets are stored when not out. I made no long stay on the net-shelf, but at once rebounded into the sea and went under. I came up at once still holding my useless belt, and, having got some of the water out of my eyes, took a look round. The sea was crowded with men swimming about and calling for assistance. I think that many of these old reservists, who formed the majority of the crew, had forgotten how to swim, or else had lost all faith in their own powers. A few yards from me I saw a boat, towards which everyone in the water seemed to be making. She was already packed with men while others were hanging on to her gunwale. I swam towards her, mixed up with a struggling crowd,

and managed to get both hands firmly on her, but found it impossible to drag myself on board. I looked round at the *Majestic*, which was lying only a few yards away at an acute angle, and I remember thinking that, if she turned right over, our boat would probably be dragged under her. It is very tiring work hanging on with both hands with your feet trailing in the water in a strong current, and I was beginning to think whether it would be wiser to let go and swim away, when my right foot caught in what is known as a " man-grip ". This is a small slit in the keel which enables you to hold on in the event of the boat turning over. This gave me a lot of additional support, and I felt much more comfortable. A minute later, or even less, a sailor leaned over the side, seized me by the shoulders and dragged me inside, scraping the little remaining skin I had saved from the fall on the net-shelf off my legs and arms. However, at the time I was too pleased to find myself on board to notice such minor trials. I then had a look round. The boat was absolutely packed with men. She was a small cutter intended to carry at the most thirty, and eventually ninety-four were taken off her. We were sitting on one another, others were standing up, and many were still clinging on to the gunwale begging to be taken on board, which was now out of the question.

The *Majestic* presented an extraordinary spectacle. She was lying over on her side, having such a list that it was no longer possible to stand on her deck. About one-third of the crew still seemed to be hanging on to the rails, or clinging to her side, as if hesitating to jump into the water. All around the sea was full of men, some swimming towards neighbouring ships, others apparently having their work cut out to keep themselves afloat. All the vessels in the neighbourhood were lowering boats, and steam launches were hastening to pick up survivors, but they did not dare stand in too close for fear of being dragged under in the final plunge. I was just thinking what a magnificent photograph the scene would make, when someone called out, " If you don't loose that rope you will be dragged under." I am told it was Captain Talbot, who was still hanging on to the quarter-deck, saw the danger we were in, and gave the warning just in time. For, in the general confusion, we had not noticed that our boat was attached by a rope to the end of the torpedo boom. In fact, she belonged to the *Majestic* and had been lying out all night.

This discovery caused great excitement on board, and many, to escape this imminent disaster, preferred to entrust themselves once more to the sea, jumping overboard with oars in their hands. I was hesitating whether to follow suit, when someone in the bows managed

to clear, or cut, the rope, and we were free. A very few seconds later the *Majestic* rolled right over to port and sank bottom upwards like a great stone, without any further warning. There came a dull, rumbling sound, a swirl of water and steam, for a moment her green bottom was exposed to view, and then the old flagship disappeared for ever, except for a small piece of her ram, which remained above water as her bows were lying on a shallow sand-bank. As she turned over and sank, a sailor ran the whole length of her keel and finally sat astride the ram, where he was subsequently taken off without even getting a wetting. The final plunge was so inspiring that for a few seconds I forgot about the large number of officers and men who were still clinging to her like limpets when she went down.

Some were dragged down by the fatal nets before they could get clear, others were probably killed inside by the explosion. Nevertheless, the loss of life was small, numbering only fifty. This was due to the fact that most of the men had lifebelts, the majority had time to clear the ship before she turned over, we were anchored in shallow water, so the suction was small, and assistance was promptly forthcoming from the numerous ships, boats, and launches, which hastened to pick up those struggling in the water. The final plunge was watched by thousands of troops on shore, and by thousands of men afloat, and I am told that the Turks in their trenches were loud in their applause. Captain Talbot, when the ship was struck, rushed forward with his yeoman of signals to save or destroy the confidential signal book. This was accomplished, and then, when the ship went down, he was thrown into the water, but was picked up by a launch. Then, seeing two of his men in danger of drowning, he plunged into the sea again and saved them both.

Shortly afterwards a steam pinnace came alongside and took us off our overcrowded boat, which was in imminent danger of being swamped, and we were dumped *pro tem.* on a small French transport. The captain and crew were very kind, served us with coffee, brandy, and also with some suits of sailors' clothes. I acquired, in the distribution, a pair of blue trousers, a white singlet, and a pair of rubber shoes. Some of the old veteran reservists from the *Majestic* were in a complete state of prostration from cold and shock, but I cannot say I felt any the worse myself.

A little later some officers came off from Lancashire Landing and took me ashore in a motor-boat. Here I found a great number of survivors foregathered, including Captain Talbot. I also learnt that Admiral Nicholson was safe, but no one knew what had happened to General Fuller. The survivors were being served out with army

rations. Bettelheim gave me breakfast, and I then went to visit Hunter-Weston, who was surprised to see me in such a strange get-up. On my way back to the beach, I got knocked over by the explosion of a big shell from behind Achi Baba, but I rather think I fell from fright more than anything else. Anyway, as it was not yet 9 a.m., I thought I deserved a rest. Later in the morning a fleet sweeper was sent to take us down to Mudros, and in this undignified manner the last naval survivors of the great armada returned to the base they had left, so full of pride of battle and hope of great achievement, only a month before.

Having lost everything I possessed in the way of kit, I saw that I would have to go to Malta to get a fresh outfit, and went on board the *Triad* to get the necessary permission. The crew greeted me with laughter and jeers as I stepped on deck clad only in blue trousers and white shirt. The admiral, as usual, full of kindness, insisted upon his valet fitting me out in an old shooting suit, and Roger Keyes presented me with a hat. I stayed to lunch, and the admiral promised to send me to Malta on the first ship. I spent the night on board a ship called the *Fovette*, which was kept at Mudros for stranded officers, whose ships had been sunk or who needed a rest. Here I found several survivors of the *Triumph* and *Goliath*, including a midshipman who had a miraculous escape, having been picked up three miles down the Straits.

CHAPTER VII

THE TROUBLES OF THE CABINET

MAY 28th. I got a signal that I could sail to-day at noon on a store-ship, the *Baron Ardrossan*, for Malta. I stole the biggest life-belt I could find on the *Fovette*, and, having no other luggage, made my way on board, carrying my treasure in my hands. The captain, on seeing me, said: "What are you carrying that belt for? Don't you worry about it. I've got eleven hundred rounds of 12-inch ammunition on board as ballast, and if anything strikes us we shall go up so high that the only thing which could help you would be an aeroplane." I never saw my belt again.

May 29th. At sea in the *Baron Ardrossan.*

May 30th. At sea in the *Ardrossan.* The voyage is quite uneventful, and we have had no scares.

May 31st. We arrived at Malta at 9 a.m., and I went to see Admiral Limpus. He was out, but I met his Staff Captain Congreve, and got the necessary pass to go ashore. I installed myself at the Osborne Hotel, and spent the afternoon looking for kit, but could not find many things I wanted. I then decided to return to England as a unique chance had come my way to make the truth known in high quarters. I learnt that there was a Messagerie boat leaving for Marseilles on the following day. Congreve strongly advised me to return, as I would miss nothing, and on the other hand might make myself very useful advising the authorities. This afternoon I received an intimation from the Governor that I was not to send any cables from Malta without his express sanction. I expected this, knowing well that G.H.Q., Dardanelles, would endeavour to put a spoke in my wheel. I did not have the opportunity of asking permission to return home from Hamilton, and I knew the staff would be furious when they heard de Robeck had granted me leave. I dined at the Club with Congreve and Falconer, the Admiral's Flag Lieutenant, who also did his utmost to persuade me to return.

June 1st. I made up my mind this morning to go home, as I could

get nothing I required in Malta. I telephoned through to Admiral Limpus for the necessary permission, and got a reply to call on him. He received me most affably, declared that I ought to go back and tell them the truth, and gave me a permit. I am in a very curious position, as I have no idea who are my chiefs. The Army censors my despatches, but the Navy decides my movements. I suppose that this is because they have sole authority over all the ships, and if they like to grant a passage no one can stop them. I called on the Governor of Malta, Lord Methuen, but he was away in the country. I also cabled to Harry Lawson to ask his permission to return.

June 2nd. Having acquired a fresh passport and my ticket, I went on board the s.s. *Caledonian* at noon. On her I found Stanley Wilson from Athens and " Somers " Somerset, who had just come from the *Arcadian*. Both are serving their country as King's Messengers. Ward Price, of the *Daily Mail*, was also on board. Both Wilson and Somerset were loud in their denunciations of the staff at Gallipoli because of the manner in which they had been treated. It appears that although entrusted with important despatches and the customary quota of cigarettes, the G.H.Q. show a strong aversion to allowing them to reach headquarters through fear they will go back and tell the truth. Somerset, who succeeded in getting through by ignoring his instructions, was very coldly received on the *Arcadian*, but, feigning complete ignorance of, and indifference to, what was passing around him, he was allowed to remain until the bag was ready, and managed to pick up a great deal of information. But Stanley Wilson was held up at Athens and not allowed to proceed any further. In consequence he was furious and denounced everyone. It seems a short-sighted policy not to trust your own messengers, and to antagonise them, as they have it in their power to do a great deal of harm at home by repeating gossip they have picked up from the disgruntled. Wilson related to me that he had seen Lord Methuen at Malta, who told him that Hamilton had cabled him the following : " Do not let Ashmead-Bartlett say a word about the Expedition, as he is a Jeremiah." I looked up the history of that prophet, and found that he was a pessimist. I am only a pessimist because I know the truth of how things are being handled at the front.

I set to work to complete a memorandum for the authorities at home, as the copy of my former one was lost on the *Majestic*.

June 3rd. At sea in *Caledonian*. Nothing to record.

June 4th. I arrived at Marseilles, spent the day with our Consul-General, Mr. Gurney, whom I had not seen for fourteen years, and then left for Paris.

June 5th. I arrived in Paris at 8 a.m., and caught the 10 a.m. train for London.

June 6th. I worked all the morning finishing off a résumé of the campaign and the present position of the Army. I had a long talk on the Dardanelles with Sir Edward Carson. He told me the Government had the whole matter under consideration, and that it was important I should see certain Ministers. He made a rendezvous for me to see Mr. Bonar Law on the following morning. I called at the *Daily Telegraph* to see Harry Lawson, who looked unexpectedly warlike in the uniform of the Bucks Hussars, which he commands. He was, as usual, kindness and helpfulness personified. He told me a great many interesting things about the war, which had never trickled through to the Dardanelles. There seems to be a perfect maze of intrigue at home between the French and Kitchener factions. It was Remington's letter in the *Times* about ammunition which finally caused the Government to give up the struggle, and brought about the Coalition. In any case Lawson does not think the Cabinet could have survived an exposure of the truth about the Dardanelles. He told me to come to a meeting of the N. P. A. on Wednesday, as they wished to discuss one or two matters. I found London much changed for the worse, and everyone depressed.

June 7th. I discovered that I was not to be allowed a peaceful week in which to get new outfit and see a few friends. From the moment of my arrival I was sought after for information. There are several political factions who wish to get hold of the truth to use it for their own purposes. I found myself in a difficult position, and made up my mind to refuse to see anyone except the members of the Cabinet, and the officials of the War Office and Admiralty. I went to breakfast with Carson, who had invited Bonar Law. We had a long discussion and they showed me several confidential documents dealing with the situation. I handed them a copy of my memorandum, which Bonar Law undertook to give to Mr. Balfour. They told me that there was no harmony in the Cabinet, that its members were at loggerheads, and all were discontented with Lord Kitchener, who wishes to keep the whole direction of the war in his own hands. Carson is apparently animated by a strong dislike or mistrust of Winston on account of Ireland, and this further complicates matters. However, the Cabinet is to meet this week to decide on the future of the Expedition. It seems they are determined to carry it through but have no clear idea as to how it should be done. At 11 a.m., I called at the Admiralty, and had a long talk with the two Permanent Secretaries, Sir Reginald Brade from the War Office, and Sir Graham Green of the Admiralty.

Alfieri Picture Service

CAPTURED TURKISH PRISONERS, JUNE 28TH

They submitted me to a prolonged cross-examination, and I think I was able to enlighten them on most points, but I have to be careful about criticising the chiefs at the front, as I wish to return there. In the afternoon I had a very long talk with General Callwell, a singularly well-informed soldier. He told me that he would see Lord Kitchener, give him a summary of what I had said, and endeavour to arrange an interview.

June 9th. In the afternoon, I attended the meeting of the N.P.A., to which I had been invited, as they wished to thank me for my services. On entering, I found about twenty gentlemen sitting round a table presided over by Harry Lawson, who made a speech thanking me in the most kindly and generous terms for the work I had done at the Dardanelles.

I went to see my literary agent, Hughes Massie, who suggested that I should take back a cinematograph to the Dardanelles. The idea fascinates me, but what about the authorities, and my own ignorance of its use ?

June 10th. I went to see Alfred Butt, who has agreed to do the financing of the cinema, and I started taking lessons this afternoon. It is an automatic machine which winds up, and you just turn it on when you have something to take. I was supplied with ten thousand feet of film, which is an immense load to lug round. However, for better or for worse I shall try.

This evening I dined with Lady Randolph Churchill to meet Winston. The Lulu Harcourts and Duchess of Marlborough were also present, but I forgot who else. I am much surprised at the change in Winston Churchill. He looks years older, his face is pale, he seems very depressed, and to feel keenly his retirement from the Admiralty. But even if he be the creator of the Dardanelles Expedition, he is in no wise responsible for the manner in which it is being carried out. He has no one but himself to blame for his misfortunes. He held the most important office in the Cabinet at the outbreak of the war, and he had only to curb his impetuosity and direct its labours, guided by his advisers, and he would still be First Lord. But his nature rebelled at the prospect of sitting in an arm-chair directing naval strategy when others were actually fighting. He was torn between conflicting emotions, the demands of his great office, and his paramount desire to take an active part in the war itself. But the days of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, are gone for ever, and a Minister, or Commander-in-Chief, must now rest content with directing others, and not rushing into the firing line himself, if he is to be of real service to his country. But Winston wished " To ride the whirlwind and to control the storm,'

hence Antwerp, hence "digging out the German Fleet," and now he is unjustly accused of being solely responsible for all that has occurred at the Dardanelles. History will undoubtedly concede that strategically the attack on Constantinople is absolutely sound, and the results of success will be far-reaching. It is the manner in which it is being carried out, which is causing all the trouble. The premature bombardments, the fiasco of March 18th, the combined operations long after the Turks had been given full notice of our coming, and then landing in the wrong places, are the true reasons for our lack of success. How far he is responsible only time will show, but the country owes him a deep debt of gratitude for having the Fleet mobilized and ready for war. But now his career has undergone a temporary check after one long interrupted triumph, and he feels he has been made a scapegoat for others.

At dinner the conversation was more or less general, nothing was said about the Dardanelles, and Winston was very quiet. It was only towards the end that he suddenly burst forth into a tremendous discourse on the Expedition and what might have been, addressed directly across the table in the form of a lecture to his mother, who listened most attentively. Winston seemed unconscious of the limited number of his audience, and continued quite heedless of those around him. He insisted over and over again that the battle of March 18th had never been fought to a finish and, had it been, the fleet must have got through the Narrows. This is the great obsession of his mind, and will ever remain so. The facts are forgotten, or ignored—the forts still unsilenced, the three lines of anchored mines still untouched, the possibility of concealed torpedo tubes, the three battleships lying at the bottom of the Straits, a dreadnought sorely stricken, other ships limping wounded to cover, and the problem of what the fleet could have done had it entered the Marmora only to find the Narrows closed once more against its return—all these factors, so patent to the admirals on the spot, seem to carry no weight with him. The loss of the ships leaves him undismayed. His only regret, like that of some ancient Anahuac god, is that the sacrifices were stopped, before the full number of victims, waiting to be laid on the altar of chance, had reached their destination. I am sure he would have preferred to have left office after the loss of the entire fleet at the Dardanelles—if only the affair had been fought to a finish. But he seems to have an imperfect knowledge of the facts and not to realise that the fleet never even approached the principal mine-fields, or that the Turkish forts, which were saving their limited ammunition, were never silenced.

This impromptu oration finished, Winston became calmer, and the

ladies seized the occasion to leave the table. Then he rounded on me, and accused me of having come home to run down the Expedition. I denied this accusation, and declared I was as keen as everybody to see it through, if only it was handled in the right manner. Having convinced him on this point, he became quite calm. Afterwards we went aside and discussed every detail. I discovered that he is animated by one fixed determination, namely, to carry the Expedition through at all costs. No one realises better than he the decisive effect the capture of Constantinople will have on the war. The fall of the Ottoman capital will also mean his complete vindication and the restoration of his former prestige, because the errors will be speedily forgotten in the glamour of success.

Winston told me that the Cabinet was divided, but would have to come to a decision this week. He asked me to do everything I could to stiffen the resolution of any Ministers I might meet and to induce them to send out the necessary reinforcements. He said that he would arrange for me to see the Prime Minister on the following day.

He was now in a more cheerful frame of mind, and when the party broke up at midnight he asked me to walk home with him. As we passed through the dark and almost deserted streets, Winston began once more to soliloquise on the past and on his own position, addressing his remarks half to himself and half to me. He said, " I felt sure it could be done with the Fleet alone, and I am still convinced that it might have been. As long as we tried it with our old reserve ships it mattered little, because, even if they were lost, we were none the weaker. I told them over and over again, once an army was landed, it was quite another affair, and that they would be dragged into a great enterprise from which they could not withdraw. As for me, when I resigned from the Admiralty, I had only one desire, namely, to go and serve with my regiment in France, but the Prime Minister, and all my colleagues, implored me to remain in the Cabinet, and at great personal sacrifice I consented to do so."

We reached Admiralty House, where he is staying at the request of Mr. Balfour, until his own town house is ready, and he let me in through a narrow side door. The rooms, where he had passed so many days of power, were now deserted. A single attendant was on duty and he got soundly abused for not answering the bell immediately. Winston wandered through the rooms, in which he is now only living on sufferance, his head bent, his face flushed, his hands behind his back, picking up a book here, a letter there, glancing at them and throwing them aside, his mind unable to concentrate on anything but the Dardanelles. The ornate rooms and official papers seemed to

mock him; the deserted hall so lately full of sycophants, admirers, and place-seekers now only re-echoed the sound of his own voice. He presented the perfect picture of a fallen Minister. Once again he cried out in the silent night, "They never fought it out to a finish. They never gave my schemes a fair trial."

"But," I replied, "they did, and lost three battleships sunk, and three others badly damaged without ever reaching the mine-fields at the Narrows."

"That is not the point! They ought to have gone on. What did it matter if more ships were lost? The ships were old and useless, and were not required in the North Sea."

Finally, having calmed down somewhat, Winston flung himself into a chair, and made me go over all the details of the Expedition once again. "Now," he said, "we will try and work out a scheme to show what must be done to ensure success if the Cabinet decide to send large reinforcements." He got out his maps and we examined all the positions in great detail. As the task proceeded he became more cheerful, and began to believe that his dreams of victory were still capable of attainment. We sat there working out plans till 3 a.m., when I left him, restored to comparative good-humour and looking more like his old self again. I said to him on leaving, "You have nothing to fear for your reputation in the future because all the errors will be speedily forgotten in the immensity of the achievement, if we get Constantinople."

He agreed with me, and added, "We must see that the Expedition is carried through. I will arrange for you to see the Prime Minister, and will be present myself. The paramount interests of England and her Allies depend on our taking Constantinople with a minimum of delay. It is your duty to assist this in every way in your power. You must remain at my disposition, for any time you may be wanted to-morrow."

Then I passed out into the darkness, leaving this remarkable man to his own thoughts. Whatever errors he has made he has proved himself patriotic to the finger-tips. How many lesser men, on being obliged to resign from the greatest office in the Empire, would have washed their hands of the whole affair, and taken a secret delight in watching the misfortunes and difficulties of others!

June 11th. At one o'clock I received a message from Winston to go to Downing Street to meet the Prime Minister. I was admitted into the sacred Council Chamber, where, for two hundred years, all great decisions which have made or marred us have been taken. Only the Prime Minister and Winston were present. Mr. Asquith,

looking as if he had not a care in the world, his face beaming with good-nature and benevolence towards all mankind, received me most affably. Winston produced the maps and we went over with him the scheme we had worked out on the previous night. He followed all the points raised with the interest of a professional strategist, and agreed with everything we suggested. He finally expressed himself in favour of a landing at Enos or just north of Bulair. Putting his finger on the narrow neck of the Peninsula, he said, "It seems to be the only natural thing to do."

We then talked about the possible entry of the Bulgarians into the war, whereupon he threw up his hands, exclaiming with the only emotion he had shown, "Yes, if we could only get them to come in all would be well." He asked me a great number of questions and, when I was about to leave, he said, "I wish you would draw me up a short and concise memorandum on the whole situation, and let me have it some time this evening. There is a Cabinet Council to-morrow, and I would like to have it by me. I would also like you to be present to answer any questions which may be put to you."

I lunched with Lady Hamilton, wife of Sir Ian. Mrs. Pollen, wife of the general's military secretary, and Lady Cunard were also present. I found Lady Hamilton very much worried about the lack of success in Gallipoli, and I tried to cheer her up by telling her that the Government had decided to see the Expedition through at all costs, and would send out the necessary reinforcements.

In the evening I dined with Lady Elcho to meet Mr. Balfour. Encountering him in the midst of a crumbling world was like arriving at a beautiful, green, well-watered oasis, after struggling for months amidst the storms and desert sands. His outward mien showed complete detachment from the war, politics, intrigues, and the world around him. Having been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, he was particularly interested in the naval side of the Expedition, and he made me describe in great detail the operations of the fleet up to date, the loss of the *Goliath*, the *Triumph*, and *Majestic*, the state of the crews, and the general military situation. I soon discovered that he was determined to see the Expedition through, being convinced of its paramount importance. He then spoke very freely of the war and of his colleagues. When I told him that the military authorities often failed to tell the whole truth to their chiefs at home, he said, "Yes, I find the greatest difficulty in getting all the information I require. I hope you will tell them out there that they need not be afraid of me. But I do not know about my predecessor." Of Kitchener, he said, "Everyone seems afraid of him. I cannot understand what they are

frightened of. You will find him a harmless enough old gentleman, somewhat slow in grasping points when they are placed before him, but far from inspiring this vague terror." I handed him a copy of the memorandum I had prepared for the Prime Minister, and he read it with great care, going through every detail with me. Then he had had enough of the war, and talked on a great many other subjects with delightful charm and ease.

This evening I despatched to Mr. Asquith the following memorandum on the situation at Gallipoli, which he had asked for earlier in the day :—

The Fleet.—For the time being, the Fleet can play no active part in the reduction of the Straits. In fact, our ships now never attempt to go beyond De Tott's Battery. The enemy's mine-field is intact, the damage to the forts at the Narrows has been made good, and the existence of concealed torpedo tubes on shore is perhaps the most serious obstacle of all. In addition, the presence of the enemy's submarines has greatly complicated the difficulties. The lighter vessels can, however, assist in keeping down the fire of the enemy's batteries, and from time to time battleships will have to be employed for this purpose, especially in searching the ground behind the Kum-Kali-Yeni-Shehr Ridge on the Asiatic shore.

It is a fundamental error to assume any longer that, if we are able to occupy the southern extremity of the Peninsula so as to embrace Kilid Bahr and the European shore of the Narrows, we have opened the gate to Constantinople for the Fleet. The enemy has been engaged for two months in fortifying the longer reach of waters stretching from the Narrows to the entrance of the Sea of Marmora by placing heavy guns in field works on both shores ; in preparing new mine-fields and torpedo tubes ; and, in addition, he is reported to be prepared to sink ships to guard the passage—a scheme, however, of doubtful utility. Therefore, even with the Kilid Bahr in our possession, we shall have to tackle the longer reach of waters beyond.

Therefore any operations limited in their objective to the seizure of the Kilid Bahr Plateau can lead to no decisive results. They will merely carry us a certain distance forward, and enable us to make a fresh survey of the further task ahead.

At the present time our operations both from southern Gallipoli and from the Anzac positions are being directed towards the obtainment of this limited objective, which will not open the gate to Constantinople. Neither is there even a reasonable prospect of their succeeding.

Anzac Position.—The Australians at Anzac hold the most extraordinary position in which any army has ever found itself, clinging, as they are, to the face of the cliffs. Roughly the position consists of two semicircles of hills, the outer higher than the inner. They are extremely well entrenched and cannot be driven from their position by artillery fire or frontal attacks,

as was shown in the utter failure of the Turks on May 18th and 19th. But a successful use of gas might render their position precarious. The Turks are entrenched up to their necks all round them. Towards the north they are on higher ground, but towards the south on lower, and in one place they hold ground which cuts right into our outer line and enables them to snipe right down Shrapnel Valley. The Australians cannot advance, as any attempt at a general attack would probably only lead to much the same slaughter as the Turks suffered when making their last effort, to which I have referred. The position is held by five Brigades and will not hold another man, being already overcrowded. We cannot develop a wider front along the low ground towards the south as long as the enemy holds the small promontory of Gaba Tepe, which has been transformed into a regular fortress and which has defied all our efforts in spite of the terrific fire to which it has been subjected by the Fleet. The position at Anzac is, therefore, a complete stale-mate.

Position at Seddel Bahr.—Here we occupy the plain at the foot of the Achi Baba position and cannot get on. All our lines are exposed to full view, and to the enemy's artillery fire. He has made the Krithia-Achi Baba-Kereves-Dere position a regular fortress which can only be taken trench by trench. Our assaults have repeatedly failed. The position is thoroughly uncomfortable. Our trenches are, however, very strong and I do not think we could be driven off the Peninsula by legitimate attacks. But once again the employment of gas might render our lines untenable, and the wind almost invariably blows off the shore. Again, it is an error to suppose that the possession of Achi Baba would open the road to Kilid Bahr. The enemy, according to all information, has been busy making a network of trenches on the two lines of hills behind, and all these positions will have to be slowly sapped against and then stormed. This will involve heavy loss and great delay. On the ground we hold there is only room for the employment of a limited number of troops, but the reserve divisions can be kept in the neighbouring islands. In time, given sufficient reinforcements and a large supply of field howitzers, we might slowly work our way forward and occupy the Kilid Bahr Plateau. But again I would repeat, this means a vast operation of war, endless delays, and then only the attainment of a limited objective.

The New Objective.—Therefore it would seem that we must abandon our early objective and seek for another which should lead to decisive results. We should eliminate any idea of active assistance from the Fleet, except submarines, and regard the situation purely from the military standpoint. The whole of the Gallipoli Peninsula has, in fact, been transformed into an immense fortress. We are supposed to be besieging it, but, instead of cutting the enemy's communications and consequently stopping his supplies, we are endeavouring to force a way forward through the entire length of his successive lines of works. This must be wrong, judged from almost any military standpoint. Therefore, there is only one alternative plan, namely, to concentrate all our efforts to get astride the Peninsula either

at, or rather north of, Bulair. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the character of the landings available, as I have never been so far north; but all such information is in possession of the naval and military authorities.

There will be no need for us actually to storm the lines of Bulair if they are considered too strong. We can establish a fortified line across the Peninsula north of them. For this purpose a force of five divisions should ensure success, provided at least two of these divisions are troops which can be absolutely depended upon without a preliminary trial, which has so often proved necessary with our new formations. As far as I know, the landing can be covered, and assisted most materially by the guns of the Fleet right across to the Straits. This force may seem very large but it must be borne in mind that the exact numbers of the enemy are not accurately known in Thrace, and we must be prepared to meet any formations he might send against us from the north, in addition to those which are now in the Gallipoli Peninsula. These are, I believe, estimated to amount to anything from seventy thousand to one hundred thousand. Personally, I am inclined towards the lower figure, after the heavy losses he has suffered.

This fresh landing north of Bulair will force the enemy to conform to our plan of campaign, more especially if it can be carried out as a surprise. The Turks are now entrenched in fixed positions opposite Anzac and at Achi Baba. You cannot move troops thus entrenched rapidly. All his guns are in fixed positions and would take days to move north to meet the new menace. I would not advocate using the troops now at Seddel Bahr and Anzac for this new movement, but it might be desirable to take off three of the Australian Brigades, and place new formations in their trenches. These Australians, who have been brought up to strength, are now experienced and extremely good in enterprises which require dash and initiative. The troops at Seddel Bahr should be left. The 29th Division and Naval Division have had a very rough time, and probably the East Lancashire Division has lost heavily by now. The Lowland Division might, however, be spared to form one of the five.

If our estimate of the enemy's numbers is correct he cannot possibly have enough men available successfully to oppose a landing on a broad front. He must, therefore, weaken his forces in front of Anzac and draw men from Achi Baba. But he dare not weaken his lines very considerably in the face of the troops we are keeping on these positions. At both points we must be prepared to take the offensive the moment he shows signs of withdrawing. Once firmly established and entrenched across the neck of the Peninsula, the campaign is at an end. The Turkish Armies in Gallipoli could not hold out for ten days. They have no reserve of supplies on the Peninsula. Everything is brought by sea from Constantinople, or comes across the lines of Bulair from Thrace. Already the task of feeding their troops is difficult enough. The presence of a few more of our submarines in the Sea of Marmora would render the task impossible, once we are astride the neck. Torpedoes and stores and oil could be supplied to the submarines

Alinari Picture Service

GURKHAS RESTING IN THE GULLY RAVINE

by land, and they would no longer have to run the dangerous passage of the Straits.

The demoralising effect on the Turkish Armies in southern Gallipoli of a new force landed right in their rear across their lines of communication should not be forgotten.

It would also be desirable to allow the French, if they can spare the available troops, to make a fresh landing at Kum Kali and occupy the Kum Kali-Yeni Shehr Ridge. This would have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention, forcing him to keep his troops on the Asiatic coast, and would also prevent him harassing the beaches of southern Gallipoli by erecting new batteries, which he is constantly trying to do. Only a small force is required for this purpose and the French staff have always favoured its reoccupation.

Quite apart from the broader aspects of its effects on the war as a whole, there seems to me to be two local reasons why it is highly desirable to make some decisive move in Gallipoli. The one, the ever-constant fear that the enemy may resort to the use of gas, in which case we might easily be driven into the sea; secondly, the fear of an outbreak of cholera amongst the Turkish troops which might spread to our own. In November, 1912, they lost nineteen thousand men in ten days along the lines of Chataldja. This outbreak was brought by the troops coming from Asia Minor.

In conclusion, once you get astride the Peninsula the campaign is won. You have only then to clear the mine-field and get your Fleet through to Constantinople. The real obstacle to success is the presence of submarines, and we must be prepared to lose some ships.

June 12th. I went at noon to Downing Street to await the pleasure of the Cabinet Council, and was shown into the Secretary's room while "The choice and master spirits of the age" deliberated for an hour and a half. Lord Selborne was the first to come out and asked me some questions. He was followed by Lord Kitchener, whom I had never met before, and of whom I had heard so many awe-inspiring tales throughout the last twenty years. But in Mr. Balfour's words, I found nothing in his attitude to inspire either fear or awe, rather a good-natured benevolence. In appearance he has grown considerably older than his published portraits show; his face also appears fuller, and his skin is red and rough. He wasted no time in non-essentials, but asked me a number of questions which apparently he had already in mind.

"Do you consider the Turks obtain the greater part of their supplies from Asia Minor via Chanak, or by sea from Constantinople, or by the Bulair lines through Thrace?"

I replied I considered it impossible for the Turks to keep their troops in Gallipoli supplied by feeding them through Asia Minor,

and that if we closed the sea route by submarines and cut off communication with Thrace by land, they would speedily be starved out.

He went on: "You probably know that the Turks made a great accumulation of stores and supplies in Asia Minor for the invasion of Egypt, and that they have been transferring this stuff up north by railroad as far as the railhead, and from there by camels and carts to Chanak, or the neighbourhood. Our submarines cannot prevent them landing supplies in Gallipoli from Chanak, as they run them across in sailing-boats, or in those 'penny' steamers from Constantinople. We do not think they bring much via Bulair, except food for horses, and cattle, and anything they are able to collect locally in Thrace. We might be able to obtain the same result if, instead of seizing Bulair, we sent more submarines into the Marmora, thus closing the sea route from Constantinople and Rodosto."

I ventured to point out to him the moral effect it must have on the Turkish armies in front of Achi Baba and Helles, if we cut them off from Thrace. He agreed with this, and said that such a move was under consideration, but persisted in his opinion that the Turkish Army might be fed from Asia Minor. I am convinced that he is wrong on this point. In regard to a landing at Enos, he remarked, very slowly and deliberately, "This point has undoubtedly great advantages, but it leaves you with such a long line of communications before you come to the neck of the Peninsula and get astride it. It is doubtful if we can find enough troops for a fresh landing there."

He then examined me in great detail on the position of our troops at both Anzac and Helles. I told him of the state of the morale of the army, and of the great strength of the Turkish positions, and how they have been digging themselves in ever since the landing. I assured him that it was out of the question to hope to storm either Krithia or Achi Baba, and would only lead to useless slaughter, and that I would back my opinion on this point against all the generals on the spot. I told him that at Anzac the Dominion troops were in the position of an army holding a closely invested fortress from which they could not even make a successful sortie owing to the nature of the ground, and the fact that everywhere our lines were commanded by the higher hills occupied by the Turks. "Yes," he replied, "they seem to be absolutely held up at Anzac, and lost very heavily in the last attack, but don't you think they might get on a bit and seize that hill?"[1] I replied that it was an operation of incredible risk and difficulty, as there was no point from which they could debouch to an attack as the approaches to the summit consisted of steep hills, dead ground, and

[1] He probably meant Hill 930, Koja Chemen Tepe.

deep nullahs covered with a dense scrub offering the enemy every advantage. He replied, "But could not they move across the Peninsula south of the Anzac positions, thus taking Kilid Bahr and Achi Baba in reverse?" I explained that any such move was out of the question until Gaba Tepe was taken to allow the Australian right to push forward, and that also it would be necessary for our left flank at Helles to advance considerably. He answered, "But why did they give up Gaba Tepe?" He seemed very much surprised when I explained to him that we had never held it at any time during or since the landing, and had never even attempted to attack it. "But surely," he answered, "they could clear the Turks out, assisted by the ships, which can smother such an exposed position." I told him that I had discussed the matter with General Birdwood, who had explained to me that Gaba Tepe was defended by a number of subterranean passages and immense bomb-proofs which have proved impervious to shell fire, and a number of equally strong covered ways leading to it from the low country behind; that in Birdwood's opinion the position was impregnable, and could never be assaulted across the open glacis giving access to it from Anzac Cove.

Lord Kitchener then said, "To avoid the difficulties of the Bulair landing, is there no other point between Anzac and Bulair where we might get across?"

I replied that I had never heard any other spoken of except, of course, Suvla Bay, which offered many advantages, and which many experts considered should have been chosen as the site of our original landing on the Peninsula, but that now it was probably occupied in force, and might present great difficulties.

We then had a long discussion on Turkish resources, on their system of feeding their troops, and on the possibility of the use of gas. Kitchener said, "When I looked at the map and saw the Australians and New Zealanders perched up on those hills with no line of retreat, except into the sea, I thought at once of the possibilities of a gas attack. It seemed to me that they could be forced out of their positions by a few whiffs of it, and would have to retire to the beaches. I was alarmed at the prospect. Cape Helles, having more breathing space behind the front trenches, does not offer the same opportunities. But now I am reassured, although one must not eliminate the possibilities of its use in the future. From information we have received it is certain that the Turks have no gas, and we believe they have turned down an offer from Germany to supply it through fear we shall make use of it if they do, and they feel this might give us the advantage."

He then asked me if I thought the Turks could render the beaches

untenable by artillery fire. I replied that they could make them very unpleasant, and had done so already, but their ammunition supply seemed to be limited. He answered, " Yes, all our information leads us to suppose that they are short of ammunition. So far they have received none from Germany, and have to depend on Constantinople. But if they get an unlimited supply and more heavy guns it is going to make things very awkward."

I pointed out to him an article written in the *Daily Telegraph* by Granville Fortescue, the American writer, who had been with the Turks, an ex-soldier and a thoroughly reliable witness. He answered, " His information might be of great value at the present time. Will you try and get him to this country ? "

Lord Kitchener then shook hands and left.[1]

In the afternoon I went to the Admiralty and had a farewell interview with Winston. He told me what had passed at the Cabinet Council that morning. Mr. Asquith read out my memorandum, which was discussed in detail. He said he had hardly heard any objections against the Bulair landing, and the majority were in favour of it. However, he thought they would try and starve out the Turks first by sending more submarines into the Marmora. He declared that the Cabinet were determined to carry the Expedition through, and would send out all the troops Hamilton demanded. A number of cables had been drawn up and sent to our headquarters asking for further information on various points. It had been suggested that my name should be mentioned, but both he and Mr. Balfour pointed out that they had promised that I should not be dragged in, as it would make my position at the front difficult. We then went over the old ground once again.

Winston was spending his last day at the Admiralty, as he was about to leave for the country. He looked ill and weary, but was calm. Having picked out a few books, he passed out into the street, saying good-bye to the office he loved so well—probably for ever. A little group of servants alone were there to bid him farewell. He promised to write a letter to Sir Ian on my behalf. His last words were typical of the man : " I consider you have greatly assisted us. We are all working for a common end. If Constantinople is taken there is enough glory for all."

He turned on his heel, entered his car, and the man who had left British naval supremacy unchallenged throughout the world, sped on his way to other offices, and other scenes of activity, unnoticed

[1] Little did I realise at the time that this would be the last occasion I would ever see this great man.

by all except a single constable who raised his hand in farewell salute.

June 13th. I worked all the morning completing my preparations for departure and then went up to Hampstead to lunch with Colonel A'Court Repington, the famous Military Correspondent of the *Times*, who was responsible for exposing the scandal over the shells. He was equally keen to collect sufficient material to make a fresh scandal over the Dardanelles, and I had to be rather guarded in my statements. I told him that the Cabinet were determined to carry the Expedition through at all costs, and he promised to influence public opinion in the *Times* in the same direction.

CHAPTER VIII

June 28th and July 12th–13th

June 14th. I left at 8.30 for Paris. I travelled with Lord Brook, and met Lord Esher for the first time. I dined at Armenonville, but there was not a soul there. How Paris has changed. It is a city of the dead.

June 15th. I spent the day in Paris. I met Sykes, who is going to the Dardanelles as head of our Air Force, also Warnford, who destroyed the Zeppelin. I left at 8.15 p.m., for Marseilles, accompanied by Sykes.

June 16th. I arrived at Marseilles at 9.30 a.m., and lunched with my old friend Gurney, our Consul. I sailed at 6.30 a.m., on a wretched dirty little Messagerie boat, the *Memphis*, for Malta. We are horribly overcrowded, and badly fed, but fortunately the sea is calm.

June 18th. At sea in *Memphis*. What a wretched manner in which to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, on a third-rate French liner, with all on board scared to death by submarines. The French captain and crew are afraid that a descendant of Blucher may come up at any moment to torpedo them, just as happened to Napoleon at Waterloo. I collected all the English on board, ordered champagne, invited the French captain, and we all drank to the one-hundredth anniversary of peace between England and France. This was the best we could manage.

June 19th. I arrived at Malta at 10 a.m., and went to see Limpus, who asked me a great many questions about affairs at home and what they intended to do at the Dardanelles. He said he would send me to Mudros on Monday in the battleship *Agamemnon*. Sykes and I went to stay at the Osborne Hotel.

June 21st. I sailed at 4 p.m., in the *Agamemnon*, Captain Fyler, for Mudros. He is a charming man and made us very comfortable on board. The *Agamemnon*, a sister-ship of the *Lord Nelson*, is the last of the battleships which preceded the era of dreadnoughts, and she is still a valuable ship of which care must be taken. We steamed at fifteen knots, zigzagged like a drunken man trying to get home in the dark, and were escorted by two destroyers.

June 22nd. At sea in *Agamemnon.* No sign of any submarine. I learnt to-day that a German submarine torpedoed and sank the "dummy" *Tiger.* To the horror and amazement of the crew, they saw her wooden turrets and guns calmly floating on the surface after the ship had sunk. They dived at once fearing they had got the "D.T's."

June 23rd. I arrived at Mudros at 5 p.m. and found most of the fleet assembled there. I went and called on Admiral Wemyss. I found a whole bag of letters and mail.

June 24th. I went on board *Cornwallis* and saw Captain Davidson, who gave me all the latest information about what had passed during my absence. Times have changed, and the only means of getting from one island to another now is by trawler. A regular scheduled service has been established from the various islands to the beaches, and you have only to turn up at a certain hour to obtain a passage. I sailed from Mudros to Kephalos. I found a few young officers on board, arriving at the Dardanelles for the first time, and probably making their last journey by sea. Subalterns do not last long out here. Those twin monsters, Achi Baba and Sari Bair, devour them by the score at a time. They asked me innumerable questions about the front, and I tried to make things look as favourable as possible. I arrived at Kephalos at 7.30 p.m., and went on board the *Triad* to see de Robeck and Keyes. I dined with them and sat up late, telling them everything that had passed in London. Having no home, I stayed on board the yacht for the night.

June 25th. I went on shore to report my arrival to G.H.Q. They are now established on a bare, sandy slope exposed to the full glare of the sun, and swept by storms of wind and sand. To be only just, it must be admitted that if G.H.Q. invariably select the strongest points of the enemy's line against which to deliver their attacks, they have shown just as little skill in selecting the site of their own camp. A more uncomfortable spot could not have been found amongst the islands. All live in tents in the most primitive manner, and the feeding is execrable. It never does any good for a Commander-in-Chief and his staff to be badly housed and badly fed during a campaign. After the comforts of the *Arcadian*, this sandy wilderness at Kephalos is a Via Dolorosa for the whole of G.H.Q. Burnt up by the sun, blown about by the siroccos, tormented by millions of flies, they pass a miserable time, and their meals are largely composed of a fine sprinkling of sand. In consequence all become ill with stomach trouble, and tempers give way under the strain. Nearly everyone is at loggerheads with someone else, and a more unhappy, disgruntled

staff have never attempted to lead an army to victory. And yet within a mile are excellent sites for camps !

The first person I saw was Braithwaite, who explained to me that in future I was to make my headquarters on the island. He told me that some other War Correspondents were on their way out, that we had all been put under the exclusive control of the Army, and had nothing further to do with the Navy. In consequence of my visit home and my communications with the authorities, I found a very hostile attitude towards me at G.H.Q. They fear any sort of criticism. As a matter of fact, I have carefully refrained up to this stage from criticising G.H.Q., but they know that I have seen all the Ministers, and that is what they resent more than anything else.

I went and saw Maxwell, who, loyal as usual, explained how there had been a series of intrigues against me to prevent my return at all costs. But these, unfortunately for the authors, failed to materialise owing to the safeguards I took at home. The hostility towards me was confined to the seniors. All the junior members of the staff, Pollen, Churchill, and George Lloyd, were very friendly and anxious to learn the latest news from home. I saw Sir Ian for a moment, but he told me to return at 5 p.m.

I went on board the *Exmouth*, and called on Admiral Nicholson, whom I had not seen since the *Majestic* went down. I also met Brooks, the official photographer, and spoke to him about the cinematograph. He seems willing to assist me in working it. I went on shore and met the local Camp Commandant, Captain Wilson, an elderly Highland Volunteer, belonging to the 5th Royal Scots, who gave me a tent for the night, and told me that I could use his mess. I made my way along the edge of the bay, full of bathers, over the deep sand, to visit Sir Ian in his Sahara. He looked much older and worried. He told me that at the start of the Expedition, in his opinion and that of his advisers, it was the best course to attack the Turkish positions all along the line, but that now he was convinced that this policy was a mistake, and, therefore, in a few days, there would be a fresh advance against a certain section of it, supported by a much greater concentration of guns. This, of course, amounts to a confession that a *coup de main* is no longer possible, and that if we are to take Constantinople we must besiege the Peninsula yard by yard. At this rate there is no reason why the campaign should not last for several years, or at least until the end of the war. Sir Ian also gave it as his opinion that the Turks were weakening, and showed signs of being short of ammunition. " Hope springs eternal. . . ."

He then gave me many details of the attack on June 4th, which had

taken place during my absence, and declared that it was within an ace of being a big victory if only the French had moved, but their infantry absolutely refused to budge, and the Collingwood Battalion of the Naval Division, which had only just landed, thus found itself outflanked and obliged to retire with the loss of over six hundred officers and men. Our left was also held up, and in consequence the centre, which had captured four successive lines of trenches, was obliged to abandon the Turkish positions, losing heavily in the process. We made a net gain of five hundred yards, but the losses were very heavy, amounting to over five thousand.

I listened with great interest to this narrative, especially to his words, "we came within an ace of victory." What constitutes victory in the General's mind? On June 4th we did not seize a single salient point in the enemy's lines. We did not occupy Krithia, and only just approached the lower slopes of Achi Baba. Also these mishaps on flanks are an integral part of almost every modern offensive, and must always be reckoned with. Is it worth advancing your line five hundred yards, to a point where the enemy's main position begins, at a cost of five thousand men? These attacks against entrenched positions of enormous strength never lead to anything except murderous losses, and there is no chance of obtaining a decisive victory by these local efforts. The enemy only retires and digs himself in afresh, and you have to start all over again.

Sir Ian went on to tell me that, on June 24th, the French atoned for their previous failure by advancing most gallantly. Their 2nd Division captured three lines of trenches, and finally took the famous Haricot Redoubt, which had held them up so often. The 1st Division on the right, however, failed to make good, and Gouraud told them that they must capture the position assigned to them, as there were still four hours of daylight. He lent the 1st Division practically all his artillery, and finally, after several failures, the attack succeeded. Their losses amounted to two thousand five hundred killed and wounded.

I, for my part, related to him my experiences in London. He told me that he was expecting large reinforcements and that he intended to make a dash, as he was all for going forward. Although perhaps not so optimistic as before, he seemed fairly confident of obtaining some decisive success in the future. On my leaving, Sir Ian said that there would be some operations of great importance in a few days' time, and told me to hold myself in readiness to go to Cape Helles.

June 26th. I remained at Imbros all day, trying to find a suitable site for my camp. Finally, I selected a shady spot in a grove surrounded by hedges, very isolated, and with a water supply near at

hand. Had I been at G.H.Q., this is just the site I should choose. There is shade, no sand, and I can escape from the sun at any hour of the day by changing my position amongst the trees. Imbros, besides housing the headquarters of the army, is now used as a rest camp for weary, decimated battalions from the trenches. But, except for the fact that they are no longer under the enemy's fire, their lot is little better. There are few comforts and no change in the rations—the same old eternal bully beef, biscuits, and "plum and apple." No canteen has been sent out from England, and no minor luxuries, so dear to the soldier, can be purchased to relieve the deadly monotony of a diet so unsuitable for the climate. When young officers arrive from home they wander round like lost sheep, having nowhere to go. There is no one to welcome them, no comfortable spot where they can stop for a few nights before being sent to the slaughter, no officers' mess where they can obtain their meals. Many thus become disheartened before they ever catch a glimpse of the enemy's lines. The weather is terribly hot, and everyone is suffering from stomach trouble. This will tell heavily on the new divisions when they arrive.

June 27th. I got up at 5 a.m., to catch the trawler which left at 6.30 for Cape Helles. There was the usual delay in starting, but we finally reached our destination at 9.30 a.m. The first person I met on Lancashire Landing was my old friend Bettelheim, who looked more ferocious and sunburnt than ever. He told me all that had happened since my departure. Everyone is now obliged to live in bombproofs on W and V beaches, as, since the withdrawal of the warships, the Asiatic batteries have been more active than ever. In a single day they dropped 180 shells on W beach of large calibre, but with very poor results, as, according to Bettelheim, both beasts and men seemed to be protected by divine providence.

I then went on and saw Hunter-Weston, with whom I had a long talk. He looked years older and very worried, but full of fight and confidence. He is still just as convinced that he can take Achi Baba as he was on the day of the landing. Two months have passed since the first attack. Achi Baba still frowns defiantly down on Hunter-Weston, while Hunter-Weston frowns defiantly back, and thousands of our dead lie peacefully between the arms of this sinister hill. He told me that there would be a big advance to-morrow to endeavour to push forward our left wing along the coast, and explained to me all his dispositions for the attack. I met several old friends on Lancashire Landing, including Major Howell Jones, Langton-Jones, beach officer, and Captain Carter. I returned to Imbros at 4 p.m., and went on

board the *Exmouth*, where Brooks and I started to study the working of the cinema.

June 28th. The trawlers were very late in starting this morning, and I did not reach Helles until 10 a.m. There I met Bettelheim, with whom I had made a rendezvous, fuming at my late arrival. We mounted our horses and rode along the new cliff road to Gully Beach, and then made our way up the famous gully to try and reach Gurkha Bluff, from which vantage point we intended to watch the advance. But we were too late. The action had already started, and shells and bullets were coming freely down the valley. It got too hot to proceed, and so we dismounted, hid our horses in a fold of the ground, and made our way to a point near General de Lisle's, the Commander of the 29th Division, headquarters. Here we were fortunate enough to find the observation post of the 10th Battery R.F.A., commanded by Captain Wynter, an excellent gunner and very agreeable companion, who was thanked after the engagement by de Lisle for his excellent shooting. From this point we had a splendid view of the assaults on the enemy's trenches. The bullets and shells fell very thick all day, and one of our batteries close by, the 0.97th R.F.A., got knocked out by a Jack Johnson. This engagement of June 28th, under the immediate direction of de Lisle, has been the most successful fight on the Peninsula up to date, one of the very few attacks which ever really succeeded during the campaign. It marked the new era in tactics, and the final abandonment of the old field day advances against a wide front. For the first time a section of the line strictly limited to the capacity of our artillery was selected, and, although we did not succeed in holding our objectives on the right, the left wing accomplished all that was intended of it. As usual, it was the bravery of the infantry which made success possible, for the bombardment, although heavier and more concentrated than anything seen up to date, would have been scoffed at as quite inadequate to those accustomed to the Western front. This was the first engagement, also, in which I was allowed to cable the names of particular brigades and battalions which took part in the attack, and they were not subsequently removed by the authorities at home. The troops engaged were the 29th Division, and the 52nd Lowland Territorial Division, who went into action for the first time.

The objectives were to push forward our extreme left on both sides of the famous Gully Ravine, and to capture a work known as the Boomerang Fort, which has caused us much trouble in the past, the possession of which has changed hands several times. At 10.45 a.m. our infantry advanced after a final intensified bombardment

lasting twenty minutes, and the 1st Battalion of the Border Regiment rushed the Boomerang Fort with little opposition. At 11 a.m. the artillery lengthened its range, to prevent reinforcements being pushed up, and at the same time the K.O.S.B.'s, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the South Wales Borderers of the 87th Brigade rushed the two first lines of Turkish trenches between the Gully Ravine and the sea. On the right of the ravine the 4th and 7th Battalions Royal Scots of the Lowland Division delivered a most spirited attack, and also captured two lines of Turkish trenches. But two battalions of the same division further to the right met with heavy opposition, failed to make good their holding, and suffered heavy losses.

At 11.30 the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, led by the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, which had hitherto been in reserve, passed right through the two lines of trenches captured by the 87th Brigade, and swept forward in waves against two more lines in front. The advance was a magnificent sight, the men never wavering or losing their formation under a heavy artillery and rifle fire. At the same time the Indian Brigade on the left advanced along the cliffs, and reached the Green Knoll, which was their extreme objective. Some companies of the Lancashire Fusiliers moved to a nullah which runs into the Gully Ravine from the north, and dug themselves in, thus connecting up their forward positions with the 86th Brigade. This ended the measure of our success. At 5.30 p.m., on the right, an attempt was made to capture the trenches facing Krithia village, but the Lowland Division was repulsed with heavy loss.[1] I returned to camp at 4 p.m., thoroughly exhausted by the noise, heat, and general excitement, and stayed with Bettelheim at his dug-out on Lancashire Landing.

June 29th. At 10 a.m., I went and called on Wynter again to find out if there had been any change in the position. Together we made a tour of all the captured trenches—very hot and dangerous work owing to the sniping and uncertainty as to which were held by us and which by the Turks. Bullets have a nasty habit in Gallipoli of coming from most unexpected quarters of the compass.

The successful attack of our left wing yesterday took place on both sides of the famous Gully Ravine, and, although our troops made no effort to advance directly up the ravine itself, the fall of the enemy's trenches on either side has placed another mile of this valley of death

[1] I do not think the Turks fought with their former determination on June 28th, and our rapid success led to many false estimates about the decline in their morale and as to the amount of resistance we might encounter in the future. Yet never again were we to win a victory, and at Helles this was the high water-mark of our advance.

in their hands. I suppose that years from now, when the surviving veterans of this campaign on Gallipoli are gathered round some festive board holding the annual celebration to commemorate the fall of Constantinople! that the name which will be most frequently on their lips, and which will recall to them the most sombre memories, will be the Gully Ravine. Someone described it as "a devil of a place," and that description is not inaccurate. Steaming along the western coast of Gallipoli, you would never suspect its existence, as it is quite invisible from the sea.

The Gully varies in depth, in width, and in security as you pass up it—in the latter case according to the angle of the road *vis-à-vis* to the enemy's trenches. For, although after leaving the seashore, it takes a general direction towards the north-east—that is to say, towards Krithia—it twists and turns in a remarkable manner. At one point you can walk in perfect security behind a bluff, while at another you may catch a stream of bullets from the Turkish lines in front. The Turks, who know every inch of the ground, formerly fired a tremendous number of shells into the ravine, but of late there has been a distinct falling off in the volume, pointing to a growing shortage of ammunition. Nevertheless, there is quite enough shrapnel bursting about your head, especially when an attack is in progress. Then, in addition, you catch a large number of stray shells fired at our batteries, and also thousands of dropping bullets which have missed the trenches in front. The Gully Ravine lies between overhanging craggy hills, which are in places a hundred feet in height, and are covered with a thick green scrub varied by patches of yellow sandy soil, common to the whole of the southern end of Gallipoli.

But for the grimmer business of war, you would naturally stop and admire the surprising beauty of the scene, which resembles the Highlands in its rugged grandeur on a minor scale. The heat in summer is, however, almost unbearable because no sea breezes penetrate its depths, and the sun beats down on this war-worn road with pitiless severity. But there is plenty of good water for the men and horses parched by the sun and the sand. These springs are carefully guarded against pollution, and are known to and beloved of every thirsty warrior to, or on his way from, the trenches. There are some, which flowing from the interior of the hills, enter the valley in a tiny trickling stream, clear as crystal and icy cold. Crowds of perspiring, dusty, thirsty men will wait indefinite periods in a long queue, each with his water-bottle in hand for the privilege of obtaining a draught from one of these springs, which are valued more in Gallipoli than the choicest brand of champagne would be at home.

No wine has, or ever will, taste as good as a glass of icy-cold spring-water after you have spent hours in the trenches, stooping to avoid the enemy's snipers, cramped by the weight of your kit, and the narrowness of these earthern passages in which you live, whilst all day the sun scorches your back and neck, and makes you long for the cool of the evening, when for a few hours these tunnelled ovens cool down.

Along the road, in every spot sheltered by the overhanging cliffs from the sun, you will find hundreds of weary men who have just come from the trenches, and who have flung themselves down to snatch a few hours' sleep. They lie there unconscious and indifferent to the shells bursting overhead and the stream of stray bullets which come whizzing along. When a man drops he is immediately carried to the dressing station, but no one takes the smallest notice or even seeks cover, for prolonged experience has had the effect of making nearly all fatalists. In the ravine you are constantly coming upon lonely graves, each with a cross and a name, marking the last resting-place of some soldier who has fallen in one of the early engagements, or who has been killed on his way to the front, and buried just where he fell.

The advance yesterday has placed nearly another mile of the Gully in our hands, and every yard we move forward the hills become lower and the valley contracts. The first obstacle we came upon was a solid hedge of barbed wire placed right across the Gully, fastened to thick stakes of wood, which our engineers were busily engaged in cutting through to open a road for reinforcements and supplies. Our troops made no effort yesterday to pass this way, for they captured the high ground on either side, and the Turks in the ravine were either killed or fled. His positions are indescribably filthy, and if the enemy goes through the campaign without some great epidemic he will enjoy undue luck.

All the way up this portion of the Gully, only twenty-four hours before in the enemy's possession, there is a litter of débris of the camp and of the great fight. Scattered bodies, half protruding from the ground, hastily-dug graves, hundreds of rifles and bayonets, some broken but the majority intact, thousands upon thousands of rounds of ammunition—we made a very big haul indeed in this last engagement—entrenching tools, loaves of bread, soldiers' packs, Turkish letters, a mullah's praying-stool (a souvenir eagerly sought after), greatcoats and kits, blankets and old sacks, cooking utensils and firewood, left just where the enemy abandoned them when our gallant infantry broke through at the bayonet's point. Great fires are burning at intervals. They are avoided by all, and give forth a horrid, sickly stench. On these the Turkish dead, who have been hastily collected,

are being burnt, for it is all-important to get them out of the way as quickly as possible in this hot climate.

There is no well-defined road up this portion of the ravine, and you cannot ride on account of the obstacles and stream of bullets coming from the trenches in front. Everyone goes on foot. We came across de Lisle and his staff, returning from a tour of inspection of the newly occupied trenches. I also passed a continual stream of stretcher-bearers who have been working without a rest for the last twenty-four hours bringing in our wounded. Our advance has been so successful that they tell you with pride that not a man has been left alive lying out in front of the line. They are also bringing down our dead to bury them in one of the newly-formed little cemeteries.

The trenches are packed with débris, like the Gully. The same awful stench pervades everything, and the flies swarm in millions. In one corner seven Turks, with their rifles across their knees, are sitting together. One man has his arm round the neck of his friend and a smile on his face, as if they had been cracking a joke when death overwhelmed them. All now have the appearance of being merely asleep, for of the seven I only see one who shows any outward injury.

Peeping carefully over the top of the Boomerang Fort, which is being heavily sniped by irate Turks from the broken gorse and trenches ahead, I can see how our infantry forced their way in. The barbed wire was swept away by the accurate fire of the artillery, twenty minutes before the assault. A very neat job the gunners made of it, for the uprights and wire were cut to shreds, allowing our men a free passage, of which they took full advantage. I see a number of rifles, helmets, and packs lying about which have not yet been collected. Some of these belong to the wounded and killed, others have been left behind or thrown aside when our men swept forward to the next trench. They will be collected and taken to the ravine, and later claimed by their owners, or kept for other drafts on their way out from home.

It is really extraordinary the amount of articles which you always find scattered over a battlefield. The modern soldier goes into action decked out like a Christmas-tree. At the start they would rather carry any weight than leave any of their precious goods behind. But, as they advance, and become more and more weary and hot, and find their freedom of movement in these wild rushes hampered, they gradually shake off the superfluous. Also, if the firing line leaves its packs lying about it is a common fate to have them looted by the reserves, for the motto of the soldier in battle is "Everything comes to him who takes." I hear of one regiment which was ordered to leave its packs behind when assaulting the trench in front. They successfully accomplished

their task, and another battalion took their place. Then this battalion relieved them in the captured trench, and when they went back they found all their packs had been carefully "gone through." The men could scarcely be restrained from again advancing to the attack of the trench in front to recapture their property from their own comrades, within a few hundred yards of the enemy! All this débris is carefully collected and sorted after each fight, for when equipment is hard to obtain every article has its value.

Leaving the Boomerang Fort, I next visited the one in front known as the "Turkey Trot." This was even more formidable in its construction than the other, but fell easily before the splendid dash of our infantry. Like all the other positions, it is full of débris and dead. On going up a deserted sap I suddenly came upon a wounded Turk, lying on his back all by himself, with his chest heaving and his hands clenched above his head. He was muttering to himself—I think praying—but was too far gone to live much longer. He had been overlooked by the stretcher-bearers, a party of whom were immediately sent to bring him in.

I then went down again to the Gully. Here I came upon masses of our infantry making their way forward to relieve the troops in the front line. The companies, as they passed, were being inspected by their brigadier. The men were staggering along in the excessive heat, carrying their heavy loads, supplemented by entrenching tools, empty sandbags, and their rations, but, in spite of their fatigue and the heat, these young soldiers, recruits for the most part, were cheery and full of confidence.

Our men are indeed extraordinary. Whatever happens, they never seem to lose their spirits, although constantly exposed to danger, to every kind of hardship, with little sleep for days at a time, and living in an atmosphere the stench of which defies description. Several were discussing the relative merits of tinned beef and tinned mutton; others were regretting that biscuit had been served out that morning instead of bread; others were filling their canteens with tea which was being served out from "dixies" as they passed along; and others were talking of the recent fight. To listen to them speaking, you would tremble for the fate of any of the Turks who fell into their hands, and yet the moment a trench is taken and the enemy surrenders those who are not killed in the heat of action are treated with the utmost kindness, and our men will share their precious water and their rations with them.

In the front trench our men are working like bees. Across the head of the Gully they are building up a sap-head under a continuous fire

DEAD TURKS IN TRENCH, JUNE 28TH

from the enemy's sharpshooters, whilst others, for whom there is no room in the trench, are calmly sleeping behind, oblivious of everything, just waiting until they are summoned to resist the expected counter-attack. In this trench warfare units become so mixed in an attack that it is often several days before the new line is accurately known. When you think you have won a trench you may find that the enemy is still holding a portion of it, or that he retains some communicating trench, from which he delivers constant bomb attacks. Thus, there is continual fighting for days after a position has been won before it is consolidated and properly held.

Scenes of a desperate struggle are plainly visible all around our front line. On a small rise a little to the left lie half a dozen of our men, killed in the final advance, whom it had been impossible to get at and bury. Right in front, a row of khaki figures lies in perfect order only a few yards away, yet the sniping is so heavy even at night that it is almost impossible to bring them in. Further up the ravine are heaps of Turkish dead, piled together, who have fallen in the big counter-attack. In a gorse patch more to the left lie a further large number of the enemy, mixed up with some of our men, for there seems to have been a general mêlée in the open at dawn this morning, when we issued from our trenches and hunted the enemy out of the scrub, killing large numbers of them.

The weary troops, worn out with fighting and digging, are now being relieved, and I make my way down the gruesome valley with them. They snatch at the tea which is handed them from the " dixies " and drink it in huge gulps. Tea is the mainstay of our soldiers. They will take any quantity, and it seems to keep them going better than anything else. Thus revived, they pass on to their billets, and, throwing off their kits, hurl themselves on the ground, and in spite of the shells and bullets, the sand and heat, the stenches, and above all the millions of flies, they are no sooner prone than asleep, for they know on the following day, or it may be that same night, they will have to return to their ceasless vigilance and digging.

On my way home I called on de Lisle. He expressed himself as very satisfied with the result of the advance, and said that these new tactics were the only way to succeed in modern warfare, namely, by taking on segments of the enemy's line. He declared no general attack could ever succeed in these days. He is quite right.

I came across Sir Thomas Cunningham in one of the Turkish trenches. He was formerly our Military Attaché in Vienna, and is now stationed in Athens. He was with Amery, the former *Times* writer and Tariff Reform M.P., and is out here on a visit. I stopped at Helles.

June 30th. We were shelled all through the night by high explosive 6-inch shells, which burst almost before you could hear them coming. In the morning I found a large piece weighing about a pound lying at the foot of my bed. I am thankful it did not come in at the other end. A French battleship came out, escorted by destroyers, and furiously bombarded Asia with salvoes of 12-inch. I received a cable to return to Imbros at once, and to report to the Chief of Staff. I left on the four o'clock boat. On board I met Lawrence, whom I had not seen since my return. He told me that he was living on the *River Clyde*, and seems to have written very little since my departure. At Helles, before leaving, I ran into Compton Mackenzie, the well-known novelist, who is attached to G.H.Q., and was nominated by Sir Ian Hamilton to write for the papers whilst I was away in London, the idea being that I should be prevented from returning, and that he should succeed me as a kind of official eye-witness. But this little plot failed for reasons I have already explained. Mackenzie himself was perfectly frank about the matter, and declared that he had no desire to take my place, and had refused to continue as an official eye-witness after my return, although Hamilton had proposed to him to keep on. As if the newspapers would care to pay for two cabled descriptions of the same story, for Sir Ian proposed that his cables should be sent at the expense of the N.P.A.! All this does not surprise me, as I know G.H.Q. would give almost anything to get rid of me, and are only searching for a pretext. I went up to the front lines before leaving and visited Commander Weyley, who has a section of machine guns attached to the R.N.D. I also met Commander Coleman and young Loughborough, who was wounded early in the campaign.

At Imbros I called at G.H.Q., and was seen by Braithwaite who at once began to abuse me. He said it had been brought to his notice that I had openly criticised the conduct of the campaign. He declared that as a private individual I might hold what views I liked, but as a War Correspondent I had no right to any except to those which were given me officially. This really made me laugh. It is quite a new aspect of the case. I must no longer think and see for myself. Braithwaite declared that it was a grave offence to criticise the conduct of the campaign, as it destroyed the morale of the Army. (I might have mentioned that there were other things which destroy the morale of an army even more.) I denied that I had ever criticised the operations in public, but that I reserved the right to do so when speaking to personal friends. I told him that I always returned a stock answer to all questions when visiting the front lines, namely, "that the Government are absolutely united and are sending out large

reinforcements." What really amuses me is this: those who are the severest critics of the campaign are certain members of G.H.Q. itself, who are constantly coming to me with some fresh complaint. Braithwaite then said that anyone who, in future, spoke against the conduct of the campaign would be sent straight home. This, an empty threat, was quite lost on me, because it would mean withdrawing the entire army from the Peninsula, owing to the prevailing discontent. But I knew that this attack was made on me to make things unpleasant, and to induce me to resign. I requested the General to give me the name of his informant, but he refused, told me the incident was at an end, and we parted on friendly terms. So I will let it stand at that. I had a talk with Cunningham and Amery. They do not seem to think that the Balkan States will come in on our side. Greece is our most likely ally, but she will not be able to declare herself until after July 20th, when Parliament meets.

July 1st. I remained at Imbros all day. Maxwell came to see me in the morning. He was very disgruntled because all our correspondence has to go direct to the Chief of Staff, and not to him. I suppose he has let things go through of which they do not approve. He then gave me some details of the intrigues against me, and assured me that he had protested vigorously against the appointment of Compton Mackenzie as official eye-witness, as he is very jealous of the prestige of the Press. Maxwell was very angry with most of the staff and at the way he was treated. He declared that the intrigues which go on all round were a revelation to him, and that never had he found so much interest as in studying the inner life of G.H.Q. He said that it was Braithwaite's determination never to let anyone have access to Hamilton except himself, that he tried his best to run him, and to control the campaign. Maxwell told me that he intended to write a book after the war, and guarantees it will make good reading. He added, "Let me warn you not to say a word to anyone about the campaign, as the whole camp is one vast whispering gallery, and everything reaches headquarters. There are spies everywhere, and they hate being criticised more than anything else."

Lawrence has decided to go back to Malta. I gave him a long list of stores we wanted badly, and promised in return to do his work for him. He is a charming and most erudite companion, and popular with everyone, but suffers so much from short-sightedness that were he captured, I am sure the first thing he would do would be to hand in his despatches to the Turkish censor!

July 2nd. I remained at Imbros all day working and then rode over to G.H.Q., where I saw Colonel Ward, Chief of Intelligence, a

most agreeable man. He passed my private letters without even looking at them, and he even undertook to try and get my photographs home. Later in the afternoon I shifted my camp to the delightful spot I had previously selected. I dined with Colonel Robinson, who has just come out to take over the command of one of the Manchester Territorial battalions.

July 3rd. I remained at Imbros all day. The news came in that General Gouraud, who succeeded d'Amade as Commander of the Corps Expéditionnaire, and who has been a pronounced success up to date, has been gravely wounded. He was visiting a hospital and had just left when he was blown back into it over a ten-foot wall, by a high explosive shell. Without actually being touched, his arm and leg were shattered, and he is, I understand, finished for the remainder of the campaign. The shelling of Lancashire Landing goes on incessantly and is becoming grave. We have now established batteries at De Tott's Point to try and keep it under. The matter is very serious, because if we are stuck here for the winter we shall be obliged to land in Asia to try and stop the shelling of Morto Bay, which is the only place sufficiently protected where we can land stores and troops during bad weather.

July 4th. I spent all the morning writing an article on the famous Gully Ravine. In the afternoon I went over to G.H.Q., and learnt that a French transport had been torpedoed off Helles. She sank in two minutes but was fortunately empty. Perhaps this is a blessing in disguise, because de Robeck and Keyes have been showing signs of getting the poor old fleet out from Mudros again. I saw Maxwell, General Fuller, and the French Captain Bertier.

July 5th. At Imbros. There is continuous firing from Helles. Maxwell came over and lunched. He seems disgruntled with everything, like everyone else at G.H.Q., but it is largely due to the discomfort of their ill-chosen camp. They all calm down as soon as they arrive in the comfort and shade of mine. I received a pathetic message from an old friend, Carter, who is on the balloon ship. I found him in the uniform of a private in the Marines, sitting on the top of a mass of gas tubes. He told me that they have a dreadful time when they are shelled, and if they should be struck, they will go up sky high. I promised to try and find him a new job.

July 6th. I went over to Helles and saw Bettelheim on arrival. No sooner had I landed than the shelling started from Asia and from Achi Baba. Life on this beach is hell. You are not out to kill anyone, yet you never knew when you may be struck. I rode round the beach road to headquarters of the 29th Division in the Gully, and was nearly

hit going round the point. When in the ravine, I came in for heavy shelling, and the enemy nearly scored a direct bull's-eye on my horse. I returned to lunch with Bettelheim. I went and visited Hunter-Weston. He and his staff are now completely dug in, for they are continuously under fire. He gave me many details of the recent fighting, of June 28th, and of the heavy losses of the Turks, but which, as I went over the ground the day after the engagement, I think he greatly exaggerates. Why do generals always kill off so many of their enemy in theory, and so comparatively few in practice? The last advance has restored a lot of Hunter-Weston's old confidence, and once more he is casting loving eyes on Achi Baba, and is longing to have another try at the mountain. He told me that the next attack would be made by the French and our right, where the trenches of the Naval Division are situated, and that the operation would take place in a few days' time.

I know it will lead to nothing, and we shall simply lose more men. In the last fight on June 28th, our losses amounted to five thousand wounded, not counting the dead. Hunter-Weston begged me to do everything in my power to encourage the troops by talking to them, and looking cheerful, when I go round the front lines. I told him that I would do my best, but it is not easy to look very gay with hundreds of shells and thousands of bullets jeopardizing one's existence morning, noon, and night.

They told me on the beach that the *Triad* had been hit by a shell from Asia two days before, which wrecked eight of her forward cabins, just as de Robeck, Braithwaite, and several other officers were going on board. I returned to Imbros.

July 7th. Bettelheim has been over, stopping with me for a few days. I think at last the shelling of Lancashire Landing is getting on his iron nerves as well as on everyone else's. At night the old warrior suffers from insomnia, being rendered nervous by the calm and the absence of shells. I have arranged for my servant to fire a rifle alongside his head every five minutes if he cannot sleep to-night, and to drop stones on him from time to time to represent fragments of shell.

July 8th. At Imbros. I worked on an article on Lancashire Landing. The casualties from sickness grow by leaps and bounds every day. The flies are the greatest pest of all, for they swarm round you in thousands. Who knows how many Infidel and Christian corpses they have not feasted on!

July 9th. Bettelheim and I went off to visit Anzac his morning. On arrival, I had a long talk with Birdwood, who had just been vaccinated against cholera and was laid up, a most unusual experience

for this iron warrior. He is a remarkable man, for he sets his troops a personal example in everything: bathing with them, living amongst them, visiting the trenches, eating their food, undergoing inoculation against every species of complaint as an example for others to follow. We had a long discussion on the future. He seemed very hopeful, and said that he thought his men had got the whip hand of the Turks. He then spoke of coming events and what he considered we ought to do, in great detail. His idea is to get astride the Peninsula at all costs, and to cut off Kilid Bahr Plateau and Achi Baba. By this means he believes he could isolate the Turkish armies in the south and force them to capitulate. His first objective is to capture the Sari Bair Range, the dominating feature of which is Hill 971, Koja Chemen Tepe. He admits that the difficulties are enormous owing to the nature of the ground, and the impossibility of debouching from Anzac itself with the Turks entrenched right on the top of his men. It cannot be done by a regular attack. He, therefore, proposes to launch the Australians independently with instructions to proceed along the shore, and to crawl up the hills in any way they like until they have reached their objectives, and there to establish themselves. At the same time he wants one of the new divisions to land in Suvla Bay, to push inland, to occupy the Anafarta Ridge, on which the Turks have some heavy guns, and, as he believes, about two thousand infantry. By these combined movements he hopes to get astride the Peninsula and cut off the Kalid Bahr Plateau. He admits that such operations are extremely hazardous because little or nothing is known about the country, the troops will have to act largely on their own initiative, and the higher command will speedily lose all control over them in this broken, mountainous country. But the Dominion soldiers should certainly be the men for the job.

Whilst we were talking, his Chief of Staff, Colonel Skeen, came in, and Birdwood said, "It would be a great idea to launch five hundred of the Australian Light Horse in their rear, with instructions to raise hell and burn their supplies and depôts. It would cause a regular panic among the Turks, but the great difficulty is to get their horses ashore and water them. However, we must see if it can be done."

I asked Birdwood if his plan had been accepted by headquarters. He replied that it was still under consideration, but thought it was almost sure to be adopted. Of course, he pledged me to secrecy. He agreed with me that it would be an excellent thing if the Greeks could be induced to land at Bulair, in which case the success of the operations would be assured. I learnt that the 13th Division of the new army has arrived and will shortly be sent to Helles. After seeing Birdwood

I visited Quinn's, Pope's, and Courtney's posts, accompanied by Onslow, the general's A.D.C.

I thought over the new plan of campaign on the way home, and I am alarmed at the prospect. How can the Australians successfully debouch from a position like Anzac and storm these hills? To me it is an utterly impracticable operation of war and one which will only lead to fresh reverses and enormous losses. I have never heard of troops being asked to perform such a strange feat of arms before. The Turks have been largely reinforced and are quite ready. Man for man they are our equals and it is doubtful if we shall have any superiority in numbers, even after reinforcements have arrived. A landing in Suvla Bay will give us a fresh beach, and a new bathing place. The country beyond the Salt Lake is broken and hilly and quite unknown. All the old difficulties will repeat themselves when we commence to advance inland. After two or three days a complete stale-mate will arise.

July 10th. I went over to G.H.Q., and saw Maxwell and Colonel Ward. Afterwards I went on board the *Triad* to visit Keyes. He told me that he would put me on board a battleship when the moment came to force the Straits, and assured me that I should be one of the very first to pass the Narrows. This kind thought on his part caused me to shiver. I can hardly refuse his generous offer, but I would prefer to be in a battleship in the second or third line. But Keyes is such a kind-hearted, thoughtful man, ever thinking of others. So I shall be amongst the first to arrive in Constantinople, or perhaps at the bottom of the Straits, but I have an idea that I shall drift down as far as Lancashire Landing again just in time to lunch with Bettelheim. But what does this portend? Have they a fresh plan for forcing the Straits? I could get no further information out of them. Keyes also told me that he would have Carter removed from the balloon ship and made Postmaster-General at Mudros. This is quick promotion, but not so quick as he may get if he remains on board his gas ship!

I lunched with the Admiral on the *Triad*. General Godley, who commands the New Zealanders at Anzac, was there. He has the reputation of being an excellent soldier, but does not look as if he could bear the strain of the campaign much longer. We had a long discussion at lunch on the subject of submarines. Rumour and report have sunk at least twelve in the last month, but Keyes reluctantly admits that we have got none. The great chase witnessed yesterday was due to something having fouled one of the submarine nets. They told me that eighteen monitors with heavy guns are expected shortly. They will take the place of the battleships off the coast.

July 11th. I spent a day at Imbros working. I was just on my way to bathe in the evening when I met General Braithwaite, who had ridden over from headquarters to tell me that I ought to go to Helles in the morning as there was going to be a "show." He added that I might be late, but they could not tell me sooner, as they did not themselves know that it was coming off before. Doubtless, Hunter-Weston is going to have another "go" at Achi Baba.

July 12th and 13th. I have tried to put together an account of the events of the last two days, but the confusion has been so awful that it is extremely difficult to say what has happened. This morning, July 14th, the fighting having died down, I went to see Colonel Street, Chief of Staff to Hunter-Weston, who gave me a summary of the operations. I found him and all the staff very weary and depressed and Achi Baba still in the hands of the enemy. Street remarked, "I hope we shall have a rest now for a bit. Our casualties are over five thousand and results nil."

On the right, the attack was entrusted to the 1st Division of the French Corps. The 52nd Lowland Division, which up to this time had only been once seriously engaged, was assigned to the remainder of the front. On the extreme left of the line, the 29th Division was ordered to make a diversion to hold the enemy's reserves, and the Anzac Corps was asked to play a similar rôle in the north.

The resulting battle was one of the greatest muddles which has occurred on the Peninsula up to date. The enemy's defences consisted of a confused network of trenches and strong posts at the foot of Achi Baba and on the slopes of the Kereves Dere. He seems to have had three lines in this foremost system alone, all carefully connected up with deep communication trenches. The ground is also broken and hilly, and its local features were unknown to the attacking troops. In fact, throughout the fight, the infantry had great difficulty in ascertaining their true objectives, and could not tell whether they should advance further, or stop and consolidate the ground they had won.

At 7.35 a.m. on July 12th, after a heavy bombardment, the Scots and the 2nd French Division moved with great dash against the enemy, capturing his two first lines. At the same time the 1st Division of the French Corps carried the whole of the Turkish trenches skirting the lower part of the Kereves Dere. So far so good, but, as usual, we were shortly to discover the customary fly in the amber. On the left of the 155th Brigade, the 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers pressed on too far and too eagerly. They carried the enemy's third line, then left it and charged up one of the outlying spurs of Achi Baba itself. It was a remarkable sight, and it seemed to onlookers as if we were winning

Elliott & Fry

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O.

hands down. The khaki figures advanced up the slope in perfect formation led by an officer at least thirty yards ahead of his men. From time to time the line halted and lay down only to move on yet further. During this attack I could see desperate fighting taking place far in their rear on either flank. It was obvious that something was wrong, but there seemed to be no control of the operations and each company or platoon of infantry was fighting on its own without knowing what was taking place elsewhere. It is hard to say what happened to the gallant 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers. It is said that they ran into the barrage of the French artillery and the survivors were driven back to the enemy's second line. Probably most of them perished. I am inclined to think that the officer who led his men so gallantly forward got closer to the summit of Achi Baba than anyone else has done during the campaign. I do not know the name of this unknown hero, or even if he survived, but probably his bones still lie somewhere on the slopes of that tragic mountain.

Although the enemy's second line had been captured, the Turks still held out in numerous strong points in the trenches, and, being plentifully supplied with bombs, caused our men many casualties. In places we were driven back, in other points we held on. Never was there a worse muddle or greater uncertainty as to the actual position, and never were troops more hopelessly mixed up. We held parts of the enemy's third line, parts of his second, and the whole of his first. His infantry were sandwiched in between ours.

To clear up the *impasse* it was decided to make another attack in the afternoon of the 12th with the 157th Brigade. At 4 p.m. every available gun was turned on the enemy's trenches and on a small redoubt which still remained in his possession. Hundreds of high-explosive shells threw up great masses of earth, sand-bags, and huge wooden beams to an immense height. I do not know who had the benefit of this bombardment, the Turks or our own infantry, but it seemed to be distributed impartially all over the ground we had captured earlier in the day. It was an extraordinary sight and it seemed impossible for anyone to live under such a fire. I fancy the enemy must have withdrawn his men down the communication trenches.

Exactly at 5 p.m. our guns lengthened their fuses, concentrating on his main system and on any dead ground where he might mass his reserves. At the same moment the 157th Brigade surged forward towards the redoubt I have already mentioned, and the network of saps and trenches.

The whole scene resembled some picture from the Inferno, for our guns shelling the works behind made a fitting background of earth

and smoke, whilst no sooner did our advance become apparent than the enemy's batteries, which had been keeping very quiet, put down a barrage of shrapnel and high explosives on our infantry. The ground resembled a gigantic steaming cauldron into whose thick vapours the gallant 157th Brigade poured without hesitation to disappear.

When the smoke lifted, we seemed to be in possession of the enemy's positions. For a few minutes it looked as if the redoubt would give some trouble, but the gallant Scots swarmed up it from all sides and quickly settled the matter with the bayonet. For half an hour groups of Turks held out in various parts of the line, but our artillery put down such a barrage that his reserves could not advance during daylight. By 6 p.m. the enemy's first and second lines were in our hands, and the 52nd Division was ordered to consolidate them.

The result of the day's fighting was this: On the left the 157th Brigade had advanced some four hundred yards, and in the centre and on the right the 155th Brigade and 2nd French Division had gained from two to three hundred yards.

During the night, attack after attack fell on our weary troops and on the French. The broken nature of the country, the unknown network of trenches and strong points offered the enemy every facility for stealthy advance. His bombers gave our men no rest; yet until daybreak they held their ground. It was not until 7.30 a.m. on the 13th that the right of the 157th Brigade gave way before the determined efforts of the enemy's bombers. This successful counter-attack thus cut our line in two.

On the following morning no one at G.H.Q. of the 8th Corps knew accurately what had happened. Nearly all the telephone wires to the front had been cut by our own or the enemy's artillery. Various rumours came in saying that we were holding our own, others that the enemy were once again in possession of the greater part of their lines. Endless processions of wounded, covered with dirt, congealed blood, half-dead with thirst, worn out with fatigue, and tormented with flies, were carried down to the beaches.

Throughout the morning of the 13th, the situation remained obscure, and apparently no one knew which sections of the enemy's lines were in our possession and which we had lost during the night.

The Commander-in-Chief then decided that a fresh attack should be made in the afternoon by the elements of the 52nd Division which were in a position to advance, reinforced by three battalions of the Naval Division. At 4 p.m. our artillery opened up once again on the battered shambles of defences, now knocked almost out of recognition.

At 4.30 the infantry again went forward, but with little of the precision of the previous afternoon. I am told by those who were actually engaged in the fighting that the confusion in the trenches and communication saps absolutely beggars description, as they were choked with dead and with wounded who had not yet been evacuated. The exhausted infantry of the 52nd Division were lying in them, some asleep and some awake, and the trenches were in fact so blocked that you could hardly move.

Suddenly the three battalions of the Naval Division endeavoured to force their way through this chaos to attack as ordered. Many of the units failed to reach our advance trenches and took no part in the subsequent fighting. Other elements pressed gallantly on, being joined by the more energetic of the Scots. Thus, side by side, intermingled with the French, our men surged over the enemy's battered lines. The 2nd French Division attacked the trenches they had failed to take on the previous day. The Nelson Battalion seems to have achieved its objective with small loss, but the Portsmouth Battalion pressed on too far and was cut up as had been the 4th K.O.S.B's on the previous day.

Towards the evening the fighting died away. The result of this two days' muddle and slaughter has been the capture of the enemy's two first lines of defence, but his third line remained intact. The spoils are small. The French took a machine gun and 200 prisoners, and we a machine gun and 329 prisoners. General Masnou, the Commander of the 1st French Division, was killed. I do not know what the losses of the French amounted to, but according to Street ours are over five thousand.

A curious incident happened on the afternoon of the 12th in the midst of this attack. When I was leaving Imbros for Helles, Brooks, the official photographer, who had recently arrived at Gallipoli and who had never been in action before, asked me whether he might accompany me, as he had no idea where to go or what part of the ground was in our hands and what was held by the enemy. He explained "that he did not wish to infringe the Turkish photographic rights." I replied that I would be pleased to find him a place from which he could obtain a good view of the advance. We lunched with Bettelheim and then moved up to the front. Unfortunately, we started rather late and could not get as far forward as I wished owing to the heavy barrage and infantry fire. Finally I found what looked like a very favourable spot, and apparently as safe as any in the neighbourhood, in a deserted observation post of the 42nd Division. But, strange to say, it became a focus for several Turkish guns. Brooks

was enchanted by the panorama of the battle, the bursting of countless shells, and the infantry attacks. Then, by a strange irony, he was hit behind in a soft spot by a shrapnel bullet. It seems incredible that a bullet could have come in at such an angle, and I think he believes to this day that I arranged it on purpose. He dropped his precious camera with a yell, and "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." However, he was more bruised than wounded and soon recovered his equanimity when he discovered he was still very much alive. I spent the night with Bettelheim.

CHAPTER IX

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

JULY 14th. I returned to Imbros to-day and found that three other Correspondents had arrived. H. W. Nevinson, for the Provincial Press, Russel for Reuter's, and Moseley for the Central News. They had been over to Helles, and returned in the evening exhausted. I found two strange-looking new craft in Kephalos Bay. They are the monitors we have been expecting for some time. They are weird-looking vessels, built to withstand torpedo attack, with blisters on their ribs, which form a kind of side-walk above the water's edge, and are very useful to bathe from. They carry two 14-inch guns apiece. Great results are hoped from them, but, as they can only do about six knots, I fear they will be of very little use in the Dardanelles current. However, they will be able to bombard the enemy's positions, and thus take the place of the battleships condemned to idleness in Mudros Harbour. With these new craft it is hoped that we shall regain the command of the sea.

The muddles which take place here are too extraordinary for words. A brigade of the 29th Division, which should have gone to Mudros for a rest, turned up here and then had to re-embark. Part of the 13th Division of Kitchener's new armies, under General Shaw, has arrived at Helles. General Egerton, commanding the Lowland Division, has gone sick, and Shaw was sent up to take command on the second day of the last fight. The sending of the 13th Division to Helles makes it look as if they intend that Achi Baba shall eat up this division as well as so many others. The appetite of this mountain is insatiable. Nevinson told me that everyone was depressed in England, and was hoping for a big victory out here. Poor deluded fools.

July 15th. At Imbros. I completed what I could put together about the latest " big victory " in front of Achi Baba. I do not know what value these accounts will be to the Press, as Sir Ian Hamilton apparently now acts as his own correspondent and sends in cables a long time ahead of ours. It is almost impossible to know what to

write, but I could put together an official bulletin which would apply to all these attacks out here.

"After a concentrated bombardment our infantry advanced against the demoralised enemy and speedily captured four lines of trenches. We were on the verge of taking Achi Baba when unfortunately something (generally the French) gave way on our right, leaving us with an exposed flank. Our centre then had to retire, suffering heavy casualties. On our left something else gave way, and the enemy was unfortunately able to reoccupy his old positions. We are now back on the same line from which we started this morning. The enemy's counter-attacks were most gallantly repulsed with enormous losses. At least ten thousand of his dead are lying in front of our lines and it is reported that thirty thousand wounded have been evacuated to Constantinople. Our troops are much elated by their success, and declare themselves ready to attack again at any time. We have made a distinct advance of at least five yards in some places."

Thus we carry on at this hopeless game, ignoring all the strategical possibilities in the situation by persisting in these murderous frontal attacks on impregnable positions, losing tens of thousands of our best and bravest men without achieving any result or carrying us any nearer to our goal, while only a few miles away at Bulair lies the key to Gallipoli, to the Narrows, and to Constantinople.

Since the engagement of July 12th–13th there have been nothing but mutual recriminations amongst the generals at Cape Helles. There is intense dissatisfaction amongst the brigadiers, who complain bitterly of the manner in which their troops have been cut up owing to the lack of all clearness in the orders and the inability of the staff to fix objectives. These have led to rumours that there is about to be a change in the command and that Smith-Dorrien is coming out to replace Hamilton. There are also rumours that Winston is on his way out to have a look round.

July 16th. Nothing of interest to record, so Nevinson, Ross, and I decided to visit the capital of Imbros, the village of Panaghia. A long ride over execrable roads and not much to see when we got there.

July 17th. I wrote a long article on the Anzac positions, which I sent over to G.H.Q., in the hope that it will get through in a mutilated form at least. The heat and discomfort are horrible. Carter has got his job as P.M.G., Mudros, and is full of joy. Part of the 11th Division of the New Army has arrived on this island. They came out in the *Aquitania*, which, they tell me, was missed in the Channel by ten yards by a submarine. Well, as she carried nearly ten thousand men, they could have destroyed two brigades with one shot. A lucky let-off!

July 18th. I was summoned to G.H.Q., to see Colonel Ward. The censorship has passed beyond all reasonable bounds. You are not allowed to give expression to the mildest opinion on any subject. They apply their blue pencil to taste, style, poetical quotations, and events of which the enemy are now fully cognisant, and which have even appeared in the Press. Ward wished to tell me that the long article I wrote about the conditions of life on Lancashire Landing had been returned without a single line being passed. Can you imagine the reason given for this ? Because they said that I made the people on W beach look as if they were afraid ! Why, I only wrote the article to please them there, and to get the beach parties and Army Service Corps men some recognition for the work they are doing under trying conditions. I showed it to several of them and they were delighted to think that at length their services would receive some notice in the Press. But, of course, this is only an excuse. The real reason is that G.H.Q. do not wish to disclose the true state of affairs on the beaches either to the public or to the authorities at home. There are now at least four censors, according to Maxwell. First, Maxwell himself, who takes out little or nothing ; then Ward ; then Braithwaite, and finally Sir Ian Hamilton. How they find time is what beats me. They all hold different views on what should be written, and each successive censor feels it his duty to take out something his predecessor has left in. Thus only a few dry bones are left for the public. The articles and cables resemble a chicken, out of which a thick nutritious broth has been extracted. One private letter was not allowed to pass because it was supposed to criticise the authorities at Malta. Ward, who hates the whole business, said to me : " I shall not have a friend left when the war is over. Already the Greeks on this island threaten to murder me, and I expect the newspaper editors will be waiting for me when I get home."

I learnt this evening definitely that Winston is coming out, and there is general activity everywhere in consequence. Well, his blood be on his own head, for another big failure whilst he is out here will do him no good, and will also mean the recall of Hamilton. I only hope Winston will use his influence to make them adopt a right and proper course. At any rate, Sir Ian will be as potter's clay in his hands. An aviator came over, and tried to drop a few bombs on G.H.Q.

July 19th. I remained at Imbros, disgusted with the flies, the excessive heat, and the inexhaustible stupidity of the censorship. Then I visited one of our new monitors, the *Abercrombie*. At Imbros a huge camp of tents is springing up, and I hear that an entire Army

Corps under General Stopford is on its way. G.H.Q. gave me the following position of our line as at present constituted at Helles. On the right the French, and then, in order, the Naval Division, 42nd Lancashire Territorials, with the 13th, one of the new divisions, on the extreme left. The 52nd Lowland Division Territorials is held in reserve. The shattered 29th Division, which is once again only a brigade strong, is resting at Mudros, where, I understand, are the new 10th Division and the remainder of the 11th—two battalions of which are here at Imbros and two at Helles, but I am told that the Helles lot will return here.

July 21st. I went to call on Major M——, a friend of Bettelheim's, who is in the rest hospital here, suffering from nervous breakdown. He commands one of the battalions of the Naval Division. I found him in a state bordering on collapse. He complained bitterly of the manner in which his division had been led to the slaughter over and over again and placed in impossible positions. He said that the smell of the dead in the captured trenches was now too awful for words, and that it was impossible to build new ones on account of the dead Turks. He was forcible in his denunciation of those responsible for these attacks, and the manner in which they are carried out. M—. considers that the troops are so demoralized by the heat, the smells, the flies, and the bad food that they are in no condition to undertake a further offensive. Aubrey Herbert came over to spend the night with me. I suddenly ran across Howard de Walden, who has been made M.L.O. here. He also came up and dined.

July 22nd. Nevinson, Aubrey Herbert, and I went to Anzac this morning, having changed our destination from Helles because G.H.Q. thought it was likely that the Turks would make an attack, as the 23rd is the anniversary of their Constitution. I am willing to lay 5–1 that they will do nothing of the sort, as they are quite prepared to leave all the attacking to us in the future. However, in war, one must not take chances. On arriving, we had to land under the usual disagreeable shelling from Gaba Tepe, which enfilades the beach. We visited Quinn's and Courtney's Posts, where I took a number of cinema pictures. Colonel Malone, a hardy old New Zealand officer and ex-South African veteran, showed us round. On returning, we lunched with General Godley and the staff of the New Zealand and Australian Division. Lord Henry Bentinck was there, and Colonel Braithwaite is C.S.O.—no relation to the general. In the afternoon we went out to Walker's Ridge, and examined the Turkish lines on this side, being shown round by General Russell, the brigadier. Every precaution has been taken to resist an attack. It is really a pleasure

WOUNDED IN THE GULLY RAVINE

to spend a few days at Anzac, for the atmosphere is so very different. The Army has complete confidence in Birdwood, who is immensely popular with his men. The positions occupied by the Turks are enormously strong but the staff seem to think they can take them if they are given sufficient reinforcements. *Nous verrons.* I dined with Godley and passed a very pleasant evening. Afterwards Nevinson and I went and visited Birdwood, who told us a number of interesting things. I slept outside Aubrey Herbert's dug-out. There was desultory artillery fire all through the night and at 2 a.m. very heavy rifle fire, which sounded like an attack, but I learnt afterwards that the enemy were shooting at the Australians, who were trying to put up barbed-wire entanglements outside the lines. I do not believe that the Turks will attempt another assault on the Anzac position after their heavy losses in the last fiasco. They enjoy every advantage, sitting quietly on the defensive, and waiting for us to storm their impregnable, eagle-like lairs. When there is firing at Anzac, there are innumerable bullets falling everywhere, and there were so many flying around to-night that I was glad to take shelter in Ross's dug-out, I had some interesting talks with Aubrey Herbert on the war. He thinks our next effort will be a bloody failure, and I quite agree with him ; he also agrees with me that it will be futile to attack unless we land at Bulair at the same time.

The Turks suddenly bombarded the beach in the middle of the night—a most unusual occurrence—but it appears that the gunners were attracted by the lights on some trawlers. Dug-outs are being made at Anzac for the reception of a new division, said to be the 13th.

July 23rd. I breakfasted with the General and afterwards went out to the extreme left of the line along the seashore through a communication trench, which has been dug the whole distance. This advanced wing causes the staff a good deal of anxiety, as it is felt that it may be cut off by an attack in force. However, it is self-contained for a week and has the best water supply in the whole of Anzac. It is held by one battalion of New Zealand infantry and about three hundred Maoris. The latter are magnificent physical specimens of manhood, but they have not yet been tested in action. I stayed out at No. 3 Post all the morning examining the enemy's lines. I lunched with some of the officers of the staff and spent the afternoon taking cinema pictures, but whether they will come out only time will show. Aubrey Herbert left for Imbros and made me a present of his valuable dug-out for the night, but, although it was the anniversary of the Turkish Constitution, no attack was made. At Godley's mess this evening there were some very free comments on the conduct of the campaign ;

and Hamilton's despatch, which has just been published, came in for some very severe criticism. Never have I known an army which has quite such a poor opinion of its chiefs.

July 24th. I spent the whole morning at Anzac on the beach trying to get cinema pictures of the shells bursting amongst the bathers. It was exciting work and finally the bathing had to stop when a shell killed twenty men and wounded fifteen others—so I am told. They started firing again just as Nevinson and I were leaving, but we managed to get aboard the lugger safely. I returned to Imbros and found Aubrey Herbert. After dinner I went round to Colonel Hawker's, and met Colonel Leslie Wilson, who commands the Hawk Battalion of the Naval Division, and who was my predecessor in contesting Poplar in 1910. Leslie Wilson's denunciations of certain generals beats anything I have heard up to date. He told me that they were trying to get rid of him, but are afraid because he is an M.P., with too many influential friends in the party. His tale of muddle, mismanagement, and useless slaughter is an appalling one. He criticised particularly the hardships inflicted on the elder men, the Marine Reserves, many of whom are over fifty, and who never expected to serve on land. He maintains that they have been dragged out here under false pretences, to be slaughtered in front of Achi Baba. He related to me what happened in regard to a trench of absolutely no importance, which lay in front of the ground occupied by his battalion. He was ordered to take it, but pointed out that it could not be held, even if captured. Time and time again he protested, but finally received a definite order which had to be obeyed. He took it without much trouble and then got bombed out, exactly as he had predicted, losing three good officers and eighty men. Finally, he retired with only six survivors. A Marine battalion then replaced his, and were ordered to capture it, which they did, but were turned out again. He said that the orders issued to the 29th Division were seldom intelligible, and always had to be changed, modified, or ignored. They could never get a definite objective for an attack, as the orders always ended up with "Go as far as you can and entrench." He described the battle of June 4th as "a cold-blooded massacre." The Naval Division was ordered to attack a line a thousand yards wide, with about the same number of men in the fighting line, after a totally inadequate artillery preparation. They advanced and were slaughtered with machine guns, the Collingwood Battalion being wiped out. This battalion had never previously been in action and was without experience of trench warfare or any local knowledge of the ground. He criticised with equal severity the cruel fate of the wounded, many hundreds of whom perish miserably,

without any effort being made to arrange an armistice and bring them in. I quite agree with him on this point. The Turks suggested an armistice to bury the dead at Anzac, so why should not others be arranged to bring in the wounded lying between the lines ? No secrets would be given away. The ground has been fought over time and time again and is perfectly well known to both sides. Yet no attempt is made, except by volunteers creeping out at night, to bring in these hundreds who are left to perish of their wounds, tormented by heat, flies, and thirst, till death comes as a merciful release.

It is now definitely confirmed that Hunter-Weston has left the Peninsula and his old enemy, Achi Baba. His departure is variously ascribed to enteric, dysentery, or sunstroke, but it is practically certain that he will never return, as every operation undertaken by him has been a failure. I realised that there was something very wrong after the first conversations I had with him, when his excessive optimism seemed to show a lamentable ignorance of what it is possible for infantry to accomplish in modern warfare. A charming man personally, Hunter-Weston was perhaps unsuited to the peculiar conditions prevailing on the Peninsula. He was too prone to order useless assaults without any fixed objectives. During his period of command the equivalent of three good British divisions has been lost in front of Achi Baba without a single salient position being won.

Every day the criticisms of G.H.Q., and of the incompetency of some of the generals, become stronger and more open. Those who would not have ventured to say a word a month ago now speak their minds freely and openly. Sir Ian is criticised because he does not visit the front lines, and is quite unknown even by sight to the majority of his troops. But I consider this unjust. It is not part of the duties of a commander-in-chief to spend his time going round miles of trenches, and it is impossible for him to find the time, whilst the fatigue in this weather would render such a procedure intolerable. But the men feel that he ought to see with his own eyes the miserable conditions under which they live and the appalling strength of the enemy's positions before they are continually being called upon to make these abortive assaults.

Sir Ian is also very unpopular with the Dominion troops, chiefly because they consider that he threw away two brigades in the reckless attack on Achi Baba on May 6th, 7th, and 8th. G.H.Q., on the other hand, dislikes Birdwood and is very jealous of him, and is in turn accused by the Anzacs of always carefully suppressing their deeds. The despatches sent home to lull the public into a sense of false security contain the most palpable misstatements. For instance, in

his last despatch Sir Ian puts the Turkish killed as five thousand and estimates the wounded as fifteen thousand. As if he had any means of knowing. The estimate is obviously absurd, because it is bigger than the total number of Turks who could possibly have been crowded into the sector of the line attacked. They were on the defensive and, therefore, naturally lost less than ourselves. When the Turks attacked the Anzacs on May 18th–19th we afterwards buried over three thousand of their dead, whilst the Anzacs lost one hundred killed, and a few hundred wounded. Yet when we attack and the Turks are on the defensive they are estimated to have lost about three times as many as ourselves. *Reductio ad absurdum.* Eyewash for the public and authorities at home, but it does not go down amongst the men in the front trenches.

Aubrey Herbert's charge against G.H.Q. is the most serious of all, namely, the cruelty of leaving thousands of our wounded to perish between the lines after these attacks have failed, instead of arranging for an armistice to collect them, and also for the burial of the dead. The Turks have already shown themselves willing, and actually asked for one at Helles after the last attack, which was refused by our G.H.Q. Surely every other consideration should be put aside in order to save the wounded, who must otherwise perish. Also, it would be sound policy for another reason. Your infantry will advance more eagerly to the attack if they know they will be picked up and rescued if they happen to fall wounded between the lines. But G.H.Q. are never there to see these things for themselves. They live with a minimum of comfort, it is true, but in complete safety, at Imbros, but one would think that it would interfere with somebody's night's rest to know that hundreds of his fellow-countrymen were lying mutilated and unattended only a few yards away from our front lines, crying for water, suffering the agonies of the damned, well knowing that their end is a long, lingering death from suppurating wounds, alive with maggots, or from thirst and starvation. Their fate in this pestilential climate is horrible to contemplate. I can never forgive G.H.Q. for their attitude towards this question.

July 25th. I remained at Imbros all day, and visited G.H.Q., when Colonel Ward explained to me the reason for the late arrival of my last cables in London. As usual, it was due to a misunderstanding on the part of the authorities. I am getting more and more fed up with the whole business, but it is hopeless trying to arrange anything out here as no one seems to possess the smallest business acumen. Leslie Wilson dined with me and once again held forth for hours on the muddles and mistakes which are being made.

More troops continue to arrive here, and it is said that an entire army corps is to be concentrated on this island. They are a weedy-looking lot, and some of the men hardly look strong enough to carry their kits. But perhaps they are better than they appear, because their skins have not yet been burnt a red-brown colour by the sun. Also one naturally compares them with the Dominion troops, who set such a high standard of perfection in physique that our men look small beside them. One thing is certain, even before they ever see a shot fired, we shall lose a very heavy percentage from sickness on this island. The climate of the Mediterranean in midsummer is totally unsuited for Anglo-Saxons. Even old soldiers who have served all over the world succumb to it. How can these newcomers, who have never been out of England before, resist the prevailing conditions? They are landed on a Sahara of sand where their tents are pitched, the heat of the sun is terrific, water is very scarce, and they are tormented all day by millions of flies, which for weeks have been feasting at Helles and Anzac on the bodies of the slain. They are fed on a totally unsuitable diet, which is never varied, and there is no official canteen at which they can buy a few simple luxuries which mean so much. The Greeks have been allowed to set up booths, but they have little to sell, except fruit and a wine which looks and tastes like vinegar. All day these men are drilling in the heat, and their only recreation is bathing in the bay. Then, about 7 p.m., when the sun sets behind the hills, it suddenly becomes very cold, and they have not the experience to protect themselves against these sudden changes in temperature. The result is that the majority are at once attacked by the prevailing stomach trouble, but not badly enough to report sick—otherwise nearly the whole army would be in hospital—and they are obliged to struggle on in a weakened condition suffering from a malady which reduces the courage and causes deep depression amongst its victims. Poor devils, nothing is sadder than to see this mass of men arriving full of hope and expectancy, enchanted at first by the change in the scene and novelty of their surroundings. Yet within a few weeks the majority will be offered up as a vast human sacrifice to the twin gods of Anzac and Achi Baba or else will be *en route* for base hospitals, mutilated for life or, if slightly wounded, kept on some neighbouring island until well enough to be led to the slaughter once again. It is certainly going to tell heavily against us employing these new armies under such conditions in a new landing on an unknown shore. Indian troops, with a stiffening of white divisions, would be more serviceable in this climate.

July 26th. In the afternoon I went on board the *Raglan* and called

on my old friend, Melville Ward, who had come out on this monitor. I dined on board with Ward and Commander O'Calligan, the son of the Admiral. I afterwards visited O'Calligan on his ship, where he proceeded to let himself go. He was most bitter against Winston for the manner in which his father was dismissed from the command of the Grand Fleet. The Admiral went to see him at the Admiralty before leaving for Scapa Flow to discuss the final plans for the concentration of the fleet. Winston himself accompanied him to Euston Station, and his final words were : " You understand your instructions. Admiral Jellicoe will come up to-morrow as second in command. You know what a good man he is and a worthy second to you." O'Calligan went up to Scapa Flow and hoisted his flag on the *Iron Duke*. On the following day Jellicoe arrived and the two admirals discussed their plans. In the middle of this interview a wireless, received by the whole fleet, stated that Jellicoe had been appointed Commander-in-Chief. Imagine O'Calligan's feelings. Jellicoe professed to be very much surprised, and sent off a confirmatory signal to the Admiralty. In this cavalier manner the man who had trained the Grand Fleet for war was dismissed at the eleventh hour. O'Calligan assured me that Winston acted entirely on his own authority, without consulting his colleagues. O'Calligan told me a great many interesting things about Beatty's North Sea battle.

July 27th. I remained at Imbros all day working and sending off my cinema films. This experiment may land me in hot water. However, there ought to be a record of events out here, and if the authorities will not send out an operator I shall carry on in my own amateurish way.

July 28th. I went to Helles in the early boat. Her commander told me that he thought a submarine was really trapped on the previous day, being caught in the nets and then rammed by a destroyer. However, one can never be sure. I saw Bettelheim at Helles. Everything is quiet all along the line. I am sure the Turks will not attack. They are waiting for us to advance. They know that large reinforcements have arrived and that some new scheme is maturing. Their game is to lie low, stave off our offensive, and then hold us where we are until the weather becomes too bad for further operations, when sickness, cold, and winter will do the rest. Loughborough and Coleman came over to see me.

July 29th. I spent the whole day at Imbros making preparations for coming events which are casting their shadows before them. The weather is disagreeably hot, and the camps at Imbros are packed with troops who drill or do fatigues all day, and whose sole recreation is the

pleasure of bathing in the cool of the evening. I have seen an entire division in the sea at one time.

This 11th Division of Kitchener's New Army does not impress one too favourably. Many of the men are a weedy-looking lot—thin, narrow-chested, and small. A large number of the 11th Division come from Durham and Northumberland, and are miners by profession. I am told by their officers that they like digging and are excellent at trench-making. This will serve them in good stead on the Peninsula. Many of the officers are fine-looking fellows and are learning their work well, but, of course, are not quite cast in the same mould as those of our old army of "Die Hards." There is not the same *esprit de corps* in these new divisions, without traditions of previous service in the field. However, as most of the old officers now lie beneath the soil in Flanders and Gallipoli, the newcomers, if without their experience and traditions, are worthy successors.

July 30th. This morning, accompanied by Ross and Nevinson, I set out for Cape Helles. We landed at W beach and then walked over to visit the *River Clyde*, where we met Wilson, the M.L.O., in charge of the landing of troops. He kindly invited us to stop as long as we liked on the *River Clyde*. I returned to Lancashire Landing with Nevinson for lunch. They are now very busy making a breakwater round the jetty by sinking liners, just as they have done at Imbros. The Turks, who watch every move, shell the working parties very vigorously from Asia and Achi Baba, and cause many casualties on the beach, but still the work goes on. No one knows for certain if the jetty and breakwater will survive the winter gales. There are some who say the whole of the foreshore is washed by the sea when the wind blows strong from the south. But I cannot say if this is true or not. Wilson came round in a launch from the *River Clyde* to take us and our baggage back. We stopped on the way and called on the hospital ship, the *Assaye*, which has just arrived at the Dardanelles. She is an old troopship, and can take about four hundred lying-down cases, a mere drop in the ocean of human wreckage from the battlefields here. I am afraid we shall be very short of hospital ships when the next big push comes off. I saw to my amazement a real live woman, the first I have met at Gallipoli, on the *Assaye*. Women are such an extraordinary phenomena out here that we all stopped, somewhat awestruck in their presence. They look so fresh and clean and we feel so untidy and dirty. We went all over the *Assaye*, and the captain gave us some beautiful iced whiskey and sodas. We went over to V beach and sailed over the wreck of the poor old *Majestic*. You can trace her whole length as she lies beneath the waves. I took some cinema pictures on

V beach and slept on board the *River Clyde*. This old horse of Troy makes very comfortable quarters. Who could imagine, now, the horrors which took place on board at the time of the landing! I went up to the 8th Army Corps headquarters before dinner, but found that most of my old friends had left. I sent a signal to Commodore Coleman to ask him to send down one of his cars to V beach on the following day. All through the night thousands of troops were being sent off from V beach in trawlers and destroyers to Mudros. They are the 13th Division of Kitchener's New Army, which has been having a try-out in the trenches at Helles for the last two weeks. They have had no real fighting but have suffered five hundred casualties, which shows how quickly armies melt away under modern conditions of warfare. But they have gained invaluable experience before being launched on some new enterprise.

Major-General Sir W. Douglas now commands the 8th Corps—he had formerly the 42nd Division—but I hear, however, that his appointment is only temporary, as Lieut.-General Sir F. J. Davies is coming out from home to take over the 8th Corps. I cannot understand why they do not give de Lisle the command.

I visited W beach, Lancashire Landing, which deserves a special description. A transformation has come over Cape Helles after an occupation of three months. For the first few weeks after the landing it was possible to live in tents in the open, or to bask under the shade of the trees. Then all was changed and everyone was obliged to dig themselves in to escape the shells which the enemy sprayed over the beaches whenever he could spare some ammunition. The immunity enjoyed at the start was due to the fact that the Turks never expected us to obtain a footing on shore, and, therefore, they had not got their big guns in the right position for shelling the beaches and camps. Also, until the arrival of the submarines, our battleships, with the aid of aeroplanes, were able to keep down the fire of their heavy artillery, and to smash up their new emplacements, especially on the Asiatic coast. But when it became no longer safe to keep warships permanently off the coast, the shelling of the beaches started in deadly earnest.

Thus we lived for a month in an atmosphere of false security. On Lancashire Landing there sprang up a camp of tents, and a great depôt of stores, whilst hundreds of horses were tethered in long rows, fully exposed to view. Anyone who constructed a dug-out during these halcyon days was despised for his excess of caution. All day long sweating beach parties toiled at unloading the lighters. Solid walls of biscuit boxes, tinned meat, vegetables, petroleum and ammunition

rose on the foreshore and were distributed by the Army Service Corps to the " dumping grounds " of the various brigades. The work never stopped. An occasional shrapnel, of which no one took any notice, was the only interference for the first month.

Everyone who was present will remember that afternoon, about May 20th, when suddenly, out of a blue sky, the Turks opened their first bombardment of the beach with two 6-inch guns placed behind the crest of Achi Baba. These high explosive shells burst with a tremendous detonation, throwing out clouds of black smoke, and splintering into scores of jagged fragments. Most of them burst on contact with the ground and a few in the air, for the enemy employed this method to gauge the range.

The toilers on the beach ceased their labours to watch with astonishment the arrival of these new and most unwelcome visitors. A new problem had arisen. Those who had foreseen and provided against the evil hour by digging in now had the laugh of their sceptical friends, who were only too glad to accept an invitation to pay them a short visit whilst the storm lasted. But the majority of the crowded population of Lancashire Landing were obliged to shelter as best they could behind the low cliffs on the seashore. The chief sufferers in this first bombardment were the unfortunate horses, amongst whom the shells fell with effect, and in two afternoons we lost nearly one hundred.

Everyone whose duty compelled him to live permanently in the neighbourhood then started digging with feverish haste. The scene resembled a mining camp which had struck gold. Shelter walls of sand-bags were first constructed, facing Achi Baba, to keep out splinters until regular dug-outs could be made. The horses were moved to less exposed ground, and the stores were also arranged in squares to provide cover. Hundreds of Greeks and Egyptians were brought over to construct a road right round the foreshore at the foot of the cliffs, connecting Lancashire Landing with X and Y beaches, and providing good cover against shells from Achi Baba. This road, unique of its kind, will remain the only lasting memorial of the Anglo-French occupation of the Peninsula, if the sea does not wash it away. The development of W beach now followed on much the same lines as that of any growing seaside resort at home. As the shells came from Achi Baba only, certain sites at once rose in price, and were eagerly sought after by the settlers. These were the ones which commanded a sea view, and were constructed on terraces cut out of the cliff overlooking the blue waters of the Dardanelles. No shells, either direct or indirect, could reach them from the land side, and the happy aristocracy of the place looked down with scorn on their neighbours,

who were obliged, through lack of space, or the nature of their duties, to live in exposed dug-outs in the open valley running up from the shore. Thus Lancashire Landing settled down once again, taking but small notice of the enemy's high explosive shells from Achi Baba, which made a great noise but which precaution had rendered comparatively innocuous.

From the sea the cliffs and the foreshore looked as if a large tribe of cave-dwellers—survivors of some primitive epoch—had taken up their abode there. The prevailing colour was drab or khaki, for the settlement consisted of a background of dwellings dug out of the sand, inhabited by hundreds of khaki-clad figures who moved and worked amongst piles of wooden boxes and canvas bales. If any article arrived on the beach a different colour, it was quickly reduced to the common shade by the clouds of drifting sand which swept over everything whenever there was the slightest breeze, until the eye became daily more weary of the uniformity of colour. The extreme heat, the drifting sand and the swarms of flies rendered life most trying. Even the cliffs blew about during the siroccos, for they are also composed of sand, and crumbled at the touch of the spade and pick. The cave-men were ever at work rebuilding walls, replacing split sand-bags, and digging out entrances which had fallen in.

Lancashire Landing was, in fact, a miniature Sahara, hot as hell and just as uncomfortable, but the sandy soil was really a blessing in disguise, for shells burst on it with a minimum of effect. Had the ground been rocky it would have been untenable. As it was, the shells plunged deep in the sand, some of them failed to explode, whilst the fragments of those which did were checked in their flight by having to force their way through the soft soil.

Some general remarked that the life at the Dardanelles was only rendered tolerable because of the excellent bathing. This was quite true. Our only conquest was the seashore, and at any point except those sacred to the memory of decaying horses, which had been buried out at sea, but which invariably insisted on returning to the shore, hundreds of begrimed warriors were to be seen enjoying a dip. In the cool of the evening, when the brunt of the day's work was over, the inhabitants of Sea View loved to sit on their terraces watching the ever-dwindling number of transports at the entrance of the Straits or beholding the trawlers coming with troops and stores from the neighbouring islands, with the stem of the *Majestic* as a constant reminder of the fleet that was no more. It was a grand and placid panorama with Asia as a background and the plain of Troy on which to gaze. Asia appeared so calm and peaceful, as if inviting one to come across

for a rest from Achi Baba's shells. For some weeks a good cave dwelling on Sea View fetched almost any price, just as does a villa overlooking the sea at Folkestone or Eastbourne, at the height of the season, when everyone has fled from town.

But suddenly prices along Sea View fell with a horrid slump, the villas emptied, and the proprietors tried in vain to hire places in the country further inland. The submarines having forced our battleships to retire, the Turks seized the opportunity to erect batteries of heavy guns behind Kum Kali, on the Asiatic coast. Thus they could fire into the front doors and windows of all the houses along this erstwhile popular promenade. It was just as if a resident in a house on the Leas at Folkestone woke up one fine morning to find shells from Boulogne coming in his front windows. The Sea View dwellers never foresaw this contingency. They only built their homes as a retreat against shells from Achi Baba, and now they found themselves in an awkward predicament, for their dwellings, having been constructed on terraces along the face of the cliff, could not be protected in front, and they had either to risk their lives or abandon their dug-outs altogether.

Some fled to the top of the cliff and entrenched themselves behind the crest; others refused to move again, smoked their pipes, and thought of happier days; others pocketed their pride and descended into the valley to make terms with those whom they had lately regarded as their inferiors. Some came to an arrangement which answered very well. When the shells came from Achi Baba, they invited their friends in the valley up to Sea View, and when they came from Asia, they themselves descended to the valley and returned the visit. But here again the unhappy inhabitants of Lancashire Landing were often checkmated by the Turk firing both from Asia and Achi Baba at the same time—a dirty trick.

This was really most unkind, and they could only sit in deep holes praying that a direct hit would not come their way. It is seldom that the non-combatant branches of an army have lived under such conditions unless in the course of some siege, for they were far more exposed than the troops in the front trenches. Day after day, night after night, the officers and men of the Royal Army Service Corps, the Army Ordnance Department, the Army Medical Corps, and hundreds engaged in clerical work, toiled and sweated in the great heat, amidst storms of sand, tormented by millions of flies and ever exposed to this nerve-racking shell fire. The officers and men of the naval beach parties, and all those engaged in handling the tugs and lighters worked without cessation, fully exposed on the improvised quays. During this time an incalculable quantity of stores, munitions, and ammunition

passed through their hands, and it was only their unselfish and devoted labours, under unparalleled conditions, which made it possible for us to maintain this large army in the field.

Thus the life on Lancashire Landing went on day after day, week after week, month after month. The work was sometimes suspended, but it never stopped. The devoted officers and men on the beaches saw that their comrades ashore should lack for nothing. They carried their lives in their hands day and night, but they went on their way cheerfully, and not all the hostile guns in Europe and Asia could render the beach untenable when held by men of this stamp. Heroes won it, heroes toiled on it, and indomitable courage held it to the end.

July 31*st*. The Ford turned up at 8.30 and we all three motored out to the R.N. V.A.C. section. I found both Colmore and Loughborough had left the Peninsula, but Commander Weyley had kindly sent down the car. We set off on foot through the Krithia Nullah to visit our front trenches in this part of the line, calling first at the Divisional Headquarters, where I met Captain Marshall, Douglas's old A.D.C. Major-General J. W. R. Marshall is now temporarily commanding the division in his absence. Marshall gave us a guide and we passed up the Gully, stopping at the 127th Brigade Headquarters for another guide and a permit. Here I met Major-General A. J. Lawrence. We then went on to visit the front trenches held by the Lancashires. The country here is quite flat, and I could only see a short distance to the front. By looking over the top I obtained a very good view of the Turkish positions and saw lying between the lines a great number of shrivelled-up khaki-clad figures, many caught up in the barbed wire, where they met their end during the attack on June 4th. We had a most interesting and instructive morning, and returned to lunch with Weyley.

August 1*st*. The car came down to take us to Gully beach. Here Colonel Percival kindly lent us some horses and we were thus able to avoid the long hot walk up the Gully. I carried the cinema with me, and tried to take some pictures of our front lines. The Turks have constructed a complete series of new trenches in our immediate front since their defeat on June 28th. They appear to be immensely strong, and we shall lose a great number of officers and men if we attempt to attack them. The country here is undulating and scrubby and offers plenty of dead ground, and before we reach Krithia we shall be obliged to storm every yard of it. As the Peninsula is so narrow, there is no way of finding a flank round the enemy's positions, and it is just bludgeon work. It matters little or nothing to the Turks if they lose two or three lines of trenches. Every yard they retire leads them on

to more favourable ground. Supposing we break right through at some point, we shall be counter-attacked by their reserves, harassed by the saps which we have failed to take on our flanks, and finally driven back with enormous losses. I see no finality to this campaign. There is no way of ending it by attacking from our present positions. By all means let us hold as many Turks as possible in front of Achi Baba, but do not let us waste time in trying to break through. I am told we have more ammunition on the Peninsula than at any other stage of the operations, but it is being husbanded for the new offensive, which cannot be much longer postponed. On the other hand, the Turks have been working like bees for the last few weeks, have strengthened their defences, and will thus largely neutralise the increased artillery fire we shall be able to bring to bear. They evidently mean to make a desperate resistance, and seem rather scared about their right flank. Between the lines are many dead bodies, mostly those of the enemy, who have made some minor attacks during the night. There was a little hill just behind our front trenches, which presented a most remarkable sight. It was fully exposed to the enemy's view only a hundred yards away, and yet when I looked up I saw about twenty of our fellows apparently trying to dig in, as they had spades or picks in their hands, but the enemy did not fire. Then at a second glance I perceived they were corpses of men who were killed whilst trying to entrench. Although they were behind our lines the ground was so exposed that it was impossible to bury them. At night the Turks keep up a vigorous fire on this spot. They do not wish us to occupy it, as it overlooks them.

We returned down the Gully, which is a death-trap for the unwary. The enemy can snipe right down it and also plaster it with shrapnel. Bogus screens of blankets and green boughs to conceal those going up and down are the only cover, but many are hit. You get to know after a short time where you are safe and where you can be sniped.

On the way down I called at de Lisle's headquarters, but he was very uncommunicative. I learnt the reason later. Apparently he got into trouble with G.H.Q. for talking with me about the fight of June 28th. G.H.Q. has now warned generals that they must not talk with War Correspondents. Another petty way of trying to make things unpleasant. I lunched with Weyley and motored down to Lancashire Landing to catch the 4 p.m. trawler for Helles. I found gloom and consternation on the beach, for a shell had just burst right in the signal office, killing six, badly wounding seven others, and completely disorganising the signals. I never saw a worse smash up ; the place was a shambles. Just as we boarded the trawler the Turks started

shelling and everyone rushed for cover. This seriously interferes with the work on the beaches. It is impossible to knock out the guns behind Achi Baba.

August 2nd. In the afternoon I went on board one of the smaller monitors, No. 32, commanded by Philip de Crespigny, which had just arrived. I found him very pleased with his independent command. We had a few cocktails, and I made a most important discovery, namely, that Philip's monitor was a floating storehouse of every kind of luxury. No ship ever left England so completely fitted out for a crusade. You could obtain everything you had dreamt about for months on board his vessel. Champagne, liqueurs, cocktails, port, sherry and every species of cordial for hot climates. His store-house was packed with the choicest viands, caviare in tins, foie gras, hams, tongues, potted meats, and preserves of every known brand and variety. Where the ship carries her ammunition, if she carries any at all, beats me. He is going to see plenty of me this summer.

Monitor No. 32 quickly became the most celebrated and respected ship at Imbros. The good news soon leaked out, and a crowd of visitors from neighbouring vessels could always be seen making their way towards her about cocktail time. A special anchorage was reserved for her, and when one day she was nearly run down by a battleship, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth on land and sea. On those days when she took her turn of duty to bombard the enemy's line the silent prayers of hundreds followed her out of the harbour, and when once more her bow was seen coming round the entrance a thousand hearts beat more freely once again, and crowded boats hurried their thirsty occupants to be the first to congratulate her captain on his safe return. We took a boat and visited " Skipper " Ward on the *Raglan*. We found him bewailing the fact that officers were not allowed to play cards with the crew, for, as he puts it, " they gamble all day forward, and I can't get a game of bridge in the wardroom."

On arriving back in camp, I found a Major Delmé Radcliffe, who announced that he had been sent out from England to take charge of all War Correspondents. I felt that this danger had been hanging over our heads for some time, and it may mean curtailment of our freedom of movement. If my surmises are true and we are expected to go round in a body on personally conducted tours, I shall not stay out here any longer. After dinner, Nevinson, Malcolm Ross and myself held a consultation and decided to go to G.H.Q. on the following day and lay our position before Sir Ian in order to find out exactly where we stand. It is necessary to strike before new rules and regulations are drawn up.

August 3rd. Nevinson, Malcolm Ross and I rode over to G.H.Q. and were at once shown into Sir Ian's private quarters, a miserable kind of hut made of reeds, which has his bell tent alongside it. The hut he uses as a mess room. This was the first occasion I had seen him since I had the row at G.H.Q., about six weeks ago, when I was accused of criticising the operations. However, he was in a very good humour and received us in the most friendly manner. Nevinson had already been deputed to act as spokesman, as the senior member of the party. He explained his fears about the curtailment of our freedom, and how impossible it would be if we were expected to go round together. I added, "Especially as one member of our party is not at all agreeable to us." Sir Ian expressed great surprise when he heard of the arrival of Major Delmé Radcliffe, who, he said, had been appointed by the War Office over his head, without even his knowledge. He went on, "I promise you you shall have absolute freedom of movement and that nothing shall be done to curtail the privileges you have enjoyed in the past. It is the last thing in the world I desire." He added that Radcliffe would not take over the censorship, and he considered it undesirable that he should reside in our camp. So what Radcliffe's duties are going to consist of it is difficult to see, but probably those of a kind of liaison officer.

He then spoke about the operations, which, he said, would commence in a few days, and promised that we should be fully informed in time to make our preparations. He added, "There will be two centres of main interest, and you must make your plans accordingly. One will be a fresh landing."

I already knew approximately what points would be attacked, as I had learnt them from Birdwood in June.

I asked Sir Ian if he could give us a hint as to which would be the most important spot to go—to place himself, in fact, in the position of a War Correspondent. He said that he could not reply to my question at present but might be able to do so later. The conversation then turned on other matters, and he said he regretted very much that there had been no one present to write a descriptive account of the events of June 4th, on which his thoughts are ever harping. We left Sir Ian's presence quite satisfied after wishing him the best of luck. He has had a load of anxiety to bear on his shoulders, and in a few days from now will commence those operations which must make or mar him for ever. We then called on Ward, and communicated the result of our visit. I spent the evening on No. 32 with de Crespigny, "Skipper" Ward and O'Calligan and stayed on board so late that I was obliged to sleep there.

August 4th. We went over the *Ark Royal* in the morning, the seaplane ship. She is a remarkable vessel especially constructed for the housing and repairing of seaplanes. I was fortunate enough to find a real cinema operator on board, who came over to No. 32 to explain several points about the machine of which I was ignorant. I am afraid the films up to date will be of small value as I have not been taking them correctly. Philip, O'Calligan, Monty Parker, the doctor, Delmé Radcliffe, and Maxwell all came to dine. Radcliffe announced that he would be able to give us some definite news on the following night. Events march apace.

August 5th. The last preparations are being made for the new attack. The infantry have been packing up all day and the harbour is crowded with "Beetles," trawlers, and destroyers, which are to convey them to their unknown fate. Excitement and expectancy are written on every face. The movements have been kept a profound secret, but many have gained an insight into Hamilton's plans from the preliminary distributions of the reinforcements placed at his disposal. It is now clear to me that the plan outlined by Birdwood, when I returned from England at the end of June, has been adopted, namely, a fresh landing at Suvla Bay to endeavour to seize the Anafarta Hills overlooking the bay, and thus establish a front across the Peninsula, north of Anzac; meanwhile the Anzac Corps, strongly reinforced, is to push north and endeavour to seize the commanding heights of Sari Bair ridge, culminating in Koja Chemen Tepe. Thus, my hopes that G.H.Q. would pronounce against the plan are dashed to the ground. They still refuse to adopt the only sound and logical plan, which is to throw the new armies across the Peninsula north of Bulair, and thus sever all communication between Thrace and Gallipoli. How can the landing at Suvla possibly succeed? It means launching these untried troops in this terrible heat, with little water, in an unknown country broken by hills and dongas, and covered with wood and scrub. Even if it is successful it will not necessarily force the Turks to retire from Anzac and Helles. We may very well find ourselves attacked on two fronts, for, if von Sanders can hold the Australians at Anzac, he can then move his reserves from Bulair to Anafarta. But the most disquieting feature is this. Once again everything will depend on being able to surprise the enemy and push inland without delay to seize the high ground overlooking Suvla Bay. But will the enemy allow himself to be surprised? We can look back at what happened on April 25th. Only a very small part of the original plans could be carried out. The troops got ashore but were quite unable to advance on their objectives owing to heavy losses and the prevailing confusion, after a landing under

WALKER'S RIDGE, ANZAC

fire. How can the Anzac troops successfully storm the heights of Sari Bair and Koja Chemen Tepe? They cannot debouch from their positions for a properly organised attack. The fighting, as Birdwood remarked, will develop into a series of isolated efforts on the part of units. We know what happened when the Turks made their great assault on Anzac on the night of May 18th-19th. They lost terribly, and the Dominion troops hardly five hundred. Yet we are going to try the same experiment, with this difference—the Turks are entrenched in far stronger positions right on top of our troops. I am sure we are in for an overwhelming disaster.

To-day our Chargé d'Affaires, Major Radcliffe, despatched Lawrence and Moseley to Cape Helles, or, rather, warned them to start early to-morrow morning. Nevinson and I received instructions to hold ourselves in readiness to embark at any hour after 5 p.m. to-morrow afternoon. It is evident that we are designated to take part in the landing at Anafarta Bay. But nothing official has been disclosed.

August 6th. To-day the 11th Division began to embark at Imbros on cruisers, trawlers, transports, and in the new motor barges known as "Beetles," which are to convey them to a new battleground on bloodstained Gallipoli. These "Beetles" are bullet-proof and each holds about four hundred men. They have a long gangway which lets down in front to enable troops to jump ashore across deep water, the gangway acting like a drawbridge. It was an inspiring sight to watch these masses of men, the majority of whom seemed cheery and light-hearted enough, start on this great enterprise. But to me it was a sad, almost pathetic spectacle. How few have any realisation whatsoever of what modern war is like? How many who are now embarking, without a thought to the future, will be dead before the sun rises again? How many will eventually survive the awful ordeal which is before them? How many would ever have enlisted at all if they had had the faintest anticipation of the horrors of modern warfare under conditions such as exist on Gallipoli? At this, the eleventh hour, most of the chances are against us; the hot weather, the loads our men are obliged to carry, the shortage of water, the inexperience of the troops, the unknown numbers of the enemy, and the undiscovered shore, the only guide to which are our inaccurate maps, which are being constantly corrected as fresh discoveries are made. I have little reliance on the generals and staffs of these new formations, and still less on the decisive effect of the fire of the monitors' and cruisers' guns.

To-day Sir Ian Hamilton issued another of his pompous Proclamations to the Army, which might have sounded all right when written by Napoleon, but which are really absurd when coming from him.

The passage which says : " The faith which is in you will carry you through," is quite lost on British soldiers. They have no time to think of faith. All they want is ammunition, competent officers, plenty of food, and, on this particular enterprise, water alone can carry them through, not faith. I watched the troops embarking all the afternoon, and took many cinema pictures. By seven o'clock the great camp of tents at Imbros was entirely deserted, and stood up in ghost-like silence against the setting sun. There was something weird and tragic about the departure of the 11th Division. Will these rows and rows of tents ever know this mighty host again ? Well, the last round of the great adventure is about to start : all we can do is to hope for the best.

At 7 p.m., Nevinson, Radcliffe and I assembled at the quay to embark on the liner *Minneapolis*. For an hour we were unable to obtain a boat, but at last a friendly N.T.O. sent us off in a tug. It was pitch dark by now, for once again the waning moon has been called upon to aid the new landing. The *Minneapolis*, a huge Atlantic transport liner, towered out of the water. She had on board seven hundred horses, five batteries of artillery belonging to the 10th and 11th Divisions, and hundreds of mules. The ship, like all others, was in total darkness, not a light being allowed anywhere. I managed to clamber up the side, but we could find no means of getting our baggage aboard. In the middle of our efforts they mistook us for a lighter and precipitated some heavy articles on the top of Nevinson and Radcliffe. Finally we all got on board and were given cabins by a kindly purser. Although a cargo boat, the *Minneapolis* was built to carry a certain number of first-class passengers, and the cabins were exceedingly comfortable after months of heat and sand on shore. Everything went on on board just as if we were about to embark on an Atlantic trip. The bar was open, the beds had spotless sheets, and the baths their hot and cold water. War, indeed, is a series of glaring contrasts. One moment you may be living under the most miserable conditions, and the next in comparative luxury.

In the darkness, except for the light of a single candle which alone was allowed us, Radcliffe proceeded to unfold the great plan of campaign which it is fervently hoped will open the gates to Constantinople. It is exactly the same as Birdwood had previously suggested to me, and the troops are distributed as follows. The 13th Division has been sent to reinforce Birdwood's Corps at Anzac, together with the 29th Brigade of the 10th Division, and 29th Indian Brigade. These troops, together with the Australians and New Zealand Corps, are to attack Sari Bair and Koja Chemen Tepe. The whole of the 11th Division, and the 30th and 31st Brigades of the 10th Division, are to land at three selected

beaches at Suvla Bay, and endeavour to push inland and seize the Anafarta Hills. Meanwhile, in order to retain the Turkish armies in front of Achi Baba, the 8th Corps at Helles is to make a series of attacks, and break through if possible, but this is not considered likely. The numbers of the Turks oppossed to us are estimated at 100,000, distributed as follows: 36,000 in front of Krithia and Achi Baba; two divisions in front of Anzac, two at Bulair, and about 3,000 picked Gendarmerie holding the Anafarta Hills. But all these estimates are more or less guesswork and will be proved or falsified in a few hours.

From the *Minneapolis* it was impossible to see anything, so black was the night, except the grey outlines of the vessels nearest us. The entire fleet of warships, transports, trawlers, and motor boats conveying the landing force was swallowed up in the darkness. Some time during the night the *Endymion* and *Theseus*, conveying the covering troops, led the way out of Kephalos Harbour, followed by other vessels in succession. We on the *Minneapolis* were then asleep and saw nothing of the departure.

CHAPTER X

THE SUVLA BAY OFFENSIVE

AUGUST 7th–10th. It is difficult to put together a coherent account of the events of the past four days, which have resulted in the complete failure of our attempt to seize the Anafarta Hills and break through the Peninsula to Maidos and the Narrows. I shall only attempt to relate what I saw personally and from the information I was able to gather on the spot, or immediately after these various engagements. All our hopes of success have been dashed to the ground, and the great offensive which was supposed to open the road to Constantinople has come to a standstill after enormous losses.

I was aroused at 4 a.m. on the morning of the 7th by the sound of heavy firing, and went on deck. Dawn was just breaking, another of those awful dawns fatal to so many Christian and Infidel warriors. The early rays of the sun were struggling to disperse the gloom, and I could see our troops disembarking at several points outside and inside Suvla Bay. The enemy's guns were already throwing shrapnel over the beaches, and once again the soil of Gallipoli was being churned up by countless heavy shells from the warships which make so much noise, yet do so little harm.

We on the *Minneapolis* found ourselves both well and comfortably placed. Our great ship was now at anchor just inside the two arms of the bay only about a mile from the shore. Yet the routine on board was carried out as it had been every day since the vessel was launched for peaceful trade between England and the United States. Apparently the well-trained crew took only a cursory interest in the stupendous events taking place under their very eyes. The chief steward came to my cabin and announced " Breakfast will be served at five-thirty this morning, sir, instead of at eight o'clock." Descending to the saloon for this repast I found an old steward carefully cleaning the carpet on the stairway with a vacuum cleaner which picked up the dust and dirt just as Achi Baba and Anzac pick up our troops, sucking them into an unknown future from which there is no return. How strange that the

stewards should clean the carpets of an Atlantic liner when the fate of Constantinople was hanging in the balance! But such is the force of habit and discipline on the humble mind. It is this same spirit amongst the rank and file which alone enables modern warfare to be carried on.

We sat down to a breakfast table laid with the regularity of a Guards battalion at the Trooping of the Colour, and were served with iced melons, fish and eggs, and bacon. We might, in fact, have been half way across the Atlantic instead of inside Suvla Bay, and could only realise the difference by the steadiness of the ship, the roar of the guns, and the incessant crackle of the rifle fire. Yet only a mile away thousands of men were engaged in a life-and-death struggle which would decide the fate of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. We ate in silence, for no one was inclined to talk. We ate hurriedly, each being bent on rushing back to the deck to follow the fortunes of the day. Suddenly a gunner colonel, some of whose guns were already on shore, broke the silence. "This is a strange way of carrying on war. Here am I sitting eating my breakfast in comfort, and at the same time watching my batteries going into action."

The rising sun soon dispersed the slight haze hanging over the shore, and the whole panorama presented itself before our eyes. Suvla Bay was already packed with warships, transports, destroyers, "Beetles," and other craft. The two arms of the bay embraced this new armada as if to protect it as far as possible against submarine attack. The warships were already thundering away at invisible objectives on or behind the Anafarta Hills, probably knowing as little about their actual targets as we on the *Minneapolis*, but doubtless searching for the enemy's guns, which were continually shelling the beaches with white puffs of shrapnel, an unpleasant matitudinal baptism of fire for the 11th Division. Straight in front lay the Salt Lake separated from the bay by a narrow strip of sand, the lake itself as flat as a billiard table and devoid of all cover. Several dark objects caught the eye. We learnt that they were dead Turks who had been killed when retiring from the low hill of Lala Baba after it had been successfully assaulted during the night. Lala Baba, about 200 feet high, lies at the south-eastern edge of Suvla Bay and was held by a small advance party of the enemy, who had constructed strong trenches on its summit. Beyond lay our objective, the Anafarta Hills.

The disembarkation of the 11th Division had commenced at 10.30 p.m. on the night of August 6th. It was a complete surprise. All three brigades of this Division should have been landed, according to the original plan, on selected beaches on the sea side of Nibrunesi Point, but at the eleventh hour the plans were changed and the 34th

Brigade was sent inside the bay on to the sand spit separating it from the Salt Lake. The change turned out unfavourably, as the " Beetles " could not approach the beach, owing to the rapid shallowing of the water, and the troops were compelled to wade ashore. They suffered in consequence many casualties from artillery fire, and from Turkish snipers hiding in the sand dunes at the north-eastern corner of the bay. The other two brigades of the 11th Division landed with little opposition, the 32nd under Brigadier-General Haggard at B beach and the 33rd under Brigadier-General Maxwell at C beach. No further advance could be attempted until the Turks had been driven off Lala Baba, thus allowing access to the Salt Lake, and to the north side of the bay via the sand spit. Somewhere between midnight and 2 a.m. the Turkish entrenchments on Lala Baba were gallantly stormed by the 6th Yorkshires and 9th West Yorkshires of the 32nd Brigade. These new formations proved themselves worthy of the confidence which had been placed in them. They suffered many casualties in this attack, but carried it through with great dash. Just before dawn the 32nd Brigade handed over Lala Baba to the 33rd Brigade under Maxwell and advanced across the sandy spit to join the 34th Brigade, which was held up on the north-east corner of the lake by the Turks in a redoubt on Hill 10.

We watched this movement from the deck of the *Minneapolis*. The battalions crossed by sections in short rushes, worried by snipers and exposed to a desultory fire of shrapnel from the guns on the Anafarta Hills, trying to troops under fire for the first time, but causing but few casualties. Once the sun had risen, the whole panorama lay fully exposed to view. To the north rose the heights of the Karakol Dagh, as yet unoccupied ; beyond the Salt Lake a broken, scrubby, wooded country, rising gradually to the Anafarta Hills, with several outlying features, Chocolate Hill and Scimitar Hill, met the eye. Not a Turk was visible anywhere, not an entrenchment or a gun emplacement could be seen. To the south lay the Biyuk Anafarta Valley, and still further southwards Koja Chemen Tepe towered above the plain at its feet. From Anzac came an incessant rumbling, like distant thunder on a hot summer's day, and clouds of white smoke hung over the hills. No one knew what tragedies were being enacted amongst that dreadful network of scrub-covered hills, sandy slopes, and labyrinthine valleys. Transports, destroyers, and " Beetles " were continually discharging fresh men, stores, and ammunition on to the crowded beaches.

There seemed to be no decision or life about the movements of our men, even at this early hour. Instead of advancing, the army was crawling parallel to the Anafarta Hills, as if loth to seize its objectives.

At every halt the men fell asleep in spite of the shells and snipers. Exhaustion and thirst were already beginning to tell on these new formations. No firm hand appeared to control this mass of men suddenly dumped on an unknown shore. Although the beaches were crowded with khaki figures, they appeared pitifully few when the eye wandered to the enormous expanse of hilly country, covered with trees and scrub, which had been assigned to them as the first day's objective.

We learnt that, owing to the impossibility of utilising A beach inside the bay, six battalions of the 10th Division, which should have landed on the north side of the bay to occupy the Karakol Dagh, had been diverted to B beach. Therefore the congestion at this point hindered the original plan and the 10th and 11th Divisions became intermingled. Brigadier-General Hill, instead of advancing direct on Chocolate Hill by the south side of the Salt Lake, commenced at noon to move across the spit to join up with the 32nd and 34th Brigades of the 11th Division lying behind Hill 10. His force had also to run the gauntlet of shrapnel and snipers. Meanwhile, the Navy had found another practical landing at Ghazi Baba to replace the abandoned A beach where Major-General Sir Bryan Mahon and four battalions of the 10th Division were disembarked.

It will thus be seen that the germs of confusion had already been well laid even before any advance against the enemy's main positions had been attempted. The 10th Division was split up and had ceased to exist as an organised unit. Its 29th Brigade was at Anzac ; three battalions of the 31st Brigade and two of the 30th were with Hill at B beach (at noon they advanced to the north side of the bay), two battalions of the 30th and one of the 31st and the 5th Royal Irish Pioneers were with Mahon, whose command was now reduced to that of a brigade, at Ghazi Baba.

The 32nd and 34th Brigades of the 11th Division were now massed behind Hill 10, where they were joined shortly after noon by Hill's five battalions of the 10th Division. The organisation of the army had already collapsed, and yet there had been no actual fighting since the capture of Lala Baba. Only the enemy's limited artillery and a handful of picked skirmishers had been encountered, and it was past midday. Fatigue, inexperience of commanders and men, lack of clear orders, thirst, and the general inertia produced by the rays of a pitiless Mediterranean sun on men from the north, had done the rest.

It appeared to us who were watching the scene from the deck of the *Minneapolis* as if the troops on shore had made up their minds

that they had achieved enough for the day and had decided to rest during the afternoon. There came a long interval between the acts after Hill's battalions had reached the broken ground behind Hill 10; you could see masses of men lying down, either asleep or resting, and no immediate attempt at an advance. The Anafarta Hills appeared deserted, and from the sea it looked as if a mere promenade would have taken the troops to the top had any battalion commander or brigadier been inclined to march his men across the Salt Lake.

But at about 4.30 p.m. something did happen. The sky suddenly became overcast, a violent wind sprang up, which at one time seriously threatened to stop or interfere with the landing of the troops and munitions. This unexpected storm, unusual for this time of year, might have upset all the carefully laid plans, but the wind died down in a violent squall of heavy rain. This lasted some twenty minutes, and cooled the air, to the great relief of our thirsty infantry, who had found no water on shore, and who had already consumed what they carried in their bottles. At 5 p.m., the rain having ceased, the infantry suddenly sprang to life, debouched from behind Hill 10, and commenced to advance along the north side of the Salt Lake. I learnt afterwards that they consisted of the five battalions of Hill's Brigade of the 10th Division, and two battalions of the 34th Brigade of the 11th Division lent by Sitwell.

I am bound to say, in spite of what happened afterwards, that this movement was well conducted in the most model parade-ground manner. It was a stirring sight, and for the only time during these operations we appeared to have a chance of occupying the Anafarta Hills. The infantry swept forward through the broken scrub-covered ground between the Salt Lake and the Karakol Dagh Hills, sorely worried by snipers from the higher ground on their left flank. Nevertheless they pushed on, keeping a perfect formation, with their firing-line supports and reserves moving as if on parade. The Turkish gunners tried to check the advance with shrapnel, but the men were in very open order and suffered but few casualties. The long lines swept forward amidst clouds of smoke and dust from the bursting shells, and the passage of so many feet.

By advancing along the north side of the Salt Lake, instead of south of it or moving across the lake itself, the distance to be traversed before the objective, Chocolate Hill, could be reached, was more than doubled. On reaching the north-east corner the lines had to right wheel and move parallel to the foot of the Anafarta Hills and its outlying spurs, Scimitar Hill and Green Hill. The Turks took full advantage of this march across their front. The wooded hilly country suited

Alfieri Pedrini Serra

SCENE IN THE GULLY RAVINE

their tactics admirably, and they caused many casualties amongst the advancing infantry. Nevertheless the lines swept on, encircling Chocolate Hill. It must have been about 6 p.m. when they reached its foot, and the subsequent movements became impossible to follow. Somewhere about sunset Chocolate Hill was most gallantly stormed, and remained in our possession.

Unfortunately, Chocolate Hill had been assigned as one of the early morning objectives and it was not captured until sunset. Thus the programme was already twelve hours behind time, and speed was absolutely essential if success was to be achieved before the Turks could bring up reinforcements. None of the main features of the ridge were as yet in our hands. Scimitar Hill, Green Hill, and Ismail Oglu Tepe all remained occupied by the enemy. From this hour the great chance slipped from our grasp, and was destined never to return again. When I say great chance, I mean the capture of the Anafarta Ridge. I am not in the least convinced, however, that its occupation would have led to decisive success. We could hardly have held the lower ridge if the massif stretching from Ejelmer Bay, through Kavak Tepe and Tekke Tepe, to Anafarta Sagar remained in the enemy's hands. How could two weak divisions of untried troops, minus one brigade, be expected to occupy the Karakol Dagh to Keretech Tepe, then the enormous stretch of wooded hilly country, including Kavak Tepe and Tekke Tepe right down to Ismail Oglu Tepe? But on August 7th we secured nothing except the two outlying positions Lala Baba and Chocolate Hill. Meanwhile, Sir Bryan Mahon, with four battalions of the 10th Division which had been landed at Ghazi Baba, had made a most gallant and successful advance up the razor-backed Karakol Dagh, which they occupied up to what subsequently became known as Jephson's Post.

I watched all the fighting from the deck of the *Minneapolis*, as, strange to say, no means presented itself of going ashore. The liner was an ideal observation post for viewing the operations as a whole, whereas little could be seen from the low beaches crowded with the disorganised mass of men, guns, and munitions. Thus, when night put an end to the fighting, we were in possession of all the low ground, but none of the hills.

Sunday, August 8th. We were up at dawn expecting to see some decisive movement. It was Sunday, and many great British victories have been won on the day of rest. We found to our surprise that it was indeed a day of rest for the army at Suvla, for an almost uncanny peace and calm reigned over the battlefield. I could discern no movement of troops, no sign of any advance, and no khaki figures on the

Anafarta Ridge. Not a gun was fired either by the Turks or our warships, and only an occasional rifle shot broke the stillness of this hot August day. I could see our men lying prone in the bush at the foot of the hills, but no attempt to advance ; on the contrary, there was rather a retrogade movement. Long lines of stragglers were leaving the front and making their way to the beaches, each festooned with the water-bottles of his comrades. It was evident that water had not been found at the front, and had to be fetched from the beaches. Occasionally small groups advanced short distances but they were soon checked by the enemy's snipers and retired to cover.

The atmosphere became depressing. One could not help feeling that the offensive had suddenly come to a standstill, that the " punch " had gone out of the attack.

Nevinson and I seized the first opportunity of going ashore and landed at Ghazi Baba. Here we found hundreds of bluejackets and soldiers hastily unloading stores and ammunition. I sat down on some boxes and wrote my first account of the landing—which Delmé Radcliffe took back with him to Imbros. I could truthfully cable that we had got ashore successfully, and I gave a description of yesterday's events as they had come under my eye, but I could not mention the acute forebodings which now possessed us. We then set off to explore the country, passing round the long northern arm of Suvla Bay until we came to the sand spit which separates it from the Salt Lake. The scenes *en route* resembled rather the retreat of a routed army than the advance of a victorious one. Everywhere we encountered stragglers returning from the firing line in a state of pitiful exhaustion from fatigue and thirst, hastening to the beaches to find water at any cost. Many had their tongues hanging from their mouths, blackened with thirst. When they reached the bay they found the water lighters, but no adequate means of filling their bottles. The water was pumped ashore through hose-pipes, but there were no receptacles, and the men were expected to fill bottles a quarter of an inch wide at the spout, from a hose three or four inches in diameter. Naturally, more was wasted than drunk. The hoses were leaking in dozens of places, but I have since learnt that this was due to holes bored by the impatient infantry, who would no longer wait their turn at the spout. The men with whom I spoke seemed dazed and depressed. Not one could tell a coherent story of what had happened, or what was happening at the front. Lack of sleep, thirst, and physical fatigue had killed their interest in the operations. The Anafarta Hills had ceased to be a strategical objective ; they were now merely a name, a geographical point in which they were no longer interested. Water and shade alone

now counted with men whose objective the day before had been the Narrows and Constantinople.

We then crossed the sandy spit to visit Lala Baba. Crossing it under shrapnel fire must have been a very unpleasant ordeal. The surface is composed of soft sand, covered by a coarse grass, into which one sinks at every step above the ankles. No rapid movement is possible. It was littered with the débris of battle, abandoned kits, rifles, and shreds of uniforms and some graves. We then climbed Lala Baba, which bore many evidences of the fierce struggle for its possession. In one of the captured Turkish trenches on the summit we found installed Major-General Hammersley, the commander of the 11th Division, together with his staff. From Lala Baba a splendid view is obtained of the ground in front of the Anafarta Hills, which appeared immeasurably more difficult than it had done from the decks of the *Minneapolis*.

Throughout the afternoon no serious move of any sort was made along this section of the front. The hills, covered with trees and thick bush and split by ravines, provided many hidden recesses, where small numbers of the enemy could conceal themselves admirably. Our lines remained inactive, with the exception of occasional moves by small groups, who advanced into the dense scrub and were then lost to view. Apparently no section of the line was able to follow what was passing on its flanks, and, as few signals could reach the troops in this abominable country, it was almost impossible to organise a brigade, or even a battalion movement. If inertia reigned at the front its powerful influence was equally in evidence amongst the staff on Lala Baba. They did nothing and knew no more of what was happening at the front than Nevinson or myself. There was a heliograph on the hill which kept up a continual conversation with one behind Chocolate Hill, but no information of any importance came through. The service seemed to be very indifferent, judging by the remarks of the sergeant who was manipulating it at our end.

Having satisfied ourselves that nothing would happen, we retraced our steps towards Ghazi Baba at dusk. The beaches were alive with rumours. Some said the troops refused to advance ; others told of heavy losses amongst the officers ; others of the scarcity of water which left the men so dead-beat that they lay down rather than even dig shelter trenches. We learnt that a well had been found on the other side of the Salt Lake but that it was constantly sniped by the Turks. Nevertheless the men poured towards it from all parts of the line, caring little whether they got hit as long as they could obtain a drop for their parched throats. We found even more stragglers along

the beaches than in the morning. Dissolution and chaos were written large over the battlefield. Throughout the entire day the rumbling of the guns from Anzac never ceased, and palls of white smoke hung over the slopes of the Sari Bair Ridge. This blanket appeared to be higher up than yesterday.

August 9th. Heavy firing started at an early hour, but it was impossible to tell what was happening in the broken country. I made my way once again to Lala Baba.

Throughout the morning efforts were made by Hill's 31st Brigade of the 10th Division, supported by Maxwell's Brigade of the 11th Division, to occupy Ismail Oglu Tepe (W Hill) and also Scimitar Hill, but the movements were spasmodic, consisting of isolated efforts of groups of officers and men to push forward through the scrub and ascend the slopes of these positions. Nothing like a general advance of a whole brigade was or could be organised in such a country, where the men could not see a dozen yards to the right or left. While some groups advanced, others close at hand remained inactive, as if waiting to see the results of their comrades' efforts. Thousands of men lay about, apparently too hot and thirsty even to attempt to deal with the Turkish snipers, who, taking full advantage of the immunity they enjoyed, crept about from scrub to scrub, from tree to tree, and played the devil with our intermixed battalions.

The scene reminded one of descriptions of Indian warfare of a hundred years ago. It was obvious that the Turks had received large reinforcements. The volume of fire was immeasurably greater than on the previous days, and the artillery far better directed, showing that the enemy had moved their guns forward to closer range.

The day was unique in the opportunities it afforded of watching the fortunes of groups and individuals during a battle. Platoons, sections, or companies left cover at the foot of the hills, and disappeared into the scrub. From time to time they would reappear in open patches, reduced in numbers, and then seek cover again. I could also follow the movements of the Turkish snipers who were picking them off as they advanced. Many officers and men reached the border of the yellow glacis, bare of scrub and trees, which gave Scimitar Hill its name. When they attempted to storm the trenches they were swept away by shrapnel from two batteries placed behind W Hill, or picked off by the infantry on the higher ground. Seeing that it was useless to proceed, some endeavoured to regain their shelter trenches, but many were killed or wounded on the border of the scrub and the open glacis, where their bodies remained exposed to view. Gallant deeds were performed which will only be known to

those who watched these tragic scenes. I saw two men who tried to descend, supporting a wounded comrade. After a few steps one toppled over, his companion stopped, turned him over, and, seeing that he was past all aid, tried to continue his Via Dolorosa with his wounded friend. They both in turn fell victims of the sniper. Such incidents were common throughout the morning. During these desultory advances, our warships kept up an incessant bombardment of the crest line of the Anafarta Hills, but the Turks either remained securely hidden in the trenches or crept down the slopes towards our lines and became so intermingled with our men that no guns dared fire on them. Our ships' shells were for the most part absolutely wasted. They could not even silence the batteries doing so much damage behind W Hill. Guns on reverse slopes cannot be reached by direct fire.

About midday a new horror was added to this accumulation of tragedies. The heavy shells from the ships started a series of fires which, wafted by a light wind, swept diagonally across the front of Scimitar Hill. Our men ran back to the trenches for cover, and then was seen the ghastly spectacle of many wounded endeavouring to escape from the smoke and flames. The majority were lying in the scrub just beneath the yellow sandy escarpment of Scimitar Hill and their only chance was to crawl out into the open where they would escape the flames, only to be exposed to snipers and shrapnel. Many, alas, sought safety in vain. I watched the flames approaching and the crawling figures disappear amidst dense clouds of black smoke. When the fire passed on little mounds of scorched khaki alone marked the spot where another mismanaged soldier of the King had returned to mother earth. The fire attacked friend and foe alike. It caught the Turks concealed in the scrub. I saw many running like rabbits through the bracken to regain the trenches. While the fire lasted it brought the combat to an end. For both sides it was a question of "*Sauve qui peut*."

Later in the day Nevinson joined me, very exhausted and on the verge of despair. He had been for a walk right round the far side of the lake and his report was most discouraging. "Our infantry," he declared, "are demoralised, weary, and absolutely refuse to advance. The muddle is beyond anything I have ever seen. Never since Nicholson's Neck and Lombard's Kopje have I seen British infantry behave so badly." Yet there was much to excuse them. Naturally, Nevinson did not have all the facts in his possession at the time.

We made our way back to the beaches amidst hundreds of stragglers who had drifted away from the front simply because they could not stand the pangs of thirst any longer. They were completely done,

burnt black, begrimed with dirt, with their tongues blackened, shrivelled, and lolling out of their mouths, their clothes in shreds, and many only in their shirt sleeves. Some, when they reached the sea, rushed into it, even swallowing the salt water. Others waded out to the water-barges, although the distribution had now been arranged on shore. Confusion reigned supreme. No one seemed to know where the headquarters of the different brigades and divisions were to be found. The troops were hunting for water, the staffs were hunting for their troops, and the Turkish snipers were hunting for their prey. Late this evening I ran across Sir Ian Hamilton standing all by himself somewhere near Ghazi Baba. His face was pale and worried, his gaze was directed on the columns of smoke rising leisurely from the smouldering fires along the front of Anafarta. To the Commander-in-Chief it must have been obvious at this hour that his final effort to reach the Narrows had failed.

This morning the 53rd Welsh Territorial Division was landed. Some of its battalions were immediately pushed up into the firing line and at once became absorbed into the prevailing confusion, while adding nothing to its strength.

August 10th. The sound of artillery fire attracted our attention early this morning, somewhere about 6 a.m. I soon saw large numbers of troops crossing the bare open surface of the Salt Lake under a heavy fire of shrapnel. They were the remainder of the 53rd Division, which had been landed yesterday, advancing to a fresh attack on the Anafarta Hills. These untried troops crossed the lake in long lines in very open formation, and, when they came to the broken ground behind Chocolate Hill, formed up and sought cover in the trenches spreading along the front, where they found themselves hopelessly intermingled with the demoralised remnants of the 10th and 11th Divisions.

As it was evident that another attack was about to be made, Nevinson and I set off for Chocolate Hill, taking the short cart-track route on the south side of the lake. When we had got half-way round we came in for some unpleasant attention from the Turkish gunners on W Hill. Why they should have bothered about two isolated individuals I am unable to say, as there was not another soul visible within a mile of us. We had set out hoping to cross in perfect security, but were sadly disillusioned. The first shell pitched over our heads and the next burst five yards in front, covering us with mud ; several others followed. There was no cover on the road, so I ran into the reeds which fringe the lake to hide myself, but instead of finding a firm surface I sank above my knees in thick slime. I could not move, and had to stay, while many shells burst within ten or twenty yards.

But our luck was in, we both escaped, and as soon as the shelling ceased we crept back to the road, and ran about three hundred yards to a bank which afforded some cover. From here we made our way to the ever-friendly shelter of Chocolate Hill.

I shall never forget this day on which we seemed to reach the acme of our humiliation. Chocolate Hill was unique as an observation post, standing out as a buttress between the two lines, so that you could watch the movements of both friend and foe with almost equal facility.

It was now the turn of the unfortunate troops of the 53rd Division, who had crossed the Salt Lake at dawn. These untried battalions were given a first experience of war which was enough to shatter the nerves of even the most hardened veterans. On arriving at the hastily constructed trenches stretching along the front from Scimitar Hill to W Hill, they found the remnants of the exhausted men of the 10th and 11th Divisions, utterly weary and greatly demoralised by their losses, the heat, and the inevitable thirst. There were also many wounded waiting to be evacuated and numbers of hastily dug graves which hardly concealed the bodies of the slain. On looking over the top of the trenches towards the hills they were about to assault, a horrid vista of war met their eye. Most of the green scrub round Scimitar Hill had been destroyed and only blackened thickets and stunted trees remained. Scattered all over this partly burnt ground lay our dead—little heaps of khaki scorched by the flames—mixed up with the débris and filth of the battlefield. Higher up on the bare sandy escarpment of Scimitar Hill they could see hundreds of bodies of those killed in previous attacks and also numbers of wounded who had crept there to escape the fire. All the while the shells screamed overhead, the bullets whistled above, and any man who showed himself was certain to attract the attention of a Turkish sniper from the higher ground. Is it surprising that young untried soldiers who had never been in action had all the spirit knocked out of them before they even advanced? The men of the 10th and 11th Divisions with whom they were huddled would naturally depress them still more by their dreadful tales of their own experiences on the previous days, when endeavouring in vain to mount these fatal slopes.

On the other hand, the enemy showed extraordinary activity. Where I had only seen one Turk yesterday there seemed to be ten to-day. They were crowded in the trenches on Scimitar Hill and on the high ground beyond Green Hill and on Ismail Oglu Tepe. Their tactics remained exactly the same. Leaving comparatively few in the trenches, large numbers descended into the unburnt scrub, and there, almost immune from artillery fire, awaited our attack. Not only were

they holding Scimitar Hill in great strength and also the ground towards Anafarta Sagar behind it, and they established semi-circles of snipers on either flank. Our troops were thus compelled to advance into a death-trap. All these movements could be plainly watched from Chocolate Hill. Their snipers crept from bush to bush, from tree to tree, from knoll to knoll, picking off our men whenever they saw a favourable target, and were themselves left almost unmolested. Our infantry, exhausted by the heat and thirst, despairing of the repeated failures of the past three days, preferred to lie still, and allowed themselves to be killed rather than make any further effort to drive away their foe. Half the trouble arose from the nature of the ground, which prevented anyone from seeing what was happening on his immediate flank. Thus, immediately a section of the line advanced, it at once lost all cohesion and split up into little groups of individuals who wandered about lost amidst the scrub. The natural tendency was to hesitate. There was none of that moral determination animating a large number of men led by officers whom they could see, which so often carries an attack to success. It was an attempt to storm positions of immense strength, held by a determined enemy, through an impassable country, not with solid lines but with little groups of lost sheep. I am only using the term sheep figuratively, for these men had hearts of lions, and under different conditions might have achieved great success.

Nevertheless there was one determined attempt to take Scimitar Hill, the lower slopes of which had been abandoned on the previous day on account of the fires. A mob composed of many different battalions, including probably some from the 10th and 11th Divisions, gradually assembled in the unburnt scrub along its front. Some sort of common motive power seemed suddenly to animate the mass. An unknown officer may have taken charge and infused his heroic spirit into the whole body. The ships' guns had kept up a continuous bombardment of Scimitar Hill throughout the morning, which had gradually begun to have a demoralising effect on the Turks. Suddenly this mass of khaki figures, in no sort of line, but in a fan-shape formation, like a crowd rushing the gates of a football ground, surged up the slopes of Scimitar Hill. Before they had gone half-way the Turks began to evacuate the trenches and to skidaddle back towards Anafarta Sagar. It looked as if our efforts to take the hill were about to be crowned with success. Here again one saw a good example of the dead nature of the ground. For, while this frontal assault was being made, numbers of men, collected on either flank of the hill, made no effort to advance simultaneously, and I am convinced that they could not even see what was taking place. Now when this disorganised mob

ADVANCED TRENCH, ANZAC. TURKISH POSITIONS ABOVE

reached the sandy glacis, one more determined rush would have taken them into the deserted trenches. But no sooner did they appear on the escarpment, littered with the dead of the previous days, than the Turkish artillery commenced to fire low salvoes of shrapnel which caused fearful havoc. The survivors hesitated. Then there was a convulsive movement partly backwards, partly forwards, and partly towards the flanks. The mass wavered, began to move in circles, and finally to disintegrate and rush back down the slope. Only some groups on the flanks, who had escaped the shrapnel, maintained their position. The astonished Turks, surprised at the sudden turn affairs had taken, crept back in twos and threes and began to reoccupy the trenches and to shoot up the remnants of the assaulters. Had those on Scimitar Hill only known, as we did on Chocolate Hill, that these trenches had been abandoned, they would surely have rushed for cover into them rather than have retired down the bloodstained, blackened slope. Now the whole escarpment of Scimitar Hill remained littered with a fresh layer of dead and wounded men.

All along the front these same scenes were being enacted, and lasted throughout the day, when the exhausted battalions were withdrawn or retired to the half-built trenches.

I met two brigadiers on Chocolate Hill—each had selected it as his advanced operations post—Brigadier-General F. W. Hill, commanding the 31st Brigade of the 10th Division, and Brigadier-General R. P. Maxwell, commanding the 33rd Brigade of the 11th. Neither knew who was the senior, and therefore in command of this section of the line, or whose troops were actually on their front. They could see, in fact, no more than we ourselves, namely, what was going on under their own eyes. Neither had they any means of conveying orders to the front lines short of going themselves or sending an orderly.

I had a long talk with Hill. He complained bitterly of the muddles created by Sir Francis Stopford and the staff of the 9th Corps. He told me how they started the debacle by breaking up General Mahon's 10th Division, as follows: The 29th Brigade was sent to Anzac; the 31st was lent to or got muddled up with the 11th Division during the landing, and the 30th Brigade alone remained with Mahon, who received two battalions of the 11th Division as a sop for his injured feelings, but whether these reached him accidentally or on purpose Hill was unable to say. So, before the troops ever got ashore, the germs of confusion were well planted.

It mattered little now whether brigades of the 11th Division were under the commander of the 10th or vice versa, because the whole army was now so hopelessly, inextricably mixed up in the scrub along

a front which no one could accurately trace, that it had become impossible for brigadiers or battalion commanders, however willing, to organise any sort of a firing line with supports and reserves, or even to consolidate the ground which they held. Thus the army had lost all discipline and morale. The men had no idea what had become of their officers or the officers of the fate of their men. The latter just attached themselves to any unit which happened to be in their immediate vicinity, glad to obtain companionship amidst these dreadful scenes. Supposing that there had been no enemy and these operations merely manœuvres at Aldershot, it would have taken at least twenty-four hours to sort out and reorganise the units into companies, battalions, brigades, and divisions.

The crowning confusion was brought about when the nine battalions of the 53rd Division were pushed into the firing line to-day and at once became involved in the general hotch-potch. If you go into a restaurant and order a certain Russian soup called "Bortch Russe," you imagine you have got every species of vegetable and oddment of meat or game mixed up on your plate. Then the waiter comes along and pours a thick cream over the whole. This is what happened to the 53rd Division. They were poured into the bortch of war like a thick cream, and with a few turns of the spoon of battle became absorbed with the rest of the ingredients. This Russian soup is dark red in colour; this battlefield was dark red, too.

During the fighting the brigadiers were left to their own devices. No orders ever reached them from corps or divisional headquarters, and this lack of control led to frequent misunderstandings. Artillery above all was wanted, but very little was ashore and the infantry could only be supported by the ships. An obsolete mountain battery was pushed up behind Chocolate Hill. A dispute arose between Hill and Maxwell over these guns. Hill had collected some reserves of all regiments behind the hill and complained that their presence attracted the enemy's artillery. There were plenty of suitable positions in which they might have been placed, but as there was no one in control they were dumped down in the middle of the weary infantry.

While I was on Chocolate Hill a curious incident occurred. A message came through officially by telephone that Achi Baba had fallen. This was circulated down the lines, and was greeted in places with cheers by the troops. Unfortunately, it had not the slightest effect in stimulating them to advance. Rather the reverse, for, hearing that this sinister mountain had at last been taken, many apparently came to the conclusion that the main object of the expedition had been

achieved. I was never able to find out who was responsible for this false report. I imagine, however, it was due to a misunderstanding. The neck between Hill Q and Chunuk Bair having been occupied for a few minutes at dawn, the news was signalled to Suvla, and then probably the position was mixed up with Achi Baba.

At night, on my way to the beaches, I ran across General Mahon, who was just emerging from a bathe. He was furious and disgusted with everyone and everything.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST DYING EFFORTS

AUGUST 11th. It became painfully evident to-day that the disheartened and disorganised 9th Corps was in no position to undertake any further attacks. During the night and early morning fresh troops were landed from transports. They were the 54th East Anglian Division, the last reserve remaining to the army. There was also an ominous silence from Anzac, which appeared to indicate that the fighting had died down there, and a complete absence of reliable news from that quarter. Nevinson and I decided that, in view of the necessity of sending off despatches and also of finding out what had happened at Anzac and Helles, we must abandon Suvla and return to Imbros. Nevinson, before leaving, made one more complete tour of the line. On his return he told me that conditions were deplorable at the front, especially from Chocolate Hill to Sulajik, and that our battalions and brigades were so hopelessly intermixed that they were in no position even to resist a counter-attack. The men had lost sight of their officers and simply lay about in any ditches or under any trees which provided shade from the sun or cover from the snipers.

On returning to our camp at Imbros, I received a visit from Marshall, General Douglas's A.D.C., and from him I heard the first reliable information as to what had happened at Helles. It appears that there were several attempts to advance but that all ended in failure, for the Turks had been strongly reinforced and were waiting for us. It is believed that they intended to attack our lines but that we anticipated them by some twenty minutes. The 42nd Division, which attacked a position known as the "Vineyard," lost seventy-five officers and sixteen hundred men. The 29th Division also suffered heavily, and our total casualties at Helles alone have not been under six thousand. The Turks lost severely, as they resisted with a vigour they have not shown for a long time, and came out in whole battalions to counter-attack us. At Anzac the Dominion troops and 13th Division are reported to have fought splendidly but to have lost out of all proportion

to the results achieved. I found in camp a letter from Ross, the New Zealand War Correspondent, containing a spirited account of the part played by his countrymen.

August 12th. Deathly depression reigns at Imbros. The truth is now generally known that we have failed everywhere. The empty tents of the 9th Corps, glistening in the sun, have become tombstones of the dead ; at night they appear ghostlike and deserted under the moonlight. Where is that mighty host which occupied them but five days ago ?

Smith, the official representative of the Press with the Australians, came over from Anzac. He gave me the first eye-witness's account of what had happened along the lowering Sari Bair Ridge. He is depressed by the stupendous losses and decisive failure. He says that the men have now lost all hope of victory. I spent the whole day trying to minimise our defeat at Suvla, an almost impossible task. It is easy enough to write up a success, but it would defy the genius of Ananias to make a victory out of this affair, either at Helles, Anzac, or Suvla. We have landed again and dug another graveyard. That is all.

August 13th. That grey-haired, middle-aged, determined veteran, Nevinson, had the courage to visit G.H.Q. this morning, but my nerve failed me after so many disasters. He reported that all was confusion there in consequence of the complete breakdown of the campaign. He says that they have lost all confidence in themselves, and that no one seems to know what is going to happen. He has learnt that there are likely to be important changes amongst the corps and divisional commanders. He might have added at G.H.Q. also. Lawrence turned up from Helles, and confirmed the news about the utter failure of our attacks on Achi Baba. Taken all round, the situation is about as bad as it can be. Our losses are reported everywhere as colossal and the Dominion troops have been fought to a standstill. There is great difficulty in getting off our despatches. No one knows how much of the disaster should be allowed to pass and how much be suppressed. I admit that it is very difficult for the censors, but they cannot long conceal the real truth from the public. Nevinson and I tried to return to Suvla Bay, but the trawler never turned up.

August 14th. I left at 7 a.m. for Suvla. The trawler was greatly delayed, and we did not arrive until 11 a.m. We went ashore and pitched a tent overlooking West beach A. I found that the fleet had been driven further off the shore by the enemy's shell-fire, and that the *Swiftsure* had been struck several times, losing six killed and seven wounded. The Turks have now brought up several fresh guns, and

have been shelling A beach with a most formidable 8-inch high explosive shell. They drop these all over the place, but up to the present have not found West beach A, although two fell in the water alongside. Otherwise the situation remains unchanged. Our line has now been "consolidated," a military term meaning that we have been obliged to dig in just where the high-water mark of the advance left us, and the *guerre des tranchées* has now started here, as at Anzac and Helles. The only result of these operations, which have entailed a loss of nearly forty thousand, is this: we have succeeded in moving four divisions of infantry from Imbros and other islands to Suvla, and the survivors will now remain dug in there until some fresh attack is planned. We climbed the hills to the left this afternoon, and obtained a good view of the surrounding country. Except for a desultory shell-fire the front was very quiet. I called on the staff of the 10th Division, who expressed themselves very freely on past events. They complain bitterly of how their division was broken up and dispersed, even before it landed, and its organisation destroyed.

I met Lord Granard, who begged me to send a private letter to Harry Lawson telling him the truth. I told him that this was almost impossible owing to the regulations. He assured me that he corresponded regularly with a very high personage, and could send through anything he liked. I hope he will let the truth be known at home. I wish to resign, but I cannot leave at this stage without the permission of the N.P.A. Nevinson and I called on the 9th Corps headquarters and met Brigadier-General H. L. Reed, the C.O.S., whom I had previously known in Constantinople. He informed us that General Stopford was not at all keen on having any War Correspondents with his army—we both quite understood his point of view—but had consented to Nevinson and me coming, if accompanied by an officer. It was easy to see that the atmosphere was not at all friendly, so we merely asked Reed to be so kind as to let us know any official news of interest, and passed on our way. He promised, however, that he would arrange for us to see Stopford on the following day.[1] However, just as we were leaving we caught a glimpse of Stopford in his dug-out, way down in the bowels of the earth, poring over his maps. There he sat, this unfortunate General, with orders all over his breast, with disorders all over his command.

August 15th. At Suvla. A gale is blowing from the south-west, and this harbour, which we have won at so much cost, offers little protection with the wind in this quarter. The work of disembarking troops and stores is being carried on with difficulty. It looks as though

[1] This interview never took place, for reasons that I shall explain in due course.

the bay will be quite useless as a shelter for the fleet and transports during the autumnal and winter gales. The Navy thought that they might be able to utilise the Salt Lake during the winter. This is impossible because the channel to the sea is silted up, and the lake is only covered with four feet of water. Nevinson and I called on Stopford at 9 a.m., and saw Reed, who made no reference to his general. He seemed more cheerful and friendly and pointed out on his map the different positions held by the troops. He informed us that the 10th Division would make an effort to gain the last knoll held by the enemy on the high ground on our left. Nothing further was said about our interview with Stopford, but there seemed to be a brighter atmosphere about G.H.Q. 9th Corps to-day. The enemy is very busy shelling the beaches with 8-inch high explosives.

After lunch we climbed the stiff slopes of the Karakol Dagh to the razor-backed summit to watch the efforts of the 10th Division, supported by a brigade of the 54th, to extend the line towards Keretech Tepe and the heights overlooking Ejelmer Bay. The Turks being in full possession of the Anafarta Hills and its outlying spurs, this movement was undertaken to endeavour to occupy the higher ground and dominate the lower positions with artillery fire to prepare the way for another advance from Chocolate Hill. The attack this afternoon was supported by a very heavy bombardment, which smashed up the Turkish trenches on the summit of the razor-like back of the Karakol Dagh but which had little effect on his infantry, hidden in the wooded country on either flank. It was a curious position, sitting on the extreme top of the saddle. To the north the ground falls away to the sea and to the south to the Salt Lake. The country is the thickest and most impenetrable I have seen on the Peninsula. The 10th Division moved along the crest and extended its lines to the coast, while the 162nd Brigade of the 54th Division advanced in similar fashion on the south side. The movement was extremely slow, for the firing lines had the utmost difficulty in keeping any sort of formation and were frequently completely hidden from view in the woods and bush. Once again, the snipers, knowing the country, dominated the situation. The Turkish work on the sky-line was captured by a most gallant charge of the 6th Munsters and part of the 6th Dublins at 6 p.m. The 162nd Brigade, however, found it impossible to make any progress amongst the ravines and woods, and suffered heavy casualties. It is more and more evident that infantry can achieve nothing in such a country. Every one of these attacks fails and only leads to fresh losses.

On my way home I learnt the startling, but not altogether unexpected,

news that Stopford had been relieved of his command. This accounts for Reed's changed attitude in the morning. In my opinion, after the muddle he has made of everything, although it is not his fault alone, this action is both necessary and inevitable, but too late to do any good. I learn that de Lisle has been appointed in his stead.

August 16th. Nevinson, full of courage as usual, went to the 9th Corps headquarters to investigate the demise of Stopford, and saw de Lisle, who said that his predecessor "had broken down under the continual strain." This is the polite way of putting it. He added, "I am now busy sorting out the divisions, which are all jumbled together, and working out plans for a fresh attack."

Nevinson, Lawrence and I left for Anzac at 11 a.m. I met Ross and Schulyer on board. On arriving I went out to Godley's headquarters, and had a long talk with him, and he explained the whole of the operations of his corps to me. He was loud in his praise of the manner in which the Dominion soldiers had fought. Afterwards, accompanied by Ross, I climbed to the highest point now held by our troops up the Rhododendron Ridge, which gives access to Chunuk Bair, the scene of some of the most stubborn fighting during the advance. The climb was steep and very dangerous, owing to the enemy's snipers, who commanded almost the whole valley from Chunuk Bair, Hill Q, and Koja Chemen Tepe. Signboards, giving advice to those who were obliged to follow this Via Dolorosa of so much human suffering, had been put up. Each of them marked the spot where men had been killed or wounded. "Keep well to your left," "Leave the road and keep to your right," "Keep your head well down," and, at the worst point, a strip of about forty yards with no cover, "Double across one at a time." We followed this advice and passed safely, but even then the snipers had time to get in half a dozen very accurate shots. From our front trenches I could see the high-water mark reached by the advance about fifty yards ahead. Here our dead were lying in rows: Australians, New Zealanders, Maoris, and Britons, a confused jumble of bodies of men, drawn from all over the Empire, who had taken part in the final rush. The lines here were now being held by the 13th Division, good troops who fought well at Anzac. The New Zealand Infantry Brigade under General Johnstone was the first to reach the top of the ridge, but they were now in the second line. From the high ground I could obtain a view of the country for miles around and could follow the whole of the Anzac line round the coast to where it was linked up by a series of posts with the 9th Corps at Suvla. Yet the dominating heights everywhere remain in the enemy's possession. In my opinion the situation of the army renders it hopeless to attempt

TRENCH MORTAR AT ANZAC

INTERIOR OF CAPTURED TURKISH REDOUBT

any further advance from the positions we now hold; the essential element of surprise has vanished, and the Turks have entrenched all points from which we can debouch. Our lines on Rhododendron Ridge are extremely precarious. We are sitting on craggy spurs with the enemy right on top of us, and a big attack might break our line, and force us pell-mell back to the beaches. The nearest Turkish trench was only fifty yards away. An effort had been made to storm it that morning, but had failed. At 5 p.m., Ross and I were cleared out of our front trenches as the guns were about to open once again, to prepare the way for a new attack. On our way down we were nearly scuppered by a machine gun hidden in the thick scrub. We had to lie down in the road and crawl until we came to cover. The Turkish snipers creep out into the broken ground and are found well within our lines. It takes time and patience to locate these vipers.

I called again at Godley's headquarters, and met Aubrey Herbert and Bentinck, both of whom were very despondent. The former told me horrible tales about the fate of the wounded, many of whom had to lie out in the sun for four days without water, so inadequate were the arrangements for taking them off the shore. Aubrey told me that he would never forget the terrible cries of those lying outside our lines calling for water, and how they were left to perish miserably as it was impossible to bring them in. The whole story is too horrible for words or for further details. This splendid Anzac Corps has been fought to a standstill and the majority of the finest soldiery are gone for ever.

It was quite dark when I set out to make my way to Anzac Cove through the long communication trench along the shore. I ran into an officer in the dark, and stopped to ask him the way. Strange to say, it turned out to be my father's old secretary, Gerald Aylmer, whom I had not seen for ten years. He is now in the Indian A.S.C., and has charge of a mule section of transport. I got back at 8 p.m., and saw General Birdwood. He explained in great detail his plan of campaign, what was intended, and what was actually achieved. He then handed me General Godley's full report on the operations, a document consisting of twenty-seven typewritten pages, and said that I could read it and take what notes I liked, but I must be careful how I used it, as Hamilton would probably want it for his own official report. I stayed with him an hour and a half talking over the battle. He complained bitterly of the failure of the 9th Corps to capture and make good the positions in their front. He said that without the occupation of the Anafarta Hills it would have been impossible for him to remain on the crest of Sari Bair. With this I entirely disagree.

He told me that his total casualties were 375 officers and 10,138 rank and file in the operations on his left, and 2000 in taking and holding the Lone Pine Plateau. The 10th Division has lost 165 officers and 3000 men, and the 11th Division 211 officers and 4,300 men. The 53rd Division has also lost a fair number, although not so heavily engaged. To these must be added some six or seven thousand casualties at Helles. The total therefore amounts to over 30,000, which daily increases, an appalling number for the results achieved, which, as General Godley put it, "amount to about five hundred acres of very bad grazing ground." Or, as the Chief of the Staff of the 10th Division saw it: "There are now three sieges taking place on the Peninsula instead of two." Well, at last we have now got hold of all the fashionable bathing resorts along the coast!

August 17th. Up to 5 a.m., at work on my heavy task of transcribing all the essential parts from Godley's report; it took me three hours and a half to extract all the ore.[1] Then I went round with Chernside, Birdwood's A.D.C., to visit the newly captured Lone Pine position. Poor Onslow, his former A.D.C., is now dead, having been killed by a stray bullet whilst asleep outside his dug-out—an unlucky end. The Turks had turned Lone Pine into a veritable fortress. The Australians could only get at them by opening the subterranean galleries from the top. One thousand corpses were taken from the captured interior, and the dead still lie thick in the open. This was the most savage hand-to-hand fight of the campaign. When they had forced an opening, the Australians jumped down amongst the Turks, and both sides struggled in these underground tunnels, quite regardless of life and more like savage beasts than men. Was it worth it? I think not. The object was to divert Turks from Godley's attack, but that failed. Shells, maggots, flies, and débris everywhere, and a horrid odour of rotting corpses—this was the impression left of Lone Pine.

The loss of the *Royal Edward* transport with many lives is confirmed. She was sunk by a submarine. I sailed for Imbros with Nevinson, Lawrence, and Aubrey Herbert.

[1] Throughout the whole of the last great offensive at Gallipoli, I was present with the 9th Corps at Suvla Bay, and therefore I saw nothing of the operations carried out by General Birdwood's Corps at Anzac. As this book is confined generally to what I saw with my own eyes on the Peninsula, I have not attempted to incorporate an account of the complicated operations at Anzac in the narrative. But it is necessary—in order to have a proper understanding of the herculean task attempted—to follow the movements of the Anzac Corps in its heroic efforts to occupy the Sari Bair Ridge and its commanding heights—Koja Chemen Tepe, Hill Q and Chunuk Bair. I have, therefore, printed a summary of Major-General Sir Alexander Godley's report on the operations in the Appendix. A perusal of this report will show more clearly than any words of mine the almost impossible nature of the task undertaken by the Anzac Corps from August 6th to August 10th.

See Appendix ii.

On my way home I could not help reflecting on the change that has come over Anzac and the Dominion troops since I last visited their camps before the great offensive. Then Anzac was like a gay, heavily-populated city full of life and hope, with confidence in itself and in its ability to carry through any task it might be called upon to perform. The men had faith in their General and the General in his men. Not that they have now lost their trust in Birdwood, but all are conscious that they have given of their very best and have failed; that they are, in fact, no nearer Constantinople to-day than they were on the evening of August 6th. The original Anzac position where the troops lived for so many months is now almost deserted. The centre of population has shifted higher up the Sari Bair Ridge and to the outlying posts, captured from the enemy, which link it up with Suvla Bay. The original dug-outs are now generally empty except when battalions come back from the front lines for a rest. Then there are too many to go round, so enormous have been the casualties. Nearly half Birdwood's army has now melted away from death, wounds and disease. The men who return stand outside the dug-outs and think of the comrades who will know them no more. The physiognomy of all ranks seems to have changed. They no longer carry themselves with that confident air of assurance formerly so marked amongst the men from "Down Under." Anzac seems to have gone through some terrible illness and to have aged. Everyone looks older and drawn. They have the air of men resigned to their fate, but who are determined to see the matter through. There is still the grim decision, but the look of hope and expectancy has altogether vanished. No illusions as to the real position remain. Every officer and every man realises only too well that there is nothing more to be done. They have pushed the enemy higher up these ghastly hills but the Turks still look down from impregnable lairs on their extended and attenuated line. The feeling that so much sacrifice has been made in vain and that no hope remains for the future is the most depressing with which the soldier can be confronted. Thousands of their comrades will never see their beloved native land again. Their bones lie scattered in unknown graves, and will never even be located, alongside of men drawn from all over the Empire, comrades in attack, comrades in death. Now all are faced with weary months in the trenches, and winter is coming on. No wonder that mysterious moral force no longer sustains the Dominion troops. Before the last advance hardly a man reported sick. Now hundreds daily pass before the doctors and have to be evacuated from the Peninsula. The fifth act has ended in tragedy after the splendid opening and months of

fierce combats to consolidate the position. Where is it all going to end? That is what everyone at Anzac is asking to-day. To this question no one can reply.

August 18th. At Imbros. I visited G.H.Q. in the morning and caught Sir Ian and Braithwaite just as they were leaving for Suvla Bay. They told me to return to-morrow. I visited Maxwell, Radcliffe, and Colonel Ward. The War Office are making trouble over the cinema films. One would think that they had enough difficulties of their own and would leave us alone. I saw Jack Churchill, who seems to think we are in for a winter campaign for certain. God help the Army if it is left ashore this winter. Jack Churchill spoke bitterly of Stopford, and said that he had spoilt the entire plan by his delays. This is only partially true. Stopford committed every error possible in a given time, but I doubt if any General could have got his troops forward under the prevailing conditions. The men could not have known of the blunders taking place behind them for the first day or two; afterwards they could judge for themselves. Had Napoleon been on the field, he could hardly have found a way of inspiring his soldiers to a supreme effort, for there was no means of communication along this wide front with brigades and battalions jumbled together in an unknown country. G.H.Q. is responsible in the first place for launching these new formations on such an enterprise. The real causes for our defeat are obvious. Inexperience of the troops, complete failure to appreciate the lessons of the landings at Helles and Anzac, the lack of water, and the exhaustion of men from the North of England unaccustomed to the climate of the Mediterranean in summer. Jack Churchill was equally down on General Reed, C.O.S., 9th Corps, who, when remonstrated with for not attacking, exclaimed: "Troops cannot advance without support of their heavy artillery," when, as Churchill put it, "he had half the warships waiting for targets in the harbour behind him." But Reed was not so wrong as this criticism would imply. He had probably by this time lost all faith in the fire of the warships' guns against trenches.

August 19th. I went to G.H.Q. this morning and had a long interview with Hamilton and Braithwaite. They were both very subdued, and friendly. They promised to accelerate the despatch of cables which are to be sent off just as soon as they have sent in their official reports. Sir Ian talked freely about the operations. He praised the Dominion troops and, although he did not mention Stopford by name, it was easy to see that he was bitterly disappointed by the behaviour and handling of the 9th Corps. He told me that the Gurkhas had actually reached the summit of Chunuk Bair and had chased the Turks

down the further slope, only to be driven off again by the fire of some of our warships. He said that he had just received a report on this point from Major Allanson, who led the charge. He declared, as far as Anzac was concerned, that never before in war had plans been so carefully laid and so well carried out, and that success was almost within our grasp.

It is impossible to agree with his contention. The essence of all plans in war should be extreme simplicity, and anyone who examines the operation orders of the Anzac Corps must arrive at one conclusion, namely, that never, since war started in some obscure nursery of a prehistoric man some five million years ago, has there been such a complicated series of movements. It is only a miracle, due to the excellent quality of the troops, that we did not suffer a crushing disaster. To say we were within an ace of success is ignoring the facts. When those Gurkhas reached the summit of Chunuk Bair, the Turkish reserves had not yet come into action, and their overwhelming counter-attack, led by Kemal Pacha in person, simply crushed our further advance. We might have held the crest of Sari Bair for a short time, but there were no reserves ready to consolidate the position, or capable of resisting Turkish counter-attacks. Just a little trickle of water out of a great wave of tormented and exhausted soldiery reached the neck between Hill Q and Chunuk Bair, and that was all. A few odd shells had nothing whatever to do with the final result.

I asked the General if it would have been possible to hold the crest of Chunuk Bair if the enemy still had his guns on the Anafarta Heights (W Hill). He replied, " I do not think we could have." Later, just as I was leaving, he called me back and said : " In regard to your very pertinent question, the enemy actually withdrew his guns on W Hill for twenty-four hours after the 11th Division landed. They only returned there when the advance failed to develop." I must say I was surprised at this statement and can hardly confirm it from what I saw myself. I believe they simply moved their guns from the crest line a short distance to emplacements in order to avoid the fire of the warships. However, I am not prepared to say for certain one way or the other.

Both Sir Ian Hamilton and Braithwaite were particularly amicable towards us. It often happens that generals feel the need of friends when operations have not taken the turn they expected. They promised to restore Maxwell to his old position of chief censor on our complaining that Delmé Radcliffe was not altogether satisfactory. The latter has left our camp, so all the War Office schemes have come to naught. We are free and unfettered, but reduced in numbers. Russell

has gone away sick, I am sorry to say, and Moseley has left never to return, and now Delmé Radcliffe is to leave the Peninsula. I hope he will find a more useful sphere of activity. This makes us just three in the mess, except when Ross and Bean—who has been slightly wounded—are over from Anzac. Everything now seems fixed up in a satisfactory manner, and the future can look after itself. We were told to keep ready for further movements, which means they are going to make a fresh attack on the Anafarta Hills. They do not stand a dog's chance.

August 20th. I remained at Imbros working on a long article on the recent fighting at Anzac. I had just completed this when Delmé Radcliffe came in with the news that we ought to be at Suvla Bay next day. He would not give us further information, but said we would be in time if we left in the morning.

August 21st. These events, the last great attack made by the British Army on the Gallipoli Peninsula, took place to-day, but I was obliged to collect many of the facts here related in the days which immediately followed this disastrous engagement, which practically brought this ill-starred Expedition to a close as far as actual fighting is concerned.

The trawler was very late in starting and we did not reach Suvla Bay until 10 a.m., only to find all quiet. Nevinson and I called on Reed, who informed us that the bombardment would start at 3 p.m., and would be followed by a general attack along the whole line from Scimitar Hill to Ishmail Oglu Tepe, and from there against the Turkish trenches running across Biyuk Anafarta Valley to Hill 60, which would be attacked by the Anzac Corps. The news filled me with consternation. To attempt further frontal attacks on Scimitar Hill and W Hill appeared to me sheer madness. The Turks had two divisions entrenched up to their necks, and if these positions could not be taken when they were held by a few battalions of gendarmes, what chance had we now? They had also concentrated a powerful artillery to support their infantry.

Nevinson and I started off in plenty of time, and walked across the Salt Lake to our old observation post on Chocolate Hill. This passage of the lake was a ways full of excitement, but nothing at Gallipoli was ever normal. You had to pass over nearly two miles of sun-baked mud as flat as a billiard table, and devoid of all cover, in full view of the entire Turkish army, and within range of all his artillery. On the eastern side of the lake you also came within range of his machine guns and rifle fire. You were entirely dependent for your safety on what sort of a mood the Turk happened to be in. Sometimes he would snipe you as you approached the cover of Chocolate Hill, some-

times he would honour you with a machine gun, and, if he had any ammunition to spare, he might plaster you with shrapnel. But it was such a long détour to pass round the north or south of the lake that the majority preferred to take the risk. It was safer to leave the sandy spit separating it from the sea at intervals of two or three hundred yards. This minimised the chance of being shot at. Groups were almost certain to attract the enemy's fire.

On arriving at the foot of Chocolate Hill, I found the Colonel of the South Wales Borderers, and then learnt for the first time that the 29th Division have been brought up from Helles to take part in the attack. They were to be employed like the Old Guard at Waterloo, to make a final effort to break through the enemy's front. This was really beating a willing horse to death. The division was only at half its peace strength, and had lost almost all its old officers and N.C.O.s.

When I arrived on Chocolate Hill, I found it occupied by over twenty machine guns, manned by sailors, placed there to keep down the fire of the Turkish infantry holding the trenches in the Anafarta Valley and on W Hill. The hours which preceded this conflict were so peaceful, for not a shot was fired, that it was impossible to believe that in a short time the whole country would be ablaze with bursting shells and bush fires.

The ground round Suvla Bay is unique. You were able to obtain a perfect view of the whole theatre of operations from Chocolate Hill, which stood out almost in the centre of the battlefield, and watch the movements of all the troops. Immediately behind lies the white expanse of the Salt Lake, and the narrow spit of sand separating it from the sea. Suvla Bay was, as usual, crammed with transports and warships, embraced within the twin arms of Nibrunesi and Buyuk Kemikli. To the north rises the razor-backed Karakol Dagh, culminating to the north-east in the hill of Keretech Tepe.[1] Between the Salt Lake and the Karakol Dagh the ground is broken by nullahs and dried-up water-courses, and is covered with a thick scrub and stunted oaks. From Keretech Tepe Sirt the hills run at varying and slightly lower levels to Ejelmer Bay. From Ejelmer Bay, a massif of hills culminating in the heights of Kavak Tepe and Tekke Tepe completely shuts in Suvla Bay to the north-east, gradually descending to the much lower Anafarta Plateau. These hills are covered with thick scrub and trees and are almost impenetrable if you do not know the few by-paths which traverse them. It is impossible to keep any sense of direction, and, as happened in the case of the 5th Norfolks on August 12th, battalions are literally swallowed up in these gloomy fastnesses, and

[1] Von Sanders considered this the key to the whole Suvla position.

sometimes never return. The ground is thus admirably adapted for defence by small numbers of snipers who know the district. East of Chocolate Hill lie the Anafarta Hills and their outlying features. A thousand yards north-east of Chocolate Hill is the most dreaded of these—Scimitar Hill—which had already cost us more men than almost any other position on the Peninsula. It is undoubtedly the key to this part of the line, for, unless it is held, it is impossible to attack successfully the southern height of the Anafarta plateau, Ismail Oglu Tepe, as infantry advancing to the assault of the latter are enfiladed from it. In front of Chocolate Hill, and only separated from it by a slightly lower neck, is Green Hill, which was already in our possession. To the south lies the open valley of Biyuk Anafarta, across which the Turks had now constructed successive lines of entrenchments connected up with Hill 60, one of the foothills of Koja Chemen Tepe. The plan for to-day was an assault along the whole front from Scimitar Hill to Hill 60, a truly ambitious programme considering the experiences of the past, the time in which the enemy had had to entrench it, and the paucity of numbers at Sir Ian Hamilton's disposal. North of Scimitar Hill, fronting the lower spurs of the massifs of Kavak Tepe and Tekke Tepe, there was to be no advance. The trenches here were held by the 53rd and 54th Divisions, whose duty was limited to guarding against any counter-attack by the Turks.

All available artillery, including the guns of two warships and two cruisers, had been directed on a section of the Turkish line, about a mile in width, between Scimitar Hill and Ismail Oglu Tepe, and on the trenches in the Anafarta Valley. Although the 9th Corps was short of artillery, it was calculated that this concentration would be sufficient to prepare the way for the infantry attack on such a limited front.

Contemplating the scene the hour before the advance, it was impossible to believe that within so short a period hell would be let loose. But even then the omens were not propitious. The afternoon had been chosen for the attempt because the western sun would be right behind our gunners, showing up the enemy's positions with exceptional clearness, whilst his gunners would be handicapped by looking into the face of it. On every previous afternoon the light had been so perfect that most of the enemy's trenches were visible to the naked eye, and could be accurately ranged. But to-day a kind of Scotch mist enveloped the front, and only the blurred silhouette of the hills was visible. There were many who thought it wiser that under such unfavourable conditions the attack should be postponed,

11TH DIVISION EMBARKING AT IMBROS FOR SUVLA, AUGUST 6TH

but Sir Ian Hamilton, who had come over from Anzac, decided that it must be proceeded with.

Suddenly, at 2.45 p.m., every gun on land and sea, that could be brought to bear, opened up simultaneously. It was the greatest concentration of artillery fire yet seen on the Peninsula. From Chocolate Hill the scene was majestic. The enemy's positions along a mile of front seemed suddenly to go up in one vast cloud of smoke and flame, and the country behind the Anafarta Hills disappeared from view. All I could see were flames and smoke, in the midst of which trees, scrub, and huge chunks of earth were hurled into the air. It seemed as if nothing could survive such an awful pounding from so many heavy guns. Loud above all other sounds was the deafening roar of the battleships' 12-inch soaring through the air, and bursting with frightful detonations on the enemy's trenches.

Just before the bombardment started I recall a typical incident, showing the muddle which invariably prevailed on the Peninsula. A young artillery subaltern from a battery of 60-pounders was sent up to " spot " from Chocolate Hill. He had never set eyes on the Turkish positions before and begged me to point out the exact line of their trenches. This was difficult in the prevailing mist, but I helped him as best I could. He confided to me that the target for the 60-pounders had been changed three times in the course of the last half-hour, and that he had absolutely no idea what they were supposed to range on. When the fight started, the enemy's fire became so hot and my subaltern friend so confused by the din of battle and the clouds of smoke rolling across our front that he made no further effort to " spot."

During this bombardment the Turkish guns replied vigorously and, having no better target for the moment, concentrated on Chocolate Hill with shrapnel and high explosives. They knocked our trenches into a shapeless heap of mother earth, out of which the naval machine gunners were constantly obliged to dig themselves and their guns. The escarpments were continually knocked inwards, while the shrapnel burst with its unceasing twang overhead. This caused many casualties on the hill. Just before the infantry attack started, Nevinson was wounded in the head by a shrapnel bullet. He was saved by the thickness of his Indian helmet. I did not see him at the time but the news was brought to me, causing me great anxiety. He retired to the rear, had his head dressed, and reappeared during the later stages of the battle. To add to the grandeur and horror of the scene, the scrub now caught fire and great clouds of smoke and flame swept diagonally across the front, blotting out the hills from view.

Suddenly, at 3.15 p.m., the bombardment switched off the enemy's

lines, and passed on to his artillery positions and communication trenches. South-east of Chocolate Hill I saw long lines of our infantry (the 34th Brigade of the 11th Division) advance to the attack of the Turkish lines in the Biyuk Anafarta valley. Immediately the machine guns on Chocolate Hill concentrated on the parapets of the enemy's trenches to keep his infantry under cover. But the range was rather long and I do not think the Turks suffered much. In fact, when the 34th Brigade went forward I could see the Turkish soldiers standing fully exposed above the top of their sand-bags to fire on our lines. The 34th did capture one trench, but this seemed to be the extent of the success gained in this quarter. The 32nd and 33rd Brigades of the 11th Division should have supported this attack, but immediately after the start the line seemed to converge towards Hill "W," on the lower spurs of which masses of our men remained throughout the afternoon, apparently quite unable to advance further. Here they were exposed to a withering fire from the trenches on Hill "W," and also from those in the plain. I could follow the movements of small groups rushing forward only to be shot down, and this disorganised mixture of battalions never regained any cohesion, and suffered many casualties.

The advance of our infantry caused the Turkish artillery to switch off most of their guns from Chocolate Hill to this new target, and it was possible to obtain a better view of what was passing. Some time after 3.30 my attention was attracted by a sudden rush of our infantry (the 87th Brigade of the 29th Division, 2nd South Wales Borderers, 1st K.O.S.B.s, 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers, and 1st Border Regiment) up the north-west slope of Scimitar Hill. Rushing with incredible speed through the smouldering scrub, this mass of khaki figures reached the bare sand-covered glacis near the top, charged right over it regardless of shells and bullets, and disappeared into the trenches. From Chocolate Hill it looked as if the hill had been won, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly the Turkish artillery swept the crest of Scimitar Hill with shrapnel, the shells bursting incessantly, until a white canopy enveloped the summit. I watched some of our infantry chase the Turks down the reverse slope, but they were either killed or forced to retire from the fire from another trench or redoubt beyond, the existence of which was unsuspected. The tremendous concentration of shrapnel was too much for the shattered battalions. Soon I perceived khaki figures leaping from the trenches and dashing for cover to the scrub from which they had just emerged. The whole bare surface of the glacis remained dotted with our dead and wounded.

Meanwhile, another attack suddenly developed up the south-west

slope of Scimitar Hill. (It was the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, Royal Fusiliers, 1st Munster Fusiliers, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, and 1st Dublin Fusiliers). These battalions, on leaving the trenches and entering the bush, found themselves intermingled with the men of the 11th Division, who should have advanced against the Turkish trenches in the Biyuk Anafarta valley more to the right, but they had gradually edged off to the left to obtain cover from the fire from the Turks in the valley, and were now in scattered groups all round Scimitar Hill.

When the leading battalion of the 86th Brigade attempted to continue its advance, it was apparently joined by many men of the 11th Division. I saw a dense mass of infantry, in no sort of formation, surging slowly up the south-west slope of Scimitar Hill. The confusion was awful, and, to add to it, at this moment the scrub began to blaze again. The disorganised soldiers vanished amidst the dense clouds of smoke and flame, and shortly afterwards reappeared on the bare, yellow glacis. Once again the Turkish artillery opened up with salvoes of shrapnel. The mass wavered, then broke, and men streamed back down the hill, leaving the summit still more thickly strewn with dead and dying. I watched the wounded endeavouring to crawl back to cover, but many, if they did reach the scrub, perished in the flames. In fact, Scimitar Hill was now fairly ablaze. The attack had failed lamentably, but was not yet over.

It was now the turn of the Yeomen of England, the descendants of those men who had fought at Poitiers, Crécy, Agincourt, and the other great battles of the age of chivalry. The only reinforcement which had reached the Peninsula since August 6th was the 2nd Mounted Division under General Peyton, which had arrived from Egypt without their horses. It was, throughout the afternoon, held in reserve behind Lala Baba and now, when the attack of the 29th Division had finally failed, de Lisle decided to throw it into the conflict.

It was some time after 4.30 p.m. when my attention was suddenly attracted by the Turkish gunners lengthening their range and concentrating their fire on the Salt Lake. On moving to the rear of Chocolate Hill, I saw a mass of men advancing in artillery formation across the lake. The Turkish batteries plastered the gallant Yeomen with shrapnel, causing some casualties, but they never lost their formation and kept steadily on until they obtained cover behind Chocolate Hill.

Here the 2nd Brigade under Lord Longford moved towards the left to a position in front of Scimitar Hill. Its advance was slow,

hampered by the burning scrub and the confused jumble of men of the 29th and 11th Divisions, who had been driven off the summit. The 1st Brigade under General Wiggin seems to have remained behind Chocolate Hill without orders, and to have taken but small part in the engagement. The 4th Brigade under General Taylor moved to the support of the 11th Division in the plain south-east of Chocolate Hill, and the 3rd Brigade under General McKenna, V.C., also moved to the south, but seems to have been held in reserve. It was nearly 7 p.m., and night was already setting in, when the 2nd Brigade reached the foot of Scimitar Hill. Then came the final scene of this tragic day. It was almost impossible to see what was happening through the gathering gloom and smoke, only relieved by the bursting shells and flames. Just as darkness settled over the scene, I distinguished a mass of men surging once again towards the summit of this dreadful hill. I have no idea who took part in this final advance. Probably the 2nd Yeomanry Brigade were joined by the remnants of the 29th and men of the 11th Divisions who were lying in the scrub at its foot. The mob surged upwards. The roar of the guns, the crackle of the rifle fire, the burr of the machine guns, was incessant, and then these blurred khaki figures disappeared in the darkness and smoke and was lost to view. Once again we thought that the hill had been won. But in reality it was impossible to hold the crest under the withering fire of shrapnel, rifle, and machine guns. The whole position was evacuated during the night. Not a yard of the enemy's trenches had been taken.

I left the battlefield at 8 p.m., stripped bare, with nothing left but my trousers and shirt. It came about in this way. About 5.30, the Turkish artillery fire on Chocolate Hill having diminished, I endeavoured to set up my cinema above the parapet of the partly destroyed trench to get some pictures of the wonderful panorama of the shell-fire and burning scrub. The gunners were on me like a flash. I could not believe that they could have picked up a target so quickly. One shell whizzed past my head and stuck in the back of the trench without exploding. Then came another. I saw a bright flash and found myself in total darkness. I struggled to get clear but realised that I was buried. Shortly afterwards a spot of light appeared and I became conscious that I was being dug out. My benefactor turned out to be a soldier who had seen my mishap and who immediately ran to my assistance. I found the fuse of a high explosive shell lying on my legs but I had not received a scratch. My belongings did not fare so well. Owing to the heat, I had taken off my coat and placed it beside me with my small camera, walking-stick, field glasses, and water-bottle.

They were probably blown to smithereens, and, in any case, disappeared for ever. The infernal old cinema, of which I was now heartily tired, the cause of all my troubles, had, of course, survived and I was reluctantly compelled to drag it back to camp.

At the edge of the Salt Lake I ran across Nevinson, rather pale and exhausted, but otherwise not much the worse for being shot in the head. He accepted a lift back in a horse ambulance and came in for more shelling. I made my way across the lake in the darkness under a desultory fire of shrapnel, which did no harm. Every time I looked back I saw great clouds of smoke and occasional tongues of flame rising from the Anafarta Hills. Of what had happened to the Anzac Corps fighting for the possession of Hill 60 to the south I had no idea. All day long the guns had been booming there, but it was impossible to see what was passing.

August 22nd. The firing lasted without cessation throughout the night, but at dawn it died down along the Anafarta front, but broke out again towards Anzac. I saw Reed, who gave me the bad news that Scimitar Hill had been abandoned, as it was found impossible to hold it. Therefore our net gains amount to nil, except that our line is now joined up with the Australian left. Reed saw in the reverse an excuse for the failure of the 9th Corps. He said, "You see, even the famous 29th Division has failed, therefore, how could new, untried troops be expected to succeed?" He told us there would certainly be no further movement for some days, and that G.H.Q. were now considering the future of the campaign.

In the afternoon we again went out to Chocolate Hill. The battlefield presented a ghastly sight, being covered with the corpses of our men, stiff and cold, while numbers of wounded, unable to crawl back to our lines, could be seen moving under any cover or shade they were able to find. The Turks keep up an incessant shell-fire on our lines of communication and on the beaches. This gets on the men's nerves more than anything else.

I visited General Marshall, who had command of the 29th Division in the last offensive. He gave me a résumé of what had occurred, and said the task assigned to him, namely, to attack the sector between Hill 70 and Hill 112, was absurd. He therefore disregarded his orders, and tried to get the two horns of the horseshoe first. He was very disgruntled, like everyone else.

This morning I was shown an order from G.H.Q. telling the naval authorities to suspend the landing of all men, stores, animals, and transport until further notice. There are enough supplies on shore for four days. Does this mean that the army is to be re-embarked?

I asked Marshall if he had heard anything about it. He replied "No," saying "you can guess what it may mean just as well as I can." We returned to camp under a most unpleasant shell-fire all the way. Coming home along the spit we came in for a succession of high explosives and those shells known as black coal boxes. You never can tell where they are going to fall, as the Turkish gunners drop them everywhere. Life out here is becoming impossible and sickness increases by leaps and bounds. The surgeons who dressed Nevinson's head told him that one thousand cases of dysentery and minor stomach troubles have passed through their hands to-day. The weather has become distinctly cooler, which is a relief, but we are warned that we may expect some heavy gales about the middle of September. They are sure to come earlier this year, as everything seems to favour the Turk.

August 23rd. Nevinson and Lawrence went out again to Chocolate Hill, but I remained in camp as I wished to see one or two people. I met Dawnay, who had come from G.H.Q. His face reflected the disasters and trials of the last few days. He tried to vindicate the plan of campaign adopted, saying that G.H.Q. had submitted it to Kitchener, who had approved. He said they never hoped to do more than cut off the Turkish armies in front of Kilid Bahr and Achi Baba, and that the plan would have succeeded but for the delays of the 9th Corps on the 7th, 8th, and 9th. I asked him why they had not chosen some seasoned and tried troops like the Gurkhas, 29th Division, or Australians to lead the first rush after the landing. He replied, "General Cox said his Indians were incapable of any fresh offensive, and yet they did splendidly at Anzac. How could we know this?" He added, almost with a moan, "as for the 29th, we felt we could not ask them to do any more." "Why then," I replied, "were they brought up and sacrificed once again in this fresh attack?" To this Dawnay could only answer, "We had no other troops available, and we thought we had a good chance of success, having massed twenty-five thousand bayonets for this final attempt. It only proves," he went on, "that odds of three to one are not sufficient."

This statement amazed me, and I replied, "Whoever supposed they were after the lessons of this war? Why, you want ten to one and a flank to make sure of victory when attacking the enemy entrenched up to his neck as the Turks are. In any case, what proof have you that you even had your three to one?" Dawnay did not attempt to answer, but remarked, "Yet had we succeeded it would have meant a marquisate for Sir Ian." This latter remark struck me as being most peculiar under the circumstances. What on earth does a marquisate

for Sir Ian matter one way or the other? I pointed out to Dawnay that it was the lack of water that was primarily the cause of the hold-up. He replied that every detail had been most carefully gone into and worked out, and that there was enough ashore to supply every man with a gallon. Now this is a good example of reasoning from false premises when preparing an offensive. If you put six gallons per man ashore, it would be useless unless it could be brought to the firing line. But one gallon per man for an operation which was certain to last several days was a totally inadequate provision. There is plenty of water in Sydney and Melbourne but it is quite useless to a pioneer dying of thirst in the Australian bush. In the same way the water ships and barges were just as far off to the men lying beneath the Anafarta Hills only two miles away. I asked Dawnay how Sir Ian felt. He answered, "Of course, we are all very disappointed." I asked him about the future, and he replied, "It is up to the Cabinet to decide what is to become of the Expedition. The whole question has been submitted to them. They did not send us our reinforcements in time. We expected them in June, not at the end of July." I asked him why the Bulair landing had not been chosen. He answered, "We learnt the Turks had five divisions concentrated there to meet us, and we could never even have got ashore."

In the official statement issued to us on the *Minneapolis* on the eve of the landing it was stated that there were only two Turkish divisions at Bulair, so I suppose that now their plans have failed they have decided to make a new estimate of the distribution of the enemy's forces in order to justify their manœuvres.

Dawnay went on to say that they really had expected this attack on the 21st to succeed because they did not think the Turks were strongly entrenched, or had more than a division to oppose to us. I said to him, "Why did you not have a look at Hill 112? It is thickly covered with trenches visible to the naked eye." It is a pity some members of G.H.Q. do not go and examine the positions for themselves. Then they would know better what the troops have to face in these attacks.

There is a growing impression throughout the Army that the Expedition is at an end for this year, and that we must either withdraw or make preparations to winter in Gallipoli. But our beach bases are so insecure in bad weather that many fear disaster. On arriving back in camp, I found an urgent message from G.H.Q. recalling us all to Imbros. Nevinson, Lawrence and I made our way to the beach under the usual infernal shell-fire, and a high explosive knocked me over. A kind Providence seems to look after me out here, but nevertheless,

I wish it would not run things so close. On the beach I met Captain Unwin, of the *River Clyde* fame, who has got his well-deserved V.C. He told me he had induced the authorities to allow him to shift the landing point to A West beach a thousand yards away, where it would be out of sight of the enemy's guns and a certain amount of cover would be available. I went on board the *Swiftsure* and met several old friends. I got back to Imbros at six.

August 24th. We went to G.H.Q. this morning and found they wanted to give us minor details about the recent operations, which are of absolutely no use to any of us. They have even held up my despatch about Anzac in order that I might add a paragraph about Major Wallingford and his massed machine guns in repulsing the Turkish counter-attack. I went on board No. 32 and dined with Philip de Crespigny.

August 25th. I went on board a yacht called by irony the *Victory*, which had come from Mythelene with stores, and managed to buy a few articles of use. I returned to camp to write a long article on the last battle. I made it pretty hot, but doubt whether much of it will be allowed through. De Crespigny, "Monty" Parker, and Cooper came to dinner.

August 26th. I got a signal to go to G.H.Q. this afternoon. They insist upon my taking out all reference to the gallant deeds of the 29th Division on the 21st, because they say it was a strategical move, and they do not want the enemy to find out that the division had been brought round from Helles, as they might seize the occasion to attack our weakened forces there. I pointed out that the Turks must know the truth on account of the numbers of dead left behind. They had no answer to this. It is obvious to me that they do not want it known in England that they employed the 29th Division in this final fiasco. It looks too much like working a willing horse to death. I think it is discreditable to rob the 29th of the glory due to them. However, it will only be for a time. My cable is quite ruined.

I found G.H.Q. evidently reconciled to the prospect of a winter on Gallipoli. The younger members of the staff are very disgruntled with the conduct of the campaign. I had a talk with George Lloyd, who took a very serious view of the situation in the Balkans. He thinks there is a very good chance of Bulgaria coming in against us, which means she will at once attack Serbia to regain what she lost by the Treaty of Bucharest in 1913. George Lloyd thinks that the whole staff should go, and that this alone can restore the confidence of the army. In his opinion, where the campaign has broken down is in the actual directions of operations on the battlefield. In this I quite agree. He

was just off to Athens on an official mission and said he would bring me back the latest news as he was to see Chirol. Greece is reported to have declared war with Venezelos as head of the ministry. But what is Greece to us without Bulgaria? Maxwell tells me that the news from Russia is too bad even to print in the "Gallipoli Liar"—the local news-sheet.

CHAPTER XII

COMMENTS ON THE AUGUST OFFENSIVE

THE student of military history who is seeking the real causes of our final failure at Gallipoli during the August offensive will find ample material at his disposal. His only difficulty will be to know where to begin and where to end. The reasons for the disaster are self-evident, and no obscurity surrounds the problem. The germ of defeat is found in the complicated, faulty, almost fantastic scheme of operations as planned by the General Staff. Success was made to depend upon the troops performing impossible feats, in murderous frontal attacks, and, even if there had been no mistakes in execution, the plan could never have succeeded. The blame for this, probably the greatest reverse ever suffered by a British Army in the field, must primarily rest with Sir Ian Hamilton and his Staff. They were responsible for the adoption of the plans, even if the latter were first suggested or approved by the corps commanders. As I have already pointed out earlier in this book, the original scheme for the attack on the Sari Bair Ridge was devised by Sir William Birdwood in June, and was drawn up by Colonel Skeen, his Chief-of-Staff. Therefore Birdwood cannot escape his share of the responsibility for a plan of operations which, to a soldier of his standing and experience, should have appeared impracticable from the start. On the other hand, having been confined during the entire campaign to Anzac, he would be naturally inclined only to study the problem from the local standpoint, and he considered this scheme the most favourable on the assumption that no other alternative remained except an offensive from Anzac. Had he been in supreme command, Birdwood might conceivably have taken an entirely different view of the strategical situation and relegated Anzac to a secondary rôle.

The following extract from the report of Sir Char'es Monro to Lord Kitchener, dated October 31st, is of great value in considering the operations on the Peninsula from August 6th to August 10th.

"With the exception of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps the troops on the Peninsula are not equal to a sustained effort, owing to inexperienced officers, the want of training of the men, and the depleted condition of many of the units.

"We merely hold the fringe of the shore, and are confronted by the Turks in very formidable entrenchments, with all advantages of position and power of observation of our movements. The beaches are exposed to observed artillery fire, and in the restricted areas all stores are equally exposed. We can no longer count upon any action by surprise as the Turks are in considerably stronger force than they were, and have had ample time to provide against surprise landings.

"Since the flanks of the Turks cannot be attacked, only a frontal attack is possible and no room is afforded on any of the beaches for the distribution of additional divisions should they be sent, nor is there sufficient space for the deployment of an adequate force of artillery, the action of which would be impaired by poverty of observation and good positions for searching or counter battery effects. Naval guns could only assist to a partial degree.

"In fact, an attack could only be prosecuted under the disadvantages of serious lack of depth, and of absence of power of surprise, seeing that our line is throughout dominated by the Turks' position. The uncertainty of weather might also seriously hinder the landing of reinforcements and regularity in providing the artillery ammunition to the amount which would be required.

"It is, therefore, my opinion that another attempt to carry the Turkish lines would not offer any hope of success; the Turkish positions are being actively strengthened daily. Our information leads to the belief that heavy guns and ammunition are being sent to the Peninsula from Constantinople. Consequently by the time fresh divisions, if available, could arrive, the task of breaking the Turkish line would be considerably more formidable than it is at present.

"On purely military grounds, therefore, in consequence of the grave daily wastage of officers and men which occurs, and owing to the lack of prospect of being able to draw the Turks from their entrenched positions, I recommend the evacuation of the Peninsula."

This brief report of Sir Charles Monro is a masterpiece in epitomising the facts in a lucid despatch of a few hundred words, and probably no more damning condemnation of a campaign has ever been penned.

These views are of great weight because they emanate from a soldier who had come straight from the Western Front, where he had earned a high reputation. If these objections against attempting a fresh offensive held good at the end of October, they were infinitely more cogent and potent in August, 1915. In October there was far more elbow room for the development of an attack from the Anzac position, which had been enlarged from five hundred acres to five square miles.

The troops had gained in experience, and the 2nd Australian Division had arrived. In November, 1915, we held Suvla Bay right up to the foot of the Anafarta Hills, whereas in August, 1915, we had yet to obtain a footing on shore. The "Dug-Outs" had been replaced by some of our most promising younger generals from the Western Front. Positions without sufficient depth in November were merely narrow beaches, backed by a few scrub-covered sandstone hills and unexplored pathless valleys, in August. If there was no room for the development of an attack, and no opportunity for a sufficient artillery preparation in October, 1915, what would have been Sir Charles Monro's comments had he been asked to criticise Sir Ian Hamilton's plan of campaign for August 6th?

The force at the disposal of Sir William Birdwood at Anzac for the new offensive amounted to some thirty-seven thousand infantry and seventy-two guns. He could also claim the support of the direct fire of the cruisers and destroyers allotted to his section. His troops were of the highest quality, mostly seasoned Australians and New Zealanders, reinforced by the 13th Division of the New Armies, which had already been "blooded" by several weeks in the front trenches at Cape Helles. He also had the 29th Brigade of the 10th Division and the Indian Brigade under Major-General Cox. With such a force a general might expect "to go anywhere and do anything," provided his men were given the chance of meeting the enemy on reasonably equal terms. But the Anzac Army was not destined to be given even a gambling chance. It was launched against positions the like of which had never been attacked before under modern conditions of warfare. The men were expected to climb mountains during the night over unexplored ground, so tortuous, broken, and scrubby that, had the advance taken place during peace manœuvres, it would have been an extremely arduous task for troops to reach the summit of the Sari Bair Ridge in the prescribed time. The General Staff deliberately chose to assault over ground where the fighting value and numbers of the Turks were multiplied at least by four by reason of the difficult terrain, the carefully entrenched positions, and their intimate knowledge of the topography, of which we were entirely ignorant. Or, to put the matter the reverse way, by deciding to attack the Sari Bair Ridge from Anzac, the fighting value of an army of nearly forty thousand men was reduced to about one-fourth for similar reasons.

The objective of this offensive from Anzac was the rugged range of hills known as the Sari Bair Ridge, with its irregular, broken crest-line on which three dominant features stand out. That to the north-east is known as Koja Chemen Tepe, and is 971 feet high. This hill is

separated from the rest of the range by a precipitous ravine descending to about half the mountain's altitude. The ground then rises again to the feature known as Hill "Q." From Hill "Q" the ridge ascends gradually to Chunuk Bair, 850 feet high. If the Anzac Corps could seize and hold these heights, the artillery would command the roads leading to Maidos and Krithia and dominate the line of communication to the Kilid Bahr plateau. It was hoped by G.H.Q. that this would pave the way to a further advance on Maidos and the Narrows. Thus Koja Chemen Tepe, Hill "Q," and Chunuk Bair were the immediate objectives of the Anzac offensive. But positions easy to name on the map are often extremely difficult to reach. What counts in warfare is the character of the country and the strength of the enemy's defences lying between the point of departure of an attack and the final objectives. Any reader who wishes to understand the difficulties of the ground and to follow the subsequent operations in detail should read Mr. H. W. Nevinson's *Dardanelles Campaign*, which gives an admirable detailed account. Mr. Nevinson is no hostile critic of Sir Ian Hamilton's plan of campaign. His restrictions are mild in the extreme, but, in endeavouring to defend it, he has, by his description of the ground over which the advance was made, more effectively damned it than had he deliberately set out to tear it to shreds.

I have no space in this book to describe minutely the topographical features of the country or to follow the operations in detail. Sufficient it is to say that, before the crest of the Sari Bair Ridge could be approached, the Dominion troops had to capture a number of advanced Turkish positions on the lower spurs, and then fight their way slowly up them or through deep ravines which, in the course of ages, have been washed away by the rain. I prefer to quote from Mr. Nevinson.

"So the objectives of the main attack from Anzac were simple; but the means of approach presented extraordinary difficulties. As at Anzac itself, the front of the range breaks down to the sea in a crumbled and complicated formation of edges, ridges, spurs, cliffs, and ravines, the haphazard and perennial work of winter storms and rains acting for ages upon soft sandstone and sandy deposits mixed with clay and a little chalk. This labyrinthine region naturally follows the north-easterly course of the hills out of which water has carved it, leaving a gradually extending plain along the sea coast as far as the low hills forming Nibrunesi Point, the southern extremity of Suvla Bay. . . . But the district had never been surveyed and the tortuous water-courses, the unexpected cliffs and ravines, complicated by almost impenetrable and spiky bush, threatened inextricable error to any wanderer there, even by daylight and in peace. Imagine, then, the perplexity of threading those unknown ways in total darkness, haunted by

the expectation of deadly fire at every turn in the ravines, from the blackness of every thicket, and from the edge of every cliff."

Again I will quote from the same eye-witness.

"This bare analysis of a difficult country covers the ground of the main August attack, and the hills and water-courses named may serve as guides to the comprehension of the obscure and desperate conflicts. But no analysis or map or description can adequately express the roughness and complexity of that desert jungle, the steepness of its cliffs, spurs, and ridges, or the bewilderment of its dry water-courses, creeks, fissures, and ravines."

I could quote many more descriptive passages from various writers, but Mr. Nevinson's words are so accurate and so eloquent that they constitute a damning indictment of the whole scheme of operations.

Reading these paragraphs, and not previously knowing from what book they were taken, anyone would imagine that Mr. Nevinson was describing a country, formerly the home of mastodons and dinosaurs, which a party of explorers were about to penetrate for the first time, to climb unknown mountains and charter impenetrable valleys in search of new geological formations in the interests of science. True in a sense, but our pioneers were thirty-seven thousand unfortunate British and Dominion infantry, who were expected to force a passage to the crest of the Sari Bair Ridge, during the darkest hours of the night, in the face of a determined adversary who had proved himself over and over again to be the equal of any soldier in the world in the defence of positions far less formidable than those Mr. Nevinson has so aptly described.

In order to approach the Sari Bair Ridge, which it was believed was the key to the Narrows, and consequently to Constantinople, the troops had to move out along the beach from Anzac and first storm all the entrenched outposts held by the Turks on the lower spurs. Only when this had been accomplished could the real advance into "this labyrinthine region" commence. The infantry were, in fact, expected to climb up the side of a mountain rather higher than the Eiffel Tower, over these trackless scrub-covered spurs or through valleys choked with rocks, scrub, and sandstone deposits, carrying kits, rifles, and ammunition in the heat of the Mediterranean summer, with no water supply available for the firing line except what each man carried on him. A large reserve had been accumulated in tanks, and a mule corps organised to carry it to the front, but such provision could not be counted on for many hours.

The attack on Sari Bahr was divided into a right and left wing, each

consisting of a covering force, and an assaulting column with a divisional reserve for each. I shall not follow the fortunes of these columns.[1] They both ended in the bloody fiasco inevitable from the start. The whole success of the plan depended on the troops reaching the crest of Sari Bair at daybreak on the morning of August 7th before the enemy could bring up his reserves. But the columns were broken up, thrown into confusion, and lost direction during the assaults on the lower spurs, and delayed by unexpected artificial obstructions. In consequence, at no point was the crest of Sari Bair reached before daylight. As usual, accomplishment had fallen behind the scheduled time.

The attack on the Sari Bair Ridge thus completely broke down as organised in the plan of operation, and the all-important time-table went by the board. No co-operation between the various assaulting units could be maintained, some made unexpected progress, while others met with unexpected resistance. The assaults eventually deteriorated into a series of desperate, isolated dashes, such as were made by our heroic climbers to reach the summit of Mount Everest. The advance on Koja Chemen Tepe was a complete failure. General Cox's column never got beyond the lower foothills, and was obliged to retire. Unless that commanding height was seized and held, it is difficult to see how we could have maintained a hold on the lower crest-line of Hill " Q."

The fighting for Chunuk Bair and Hill " Q " was of a severity unparalleled in the history of modern warfare. Australians, New Zealanders, English, Scots, Irish, Gurkhas, and Osmanlis fought with reckless abandon, *corps à corps* in this broken country, with bayonets, clubbed rifles, and fists, hurling themselves upon one another, friend and foe intermingled in a confused jumble in which all organised formations speedily disappeared. The losses amongst the officers were terrible, but the men fought on in groups until they also fell. Brigades, battalions, and companies, hopelessly intermixed, struggled for Chunuk Bair, the Farm, and Hill " Q."

Much fiction has been written on how nearly we achieved success and were only robbed of victory by a malignant fate, when the neck of Sari Bair, between Hill " Q " and Chunuk Bair, was actually in our hands. It has maintained that, after the 6th Gurkhas and a few Lancashires had won the neck between Hill " Q " and Chunuk Bair, we were only deprived of success because they were shelled off the crest by the fire of our own naval guns. But this contention cannot bear the light of a critical examination of the actual facts.

In the original plan of operations the crest of Sari Bair should

[1] They are described in detail in Appendix II.

have been crowned by the two assaulting columns before dawn on August 7th. This programme broke down, and for two days there had been raging a series of desperate struggles which left us in possession of a south-west corner of Chunuk Bair and the Farm, and some small parties were also established below the crest-line of Hill "Q." Our losses were enormous and the survivors were exhausted by fatigue and thirst. The original two assaulting columns were, in fact, played out. There was little offensive left in them. General Birdwood therefore planned a final attempt on Hill "Q" and Chunuk Bair with a freshly organised brigade under Brigadier-General Baldwin. This column moved to the front up Rhododendron Ridge on the night of August 8th, but, losing direction to the right, arrived at the Farm instead of in front of Hill "Q." At dawn, on August 9th, there was a general bombardment of Chunuk Bair, Hill "Q," and the neck between from every available gun on sea and land. At 5.15 this barrage was switched off on to the reverse slopes, which was the signal for the attack. A small party of the 6th Gurkhas and South Lancashires, creeping up, obtained a foothold on the neck between Chunuk Bair and Hill "Q." They routed the Turks on the crest in a hand-to-hand fight and drove them back in disorder. Then they made the fatal mistake of pursuing them instead of entrenching on the crest and waiting for reinforcements to consolidate the position.[1] Unfortunately, some shells, said to be our own, fell amongst them, and they were forced to retire. The Turks, meanwhile, had brought up reserves and counter-attacked with great vigour, forcing Major Allanson to withdraw his gallant band to the trench below from which they had originally advanced.

Thus, out of a force of nearly forty thousand men, only some four hundred tormented soldiers ever reached the crest of the Sari Bair Ridge. None of the three objectives, Koja Chemen Tepe, Hill "Q," or Chunuk Bair were ever in our possession. Baldwin's Brigade, which should have advanced, was unable to gain ground. How could Allanson's small party, even if it had been reinforced, have held on to the neck, dominated as it was by the higher ground of Hill "Q" and Chunuk Bair? Had these two positions been occupied at the same time, we might perhaps have maintained our hold on this part of the ridge, but Koja Chemen Tepe still remained in the enemy's possession and the attack on it had been abandoned. Even if they had not been shelled off the crest-line, Allanson's men would have been annihilated by the overwhelming counter-attack of the Turkish reserves brought from Bulair, organised and led by Mustapha Kemal in person,

[1] I am not prepared to say it was practicable to entrench.

TROOPS WAITING FOR WATER BARGES, SUVLA, AUGUST 8TH

at dawn on August 10th. This attack utterly wiped out the two battalions holding the reverse slopes of Chunuk Bair. It swept over the isolated groups below Hill "Q" like a flood, blotting out the remnants of our battalions; then it broke through the front of Baldwin's Brigade at the Farm. The exultant Turkish infantry swept down the slopes to the right of Rhododendron Ridge as if they intended to cut off our advanced columns from the old Anzac position. This, however, was a costly blunder, for they were swept away by the direct fire of our artillery, ships' and machine guns, but few ever regaining the crest.

The truth is that not only were we repulsed by the Turks, but our infantry were annihilated by these counter-attacks. Many battalions lost all their officers and in some cases practically every man killed or wounded. Baldwin's Brigade, which was intended to make the final assault on Hill "Q," was completely destroyed, with its general and his whole staff, and no longer existed as a unit by the evening of August 10th. Up in these eagle-like lairs, amidst the dense scrub, rugged sandstone cliffs, and deep ravines, it ceased to be a battle, but a massacre. The infantry, exhausted by the heat and thirst, fought like heroes, without hope of victory, to hold the ground they had won. When the Turks made their great counter-attacks on August 10th, it really seemed as if the whole front might give way and Birdwood's army be driven back to the beaches. The general was obliged to throw in his last reserve of two battalions to stem the Turkish advance, which, fortunately, was wiped out by our artillery fire.

During this period, from Friday night to Tuesday evening, General Birdwood's army lost 16,000 men killed, wounded, and missing. They fell in vain, except that they wrote another memorable page of wasted gallantry in our military history, for not a single position of any tactical or strategical importance was won. Everywhere the Turks remained entrenched hundreds of feet above our new line, in more formidable positions than those which they occupied when the attack commenced.

So much for the assiduously asserted fiction that only a hair's-breadth separated us from victory at Anzac. The fighting ended with Birdwood throwing his last reserve into the firing line, not to maintain his hold on Sari Bair, but to prevent the Turks from pressing us back to the beaches.

These operations at Anzac are a standing example of the inability of the generals at Gallipoli to profit from the object-lessons of the past. The Turks had done their best to prove to us that attacks in the Anzac region were impracticable even under much more favourable conditions than those which confronted us in August. After the landing, the

Australians and New Zealanders entrenched themselves on two semicircles of hills, and from that hour were never able to advance a yard. From April 25th to August 6th, except for building a trench along the beach to No. 3 post, the perimeter of defence remained the same, and the fighting consisted of isolated efforts to sap towards the enemy's lines. During this period the Turks, however, did attempt one offensive on a grand scale, which resulted in a crushing, almost ludicrous fiasco. Liman von Sanders realised that if he could only push the Dominion troops off the razor-backed ridges on which they were perched, he could drive them into the sea, and determined to make the attempt. He trained a fresh division in Constantinople and brought it secretly to the front. On the night of May 18th–19th, after a heavy artillery preparation, he launched his attack, the objective being the line of hills covering the Shrapnel Valley. A successful advance here would have spelt disaster to the defenders. The Turks debouched from higher ground, not altogether unfavourable, and were nerved up to make a supreme effort. Yet they failed dismally. Three thousand of the enemy perished in front of the Anzac lines, and many thousand wounded were evacuated to the rear. The losses of the Dominion troops were about four hundred killed and wounded. Von Sanders regretted this attack to the end, and admitted that it should never have been attempted. He profited from this lesson, but Birdwood failed to do so. From that hour the enemy never assaulted again but contented himself with rendering his positions impregnable. Now, if the Turks failed under more favourable conditions in May, advancing over comparatively easy ground, why should Sir Ian Hamilton or Sir William Birdwood have expected to storm far more formidable positions in August, involving not a movement from higher ground to lower, but a precipitous climb from the lower ground up almost inaccessible sandstone cliffs, through prickly shrub and unknown ravines? The Turks, when they attacked in May, had only to push Birdwood's troops off a single narrow razor-backed ridge into the sea. When Birdwood attacked in August, he started at the bottom rung of the ladder to fight his way to the crest of Sari Bair at the top, a ladder of which every rung was a fortress and where every step he advanced forced the enemy back on to more favourable ground.

The Suvla Bay Landing

The operations against the Sari Bair Ridge from Anzac were made with veteran troops who had become inured to warfare on the Penin-

sula, aided by the 13th Division of the New Armies, which fought with extreme gallantry throughout these disastrous days. General Shaw's men had at least become accustomed to the sound of a bullet and the bursting of a shell, from a spell in the trenches at Cape Helles. The attack at Anzac failed because the soldiers were expected to perform mountaineering feats which were humanly impossible in the face of an enemy equal in numbers and equipped with the latest arms of precision.

The landing at Suvla was a feasible military operation, it offered no insuperable obstacles, but our troops failed to reach their objectives because the men employed were totally without experience of warfare, and quite unaccustomed to the conditions prevailing on the Peninsula. Sir Ian Hamilton's plan was to make a surprise disembarkation at night and seize the Anafarta Hills from the point known as Keretech Tepe in the north, to Ismail Oglu Tepe, overlooking the Biyuk-Anafarta valley to the south. Once in possession of this semicircle of hills, it was hoped that the 9th Corps could take Koja Chemen Tepe in reverse and materially assist the attack from Anzac on the Sari Bair Ridge. But it is extremely problematical whether the force at Suvla Bay could have exercised any decisive influence on the operations at Anzac even if the Anafarta Hills had been occupied. Reversing the position, had we occupied the Sari Bair Ridge, guns on Koja Chemen Tepe could indubitably have aided our attack on the Anafarta Hills.

From the first the Staff realised that the success of the operations at Suvla depended on two factors—surprise and speed. It was essential to drive away the feeble Turkish forces holding this district, and occupy the hills before the reserves could be brought up from Bulair, where three divisions were known to be concentrated. Speed in warfare is synonymous with experience. If a general wishes to occupy a position quickly, he must employ seasoned troops under experienced commanders : they must be acquainted with the nature of the ground over which they are to advance, and accustomed to discriminate between the resistance of an enemy in force and the isolated defence of a few weak patrols. In the Mediterranean, in mid-summer, it was also essential to employ troops who had become accustomed to the trying climate, possessing the power of resistance to fatigue, and who could be trusted to husband their water supply. Veterans guard their water, from previous experience of thirst ; new formations invariably consume it at the first feeling of dryness in their throats.

The information of our Intelligence Department gave Sir Ian Hamilton a practical assurance that if he could effect a surprise landing at Suvla Bay he need not expect to encounter an organised resistance on the beaches, such as the 29th Division met with on April 25th. In

fact, the entire Turkish force holding this district—from the Keretech Tepe, 600 feet high in the north, to the dominating feature of this range in the south, Ismail Oglu Tepe, or Hill "W," 300 feet—was only put at three battalions, of which two were picked gendarmes, say, two thousand men in all, with some twenty guns.

The Staff, therefore, hoped that it would be feasible to rush the outlying positions, Lala Baba and Hill 10, in the darkness of the night, push on either across or around the Salt Lake to Scimitar Hill and Chocolate Hill, seize them, and then occupy the main ridge of the Anafarta Hills in the early hours, before the enemy woke up to what was happening.

When we see what was accomplished by the Dominion troops on the grim Sari Bair Ridge, it would have been mere child's play, in comparison, for them to have occupied the Anafarta Hills on August 7th. They would have brushed aside the feeble patrols of enemy skirmishers, and taken the outlying positions in their stride. The men would, in fact, have revelled in this return to open warfare after months spent in the confined trenches. The Dominion troops would have suffered from thirst, but to nothing like the same extent as their comrades in the New Armies, not yet inured to the Mediterranean summer. Major Allanson's Gurkhas eventually reached the neck between Chunuk Bair and Hill "Q" and looked down for a few minutes on the promised land. These same Gurkhas would have been very much at home in the work of hunting the Turkish gendarmerie from the thick prickly scrub and broken ground which covers the approaches to the Anafarta system. The attack on the Anafarta Hills was an operation which would have brought out all the best qualities of the Dominion and Indian troops—enterprise, initiative, independence. They had shown during the first landing at Anzac their capacity for pushing ahead regardless of orders. Many were too venturesome and never returned. But since the early days they had gained in experience. The objectives at Suvla were clearly visible to the naked eye, and could not be mistaken. Had the Southerners been told what to do, their commander could have rested assured that his instructions would be carried out.

So much for the Anzac Corps. But what troops were available elsewhere? At Helles, Sir Ian Hamilton decided to make a retaining attack to hold the enemy to his trenches and prevent him from rushing reinforcements to the north. But any troops are good enough for feints which are not intended to be pressed home. Yet down at Helles were some of the finest and most seasoned divisions of the Army, whose heavy losses had been made good by drafts from home. There

were available the famous 29th Division, the seasoned 42nd Lancashire Territorial Division, the excellent 52nd Highland Lowlanders, and the well-tested Naval Division. All these had seen much fighting and had proved their worth. They had been tried and never found wanting, and the officers had gained much experience of warfare on the Peninsula. Any one of these divisions was capable of pushing inland and occupying the Anafarta Hills without being held up by small parties of the enemy's skirmishers. Even the 13th Division of the New Armies, which had enjoyed a spell in the trenches at Cape Helles, commanded by a general of high promise, would probably have proved itself equal to the task.

Thus for this, the vital operation, the pivot of the whole plan on which the success or failure of all his operations depended—according to Sir Ian Hamilton's reading of the situation—the Commander-in-Chief had at his disposal the following seasoned divisions under officers who had proved their worth over and over again. At Anzac the 1st Australian, the Australian and New Zealand, a Brigade of Gurkhas, and the 13th. At Cape Helles the 29th, the Royal Naval, the 42nd East Lancashire, and the 52nd Lowland.

Yet Sir Ian Hamilton failed to avail himself of the services of any of these troops for this critical operation in which speed and experience were the only sure key to complete success.

What troops did he utilise? The 11th Division under General Hammersley; two brigades of the 10th Division under General Sir Bryan Mahon; and he held in reserve on various islands off the mainland the 53rd Welsh Division, and the 54th East Anglian Division—the latter two without artillery. In other words, there was not a single battalion employed in the landing at Suvla which had ever heard the whistle of a bullet or the bursting of a shell. There was not a man in this force who had ever set eyes on the Gallipoli Peninsula except at a distance of twelve miles, and there was hardly a commanding officer—corps, divisional, or brigade—who had enjoyed any previous experience of warfare in the eastern Mediterranean, or, I believe, in Europe.

These facts alone are more than sufficient to account for the appalling muddles and inertia which characterised these operations and for our failure to occupy the Anafarta Hills. Yet some of these divisions greatly distinguished themselves later on in the war. Even at Suvla many units fought gallantly enough under hopeless conditions. But the tragic fact remains that we suffered enormous losses without achieving any result whatsoever. The explanation lies in the inexperience of the officers, their ignorance of the ground over which the

advance was made, their inability to discriminate between real resistance and the isolated action of patrols, the great heat, and the totally inadequate preparations made for supplying the men with water.

These new formations had only been in the Mediterranean some six weeks. They were unacclimatised, and even while at Imbros the 11th Division was suffering greatly from the prevailing stomach troubles which weakened the men and broke their fighting spirit. Throughout the whole of the day of August 6th they were making their preparations for departure under the rays of a terribly hot sun. On that night they were crowded into "Beetles," cruisers and destroyers, without a prospect of sleep, and during the night and early hours of the 6th and 7th disembarked at Suvla Bay. There was water available for refilling bottles on the various craft which put the troops ashore, and each man should have started out at dawn on August 7th carrying one pint and a half. But, although the evidence is not clear on this point, there is reason to believe that the majority went ashore with empty water-bottles, and with no prospect of obtaining a fresh supply throughout the day, unless water could be found during the advance. Wells were known to exist, but where? Under such conditions, in times of peace, with no enemy in front, a march from the beaches to the top of the Anafarta Hills, a distance of about four miles, would have been a trying ordeal in such weather to men carrying some sixty to seventy pounds of deadweight. But these unfortunates were also groggy with lack of rest. They passed two whole days and nights without ever closing an eye, except for those who unblushingly went to sleep on the battlefield at every halt, unable, in spite of the noise and excitement, to keep awake any longer. These facts are sufficient explanation alone to account for our subsequent disasters. It did not even require the mishandling and muddles of the various generals to bring about defeat. The germ of failure was laid by the Staff before a single man had been landed at Suvla Bay.

I shall not deal further in detail with the operations at Suvla. They failed for the reasons I have stated—inexperience, thirst, and fatigue. The officers and men, unaccustomed to warfare, their physique and morale weakened by their sufferings, no longer possessed the necessary energy to push on to their true objectives, and there entrench themselves. The Staff failed, Stopford mishandled the 9th Corps on shore, the divisional commanders muddled their divisions, and the brigadiers their brigades. Yet I do not believe that even the most experienced commanders could have succeeded with raw troops under such conditions. Over this wide extent of broken, scrubby, unknown country, with no means of communication during the early days of the

landing, it was impossible for the generals to follow the movements of their troops and issue orders to them. The battalions disappeared into space, the units became inextricably mixed, and it eventually took days, after the fighting was over, to sort out the various companies and restore them to their legitimate commanders.

This is just where a Dominion division would have been invaluable. The men, even without officers, could be counted upon to look after the objectives until the line had been organised. But the men who would, in all probability, have achieved success at Suvla were being slaughtered like sheep but dying like lions amidst the ravines, scrub, precipitous slopes and sandstone hills of Sari Bair. At Cape Helles 7000 British soldiers were killed or wounded in a murderous struggle for a perfectly useless "Vineyard," part of which eventually remained in our possession.

Thus, during this disastrous four days' fighting from August 6th to August 10th at Cape Helles, Anzac, and Suvla Bay, over 30,000 men were killed, wounded, or missing without our winning a single position of any strategical, or even tactical, importance. The defeat was, in fact, overwhelming and decisive. The Narrows were never again threatened by our advance. From the hour of Kemal's great counter-attack, at dawn on August 10th, the menace to Byzantium disappeared. There were still more actions to be fought and more blood to be shed on the Peninsula before the Staff realised that the game was up. There was the attack of August 16th, made by the 10th Division to reach the crest of Keretech Tepe ; there was the cruel and useless frontal assault, made against the Turkish army entrenched on the Anafarta Hills, by the 29th and 11th Divisions on August 21st, which involved another 6500 casualties, and the heavy fighting which ended in the partial capture of Hill 60, which linked up Anzac with Suvla. During this period, from August 6th to September 21st, our casualties were over 45,000.

From August 28th to the final evacuation on January 8th, 1915, the tactical position of the armies on the Peninsula never changed. There was no more fighting, except desultory skirmishes between the trenches. Nevertheless, our army faded steadily away. After the stupendous efforts in August, the dispirited soldiers, no longer keyed up by hope of victory, went sick in great numbers. Dysentery was the chief enemy, the cold and damp in the trenches accounted for still more, and finally, as a climax to so much human suffering, there came the great blizzard of November 26th-29th which caused many hundreds of deaths and necessitated the evacuation of 16,000 men.

Sir Ian Hamilton maintains that never were operations more carefully planned by the various staffs than those which ended in such a complete fiasco between August 6th and August 10th. He would have the world believe that his most carefully planned combinations only just failed of achieving a grand success which must have led to the capture of the Narrows and the fall of Constantinople. But, if the operations are examined in detail, we find that there is, in reality, no subtle plan, but merely a series of frontal attacks against entrenched positions. Suvla is the sole exception, for here was a surprise landing carried out in country the enemy had not fortified and which he held very lightly. At Anzac there was no subtlety in his strategy. The main difficulty the Staff had to face was to concentrate the troops so that they could debouch to the attack. In this the Staff displayed the greatest skill and ingenuity. They organised the preliminary stages of the disaster with a skill worthy of a better cause.

Starting at Cape Helles, let us just enumerate these frontal attacks. We lost six or seven thousand men in an assault on the "Vineyard," part of which eventually remained in our possession. This was of no tactical or strategical value. At Anzac the capture of the Lone Pine position on the left of the Turkish line cost 2000 casualties amongst the 1st Australian Division, and this diversion in no way weakened the enemy's forces holding the Sari Bair Ridge.

Thirdly, came the utterly futile frontal attack on the Nek made by the 8th Victorian and 10th West Australian Regiments of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade. In this murderous attempt, which the merest tyro could perceive had no possible chance of succeeding, 435 men out of 600 were sacrificed, including twenty officers. In fact, of the assaulting parties, hardly a man regained the trenches. Of the frontal attacks made by Godley's Corps it is unnecessary to speak again. They all failed, and nearly brought disaster on the Anzac Army. Once the landing had been effected, the fighting at Suvla Bay from August 6th to August 21st consisted of nothing but a series of frontal attacks, all of which were repulsed by the enemy.

Many have been led to believe, as all these operations were planned to enable us to seize the Narrows and occupy Constantinople, that we failed to take Constantinople only because these operations failed. A great deal of time and energy has been spent in analysing the causes of our reverses, but few have carefully gone into the other side of the question, which is even more interesting, viz., would we have taken the Narrows and Constantinople had Sir Ian Hamilton's plans succeeded?

I for one am extremely sceptical on this point. I am also still more

TROOPS ADVANCING ACROSS THE SALT LAKE TO ATTACK THE ANAFARTA HILLS

sceptical on another, namely, whether the occupation of the Anafarta Hills could in any way have aided Birdwood's army in its efforts against the Sari Bair Ridge. Guns placed on Sari Bair could certainly have dominated the low Biyuk Anafarta valley, and could also have rendered it difficult to utilise the Bulair-Maidos road by day. But we still had a very long way to go before we captured the Kilid Bahr massif. Even had we been successful at Anzac, our losses were so enormous that the army could only have entrenched on the crest and awaited reinforcements from home. Before these could arrive many things might have happened. If the Turkish Army was really fed from Asia Minor and by sea from Constantinople, as some supporters of Sir Ian Hamilton's plan maintain, the troops holding the Kilid Bahr massif would not have been starved out by the occupation of Sari Bair. If, on the other hand, they were chiefly fed via the lines of Bulair through Rodosto and Thrace, why, then, the same result would have been achieved by blocking the neck of the Peninsula by establishing a front across the Bulair lines.

The doubts about the strategical importance of the Anafarta Hills are even stronger. It is my firm conviction that we might have occupied that section between Anafarta Sagir and Ismail Oglu Tepe on August 8th, but that this would have been the extent of our success. I am in great doubt, however, as to whether we could have held this line for long. I am quite certain that after the seizure we could have done nothing to assist the assault on Koja Chemen Tepe. To aid Birdwood's advance it would have been necessary to leave the hills and cross the Biyuk Anafarta valley and move against Koja Chemen Tepe from the north-west. But the route here was blocked by the enemy's firm hold on Hill 60, one of the outlying spurs, which we would have been obliged to capture before we could even join hands with Birdwood's army corps. This position was only partly occupied on August 28th.

Now, how would it have been possible to have held the Anafarta plateau from north of Scimitar Hill to Oglu Ismail Tepe and the Karakol Dagh to, let us say, Keretech Tepe, and at the same time to have detached sufficient troops to assist Birdwood by holding the Biyuk Anafarta valley, even supposing we had taken Hill 60? In these calculations of what was intended I leave out entirely the enormous expanse of wooded hill land, six thousand yards as the crow flies, stretching from Ejelmer Bay through the massif of Kavak Tepe and Tekke Tepe down to Anafarta Sagir. Yet before any forward movement could be attempted the whole semicircle of hills round Suvla Bay would have to be occupied, otherwise what would have happened? The Turkish reinforcements coming from Bulair,

had they found us in possession of the Anafarta plateau, had three courses open to them. They could have assaulted our positions with a view to retaking them, they could have formed a defensive front and blocked our further advance, or they could have left us in possession while they attempted a great counter-stroke elsewhere. As, with the forces at our disposal, it was quite impossible to occupy the ground from Ejelmer Bay to Anafarta Sagir, the Turks could have seized all this wooded country from Keretech Tepe to just north of Scimitar Hill and from this much higher and commanding position they could have dominated not only the Anafarta plateau, but also Suvla Bay itself. All our trenches on Scimitar Hill, on the neck and Ismail Oglu Tepe would have been enfiladed by their artillery, and subjected to incessant counter-attacks from higher ground on our left flank. I am not sure that we were not saved from a worse disaster by our failure to seize the Anafarta plateau. Yet Sir Ian Hamilton set out to occupy this enormous stretch of country with the intention of advancing either inland or towards Koja Chemen Tepe with two divisions minus one brigade, actually landed on the 7th, and two in reserve, without artillery, on the following days.

The plan was, in fact, quite impossible and never stood the smallest chance of leading to any definite result. It could not have been carried through before the arrival of the Turkish reserves, and, once they appeared on the scene, as far as reaching the Narrows was concerned, it made very little difference whether we held the Anafarta plateau or not. When all the troops were finally ashore and the fighting died down, we had hardly enough men to hold a defensive line stretching round Suvla Bay from Jephson's Post to the southern side of the Biyuk Anafarta plain at Hill 60. Fortunately, the enemy was not in sufficient strength to counter-attack any section of our front in force. He was probably awed by the presence of the warships, which could have inflicted heavy losses if he left the hills and descended to the lower ground.

CHAPTER XIII

AN UNCENSORED LETTER AND MY DISMISSAL

AUGUST 27th–September 1st. During this period I remained at Imbros and took stock of the situation. I wish to return home, as I am convinced the campaign is over for the time being. No one knows what is going to happen, but it is obvious that the army can do no more fighting, and, unless Bulgaria come to our aid, we shall be stuck on the Peninsula throughout the winter in flooded trenches, many of which will have to be abandoned, with the rain bringing down the refuse from the Turkish positions. We are more than likely to be driven into the sea by the storms and enemy's artillery fire. Already there are signs that the weather is breaking, for we have had a series of gales and old sailors declare that it will be impossible to supply the army in winter except on a few favourable days, so that we shall have to accumulate many days' supply in advance. But to provide against this contingency the Government will have to decide whether we are to stay on the Peninsula or not.

The feeling of discontent throughout all ranks grows in intensity every day, and it is obvious that the morale of the army can only be restored by a change of leadership. G.H.Q. has not got a single friend left. Never have I heard such outspoken criticism on all sides. If they intend to carry out their threat of sending anyone home who ventures to criticise the conduct of the campaign, they will be obliged to evacuate the whole Peninsula, as every general and private says exactly what he thinks.

We are buoyed up from time to time by rumours—always false—of the active participation of Greece and Bulgaria on our side. Venezelos, we are told, is about to re-establish the Balkan League, with Serbia and Greece making Bulgaria concessions in Macedonia. The next day the rumour is that Bulgaria will come in against us. God help the army on Gallipoli if she does.

September 2nd. I left for Suvla Bay, armed with my cinema, accompanied by Brooks, the official photographer, who has returned from England. I landed after a very stormy voyage, the precursor of what

is to come. I found things much quieter than usual and very little shelling. Our tent has been removed, as it served as a range-finder for the enemy's guns. We went out beyond Chocolate Hill into the front trenches, where the Turkish lines were about fifty yards away. We were out after pictures, and nearly caused a battle. Finding a trench occupied by an Irish battalion, Brooks asked them to assume positions just as if they were resisting an attack. But the men would look round at the cinema. Brooks said "That is not realistic enough." "Oh!" exclaimed an Irishman, "I'll make it realistic." Whereupon he started to shoot at the Turks, followed by all his comrades. The day being perfectly quiet, the latter imagined we were about to attack, and replied furiously. A sustained duel then began and in the excitement the Irishmen forgot all about us. Soon the Turkish artillery joined in, and it looked as if we had started a battle all along the line. They telephoned down from brigade headquarters to find out what was happening, whereupon one of the N.C.O.s replied, "Oh, nothing, sir, it is only the cinema." But I thought the matter had gone far enough, so we crept away to avoid the wrath of the divisional headquarters.[1]

Our dead still lie out before our lines, and many wounded are said to have perished. The 29th Division lost over 2000 alone in the last attack. I hear it was de Lisle who was responsible for bringing them from Helles, for he said "A regular division will simply walk over these positions." Perhaps they might have done so on the first day. Sir Julian Byng now commands the 9th Corps; de Lisle has gone back to the 29th Division, and Marshall to the 52nd. In fact, there has been a general shuffling of the units. For instance, the 13th Division has been brought over from Anzac, and the 54th Territorials has been sent there in their stead. Some generals have gone home, including Hammersley of the 11th. Lindley of the 53rd has resigned. One brigade of the 10th Division is still down at Anzac, and has just had some severe fighting for Hill 60. The struggle for this position has been going on for three days. It was captured on August 21st but apparently we lost it again. As usual, our casualties have been very heavy.

On Chocolate Hill I met General Peyton, who commands the 2nd Mounted Division of Yeomanry. He gave me some details of the unfortunate experience of his division during the attack on the 21st. All are now agreed that it was one of the worst managed affairs yet seen on the Peninsula, which is saying a great deal. It appears that many of the generals resented having de Lisle, a cavalryman, placed over their head. No one knew their orders on the 21st, and some of the Yeomanry regiments had no idea of their objectives. Why on

[1] The picture on this occasion turned out a great success.

earth they were brought across the Salt Lake in broad daylight under a heavy shrapnel fire, instead of being massed behind Chocolate Hill under cover of night, remains a mystery to this day. But this is only on a par with everything else. Our artillery fire was very poor and afforded but little support to the infantry. The men at the front are now very dispirited, and continually ask, "Are we going to be stuck here for the winter?" The Turks spend their whole time digging new trenches. They have now made a great barbed wire entanglement right round the face of Scimitar Hill. This will make it harder than ever to tackle the next time we attack. The front is very depressing to visit at present. The Army has no chief, no great objective, and everything is stagnant.

September 3rd. I called on Reed at the 9th Corps Headquarters. He was sceptical about our remaining here this winter. He declared that our losses from sickness would be enormous, and that all our trenches would have to be revetted, otherwise it would be impossible to remain in them. In his opinion any prospect of a further advance is out of the question. Later in the afternoon I went out to Lala Baba and found Granard there. His quarrel with G.H.Q. is growing in intensity. He produced a long letter from Harry Lawson, dated September 10th, in which he stated definitely that Hamilton had written to him saying that I was unsuitable to act as a War Correspondent—from his point of view. This is quite true, because I have always refused to write to dictation what I do not believe to be true, at anyone's request. I then had a talk with General Mahon. He complained bitterly of the manner in which his division had been split up at the landing; and even now one of his brigades is at Anzac, and he has never seen it since the operations began. He declared that both Hamilton and Braithwaite ought to go, and only this could restore the confidence of the troops. Never, in fact, was an army in a more deplorable state of moral disintegration.

The Staff of the 10th Division are animated by a dislike of G.H.Q. They were expecting Sir Ian at 4 p.m. The meeting was not cordial, and only those members of the Staff whom etiquette compelled went out to meet the Commander-in-Chief, while the rest purposely stayed in their dug-outs. The visit was very short, and then they cleared off to Suvla, to everyone's relief. Mahon said to me when they had gone, "Hamilton stated that in a few days' time we shall hear some very good news." I replied, "What do you think it can be?" Mahon answered, "I don't know any more than you, but I know what I consider would be the best news."

I stayed for tea at the 10th Division, and met Powiscourt, Headfort,

and Tullibardine, who had just arrived with a brigade of the Scottish Horse. They lost thirty-eight killed and wounded, landing on C beach, One shell killed 113 mules a few days ago. This makes our prospects for the winter look well! This evening I dined with the naval officers on A beach, and had a talk with Unwin. He is furious in his denunciations of the chronic mismanagement all round. They are going to shift the base down to the point where I had my camp, as it will be less under fire, but on returning there I found a big shell had knocked out three men. As usual there are the wildest rumours flying around, the latest being that the fleet is going to make another effort to force the Straits. This must be Roger Keyes, who is determined to get to Constantinople, and has lost all confidence in the Army.

September 4th. I went back to Imbros. The A.P.M. came to tell me the good news that he would assign me a new site for my camp as mine is wanted by G.H.Q. for the winter. So at last they have discovered the right spot to live, and want to turn me out. I went bathing and met de Robeck and Keyes, looking like nothing human, exhausted by worry, the heat, and the disasters to the Army. They have put the troops ashore with meticulous care at every point requested, and can do no more. Neither de Robeck nor Keyes looked like forcing the Dardanelles or anything else this afternoon.

September 5th. At Imbros I worked, and dined with "Skipper" Ward on the *Raglan*. No news except that the Germans seem to be doing just what they like with the unfortunate Russians.

September 6th. At Imbros. Nevinson, who went to G.H.Q. yesterday, states that Colonel Ward has been relieved of his post as Chief of Intelligence and that Tyrell, whom I knew in Constantinople, has been chosen in his stead. I always found Ward a very agreeable man, who did his best for us. He is now accused of lack of knowledge of the Turks and the Near East. If true, surely this discovery is rather late in the day. The manner in which these soldiers eat one another up is astonishing. Nevertheless, Ward has been promoted to the rank of brigadier and is off home to take command of a brigade of artillery. Lucky man, he must have been glad to get out of this mess.

September 7th. I wanted to go to Anzac, but the weather was too bad. I met the new Intelligence Officer, Colonel Tyrell. He opened up the conversation by saying that the campaign had been wrongly conducted from the start. There are but few who will dispute this assertion, but he had better be careful, for, if his chiefs hear him saying these things, they may send him home. Ward called to say good-bye. We were all sorry to see him go, as he has proved himself a very good friend.

For some days past Keith Murdoch, an Australian writer, who has been allowed to visit Anzac for a short time, has been staying at our camp. He is very alarmed over the state of the Army and the prospects of a winter campaign. He tells me that the Australians dread it above all else, and that many of their positions will become quite untenable. He declares, and I think quite rightly, that unless someone lets the truth be known at home we are likely to suffer a great disaster. He is about to leave for London, but he says that as he has only been here a short time, and has only acquired a local knowledge of Anzac, he does not feel that his word will carry sufficient weight with the authorities. He, therefore, begs me to write a letter which he will carry through uncensored, telling the plain truth, which he can hand over to the Government. I have long been thinking of returning home myself, and have already written to the N.P.A. asking for their permission, but if they wish me to stop on I can hardly refuse after all the consideration they have shown me. Thus I may lose my last chance before it is too late of letting the truth be known, unless I accept Murdoch's offer to carry through an uncensored letter. I have coached him on all essential points, but he says he wants something definite under my own signature. Even if I am breaking the censorship, that is beside the point: the issue now is to try and save what is left of the army. The only question is to whom I shall address my letter. I am told that everyone is entitled to write to the Prime Minister without submitting a letter to the censor, but whether this is true I cannot say. Finally, I decided to write to Mr. Asquith, as the head of the Government and, therefore, the person on whom the primary responsibility for coming to a decision must fall. I was influenced in this matter by other cogent reasons. For the past month, since our disasters at Anzac and Suvla, every general I have met, and a great many sailors, have begged me to take some steps to make the truth known to the Government. All without exception declare our position on the Peninsula to be so bad that the safety of the troops will be jeopardised during the winter months. All are equally emphatic in their view that a further offensive, with any hope of success, is out of the question, and therefore the Army can serve no useful purposes by being kept bottled up at Suvla and Anzac, although some are still in favour of holding Cape Helles. The R.A.M.C. chiefs are of opinion that our losses from sickness alone will exceed the present existing strength on the rolls.

Such is the general mistrust of G.H.Q. amongst the corps and divisional commanders, that no one believes they have really made the truth known at home, and many are of opinion that they are asking for reinforcements with which to undertake a fresh offensive.

Under these circumstances I finally came to a decision to give Murdoch the following letter and to risk the consequences to myself. I also made up my mind to return to England as soon as the N.P.A. would release me.

"*September 8th*, 1915.

"DEAR MR. ASQUITH,

"I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but I have the chance of sending this letter through by hand, and I consider it absolutely necessary that you should know the true state of affairs out here. Our last great effort to achieve some definite success against the Turks was the most ghastly and costly fiasco in our history since the battle of Bannockburn. Personally, I never thought the schemes decided on by Headquarters ever had the slightest chance of succeeding and all efforts now to make out that it only just failed, owing to the failure of the 9th Corps to seize the Anafarta Hills, bear no relation to the real truth. The operations did, for a time, make headway, in an absolutely impossible country, more than any general had a right to expect, owing to the superlative gallantry of the Colonial troops, and the self-sacrificing manner in which they threw away their lives against positions which should never have been attacked. The main idea was to cut off the southern portion of the Turkish Army by getting astride of the Peninsula from Suvla Bay. Therefore, the whole weight of the attack should have been concentrated on this objective; instead of which the main attack, with the best troops, was delivered against the side of the Turkish positions which are a series of impossible mountains and valleys covered with dense scrub. The Staff seemed to have carefully searched for the most difficult points, and then threw away thousands of lives in trying to take them by frontal attacks. A few Gurkhas obtained a lodgment on Chunuk Bair, but were immediately driven off by the Turkish counter-attacks, and the main objective, Koja Chemen Tepe, was never approached. The 9th Corps, miserably mishandled, having failed to take the Anafarta Hills, is now accused of being alone responsible for the ultimate failure of the operations. The failure of the 9th Corps was not due so much to the employment of new and untried troops, as to bad Staff work. The generals had but a vague idea of the nature of the ground in their front, and no adequate steps were taken to keep the troops supplied with water. In consequence many of these unfortunate volunteers went three days in very hot weather on one bottle of water, and were yet expected to advance, carrying heavy loads, and to storm strong positions. The Turks, having been given ample time to bring up strong reinforcements to Anafarta, where they entrenched themselves in up to their necks, were again assaulted in a direct frontal attack on August 21st. The movement never had the slightest chance of succeeding and led to another bloody fiasco in which the unfortunate 29th Division, who were brought up especially from Helles, and the 2nd Mounted Division (Yeomanry), were the chief sufferers. As the

SCIMITAR HILL ABLAZE, AUGUST 21st

result of all this fighting our casualties, since August 6th, now total nearly fifty thousand killed, wounded, and missing.

"The Army is in fact in a deplorable condition. Its morale as a fighting force has suffered greatly, and the officers and men are thoroughly dispirited. The muddles and mismanagement beat anything that has ever occurred in our military history. The fundamental evil at the present moment is the absolute lack of confidence amongst all ranks in the Headquarters Staff. The confidence of the Army will never be restored until a really strong man is placed at its head. It would amaze you to hear the talk that goes on amongst the junior commanders of divisions and brigades. Except for the fact that the traditions of discipline still hold the force together, you would imagine that the units were in an open state of mutiny against Headquarters. The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff are openly spoken of, and in fact only mentioned at all, with derision. One hates to write of such matters, but in the interests of the country at the present crisis I feel they ought to be made known to you. The lack of a real Chief at the head of the Army destroys its discipline and efficiency all through, and gives full rein to the jealousies and recriminations which ever prevail amongst the divisional leaders.

"At present the Army is incapable of a further offensive. The splendid Colonial Corps has been almost wiped out. Once again the 29th Division has suffered enormous losses, and the new formations have lost their bravest and best officers and men. Neither do I think, even with enormous reinforcements, that any fresh offensive, from our present positions, has the smallest chance of success. Our only real justification for throwing away fresh lives and fresh treasure in this unfortunate enterprise is the prospect of the certain co-operation of Bulgaria. With her assistance we should undoubtedly pull through. But as I know nothing of the attitude of Bulgaria or Greece or Italy, I am only writing to give you a true picture of the state of the Army and the problems with which we are faced in the future, if we are left to fight the Turks alone. Already the weather shows signs of breaking, and by the end of this month we cannot rely on any continuous spell of calm for the landing of large bodies of troops at some other point on the coast. In fact the season will soon be too late for a fresh offensive, if another is contemplated. We have therefore to prepare against the coming of the winter or to withdraw the Army altogether. I am assuming it is considered desirable to avoid the latter contingency at all costs for political reasons, owing to the confession of final failure it would entail, and the moral effect it might have in India and Egypt. I am convinced the troops could be withdrawn under cover of the warships without much loss, far less in fact than we suffer in any ordinary attack. I assume also that the future of the campaign out here must be largely dependent on the offensive in conjunction with the French in the West.

"It is no use pretending that our prospects for the winter are bright. The Navy seems to think it will be able to keep the Army supplied in spells of calm weather provided a sufficient reserve of food, munitions, and

ammunition is concentrated on the various beaches while the weather holds. The outlook for the unfortunate troops is deplorable. We do not hold a single commanding position on the Peninsula, and at all three points, Helles, Anzac, and Suvla Bay, we are everywhere commanded by the enemy's guns. This means that throughout the winter all the beaches and lines of communication to the front trenches will be under constant shell-fire. Suvla Bay is especially exposed. The Turks are firing a fair amount of ammunition, but it is obvious they are feeling the shortage, or else are carefully husbanding their supply, otherwise they could shell us off the Peninsula at some points altogether. But it must be remembered that as soon as they are absolutely certain our offensive has shot its bolt, and that we are settling down in our positions for the winter, they will be free to concentrate their artillery at certain points, and also to bring up big guns from the forts, and therefore we must expect a far more severe artillery fire on the beaches during the winter months than we are exposed to at present.

"A great many of the trenches which we hold at present will have to be abandoned altogether during the winter as they will be under water. This will mean concentrating the Army at certain points on dry ground, and preparing a series of defensive works which will ensure us against sudden surprise attacks. We could thus hold our positions with fewer men and rest some of the divisions from time to time in the neighbouring islands. We ought to be able to hold Helles without much trouble, but even if we commence our preparations in time, we shall be faced with enormous difficulties at Anzac and Suvla Bay. Our troops will have to face the greatest hardships from cold, wet trenches, and concentrated artillery fire. I believe that at the present time the sick rate for the Army is roughly 1,000 per day. During the winter it is bound to rise to an even higher figure. I know one general, whose judgment is generally sound, who considers we shall lose during the winter in sickness alone the equivalent of the present strength of the Army. This may be an exaggeration, but in any case our loss is bound to be very heavy. The whole Army dreads, beyond all else, the prospect of wintering on this dreary and inhospitable coast. Amongst other troubles, the autumn rains will once more bring to view hundreds of our dead who lie under a light covering of soil.

"But I suppose we must stay here as long as there is the smallest prospect of the Balkan Alliance being revived, and throwing in its lot with us, even if they do not make a move until next spring. I have laid before you some of the difficulties with which we are faced in order that they may be boldly met before it is too late. No one seems to know out here what we are going to do in the future, and I am so afraid we shall drag on in a state of uncertainty until the season is far too advanced for us to make proper preparations to face the coming winter in a certain measure of comfort and security. At the present time some of our positions, gained by the Colonial Corps high up on the spurs of the hills on which the Turks are perched, cannot be considered secure. A sudden counter-attack, vigorously delivered, would jeopardise the safety of our line, and might lead to a serious disaster. There

will have to be a general re-shuffling of the whole line, and some of our advanced posts will have to be abandoned during the winter months. I have only dealt with our own difficulties and troubles. The enemy of course has his. But to maintain, as I have seen stated in an official report, that his losses in the recent fighting were far heavier than ours, is a childish falsehood which deceives no one out here. He was acting almost the whole time on the defensive, and probably lost about one-third of our grand total.

"You may think I am too pessimistic but my views are shared by the large majority of the Army. The confidence of the troops can only be restored by an immediate change in the supreme command. Even if sufficient drafts are sent out to make good our losses, we shall never succeed, operating from our present positions. A fresh landing on a grand scale north of Bulair would probably ensure success, but the season is late, and I suppose the troops are not available. If we are to stay here this winter let orders be given for the Army to start its preparations without delay. If possible have the Colonial troops taken off the Peninsula altogether because they are miserably depressed since the last failure, and, with their active minds, and the positions they occupy in civil life, a dreary winter in the trenches will have a deplorable effect on what is left of this once magnificent body of men, the finest any Empire has ever produced. If we are obliged to keep this Army locked up in Gallipoli this winter large reserves will be necessary to make good its losses in sickness. The cost of this campaign in the East must be out of all proportion to the results we are likely to obtain now, in time to have a decisive effect on the general theatre of war. Our greatest asset against the Germans was always considered to be our superior financial strength. In Gallipoli we are dissipating a large portion of our fortune. and have not yet gained a single acre of ground of any strategical value, Unless we can pull through with the aid of the Balkan League in the near future, this futile expenditure may ruin our prospects of bringing the war to a successful conclusion by gradually wearing down Germany's colossal military power.

"I have taken the liberty of writing very fully because I have no means of knowing how far the real truth of the situation is known in England, and how much the military authorities disclose. I thought, therefore, that perhaps the opinion of an independent observer might be of value to you at the present juncture. I am, of course, breaking the censorship regulations by sending this letter through, but I have not the slightest hesitation in doing so, as I feel it is absolutely essential for you to know the truth. I have been requested over and over again by officers of all ranks to go home and personally disclose the truth, but it is difficult for me to leave until the beginning of October.

"Hoping you will, therefore, excuse the liberty I have taken.

"The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith,
"10, Downing Street."

I further gave Murdoch letters of introduction to others, who might be useful in organising a campaign to save the army on Gallipoli, and arranged with him to see Harry Lawson to urge him to allow me to return. I promised him that if he was held up in his mission, or if the authorities refused to listen to his warnings, I would at once resign, and join forces with him in London.

When Murdoch sailed I felt relieved for the first time. Although he is no great authority on military matters, he has seen enough to understand the position, and has been well coached with notes and memoranda. I know that if he lets them know the truth in Australia, the Government can hardly afford to ignore the effect on Australian public opinion. Thus I can stay at the Dardanelles a short time longer, pending the receipt of a reply from the N.P.A.

It has been blowing a howling gale from the north for the last three days, the weather has suddenly turned much colder, and our prospects do not look any brighter. In the evening I received a signal from Sir Ian saying he wished to see me.

September 9th. I had once again to postpone my visit to Anzac and go to G.H.Q. So Brooks went off with the cinema. I saw Sir Ian, who informed me that the War Office had cabled out forbidding anyone to take photographs except the official photographer. As I have been taking them for the last six months, this seems rather a belated move. I wonder who in the War Office has the time to think over the matter and to come to this great decision. Sir Ian frankly declared that he considered this regulation absurd, and told me I might go on, as far as he was concerned. His attitude was extremely kind, and he went out of his way to make himself agreeable. These journeys to G.H.Q., since our failure, are like visits to the tombs of the dead. There is a lack of reality about everything. The General and his Staff realise that their position is precarious, and sit round like condemned criminals, on tenterhooks of expectation, awaiting execution or a reprieve. In consequence they are now very tactful with the Press. I asked Sir Ian about the future of the Expedition, but he was very guarded in his reply, saying, " There are events in the air, but I do not know if I am right in telling you as much as this. I have no idea what the decision of the Cabinet will be."

Dawnay has been sent home to report on the military situation, but I do not think they have made a good choice. What they want is the opinion of some general or generals who have had experience in France.

September 10th. I went on board the yacht *Victory* and collected the goods I had ordered up from Mythelene, as I have arranged to

give a dinner party this evening to several friends from the fleet. I am afraid my guests will not be able to leave their ships as the weather is so bad. For four days it has been blowing a howling gale from the north, and this harbour is worse than useless with the wind in that quarter. Malcolm Ross turned up from Anzac looking very ill. He says the conditions of life are horrible there. All Godley's staff are ill, and the percentage of sickness amongst the troops is increasing by leaps and bounds. The men are no longer buoyed up with the hope of victory, and they see no future before them, except the prospect of a dreary winter, up to their necks in mud, freezing from cold and wet, and with no chance of getting away from Anzac, of which they are beginning to hate the sight. They have given of their best, and the natural reaction has set in. They go sick by hundreds from stomach trouble produced by the monotonous diet, the cold and rain. Nevinson and Lawrence returned after a visit to Suvla Bay, and their report is much the same as Ross's. The whole Expedition is moribund. The sooner we evacuate the Peninsula the better, otherwise we shall lose the equivalent of the whole army from sickness, misery, and the enemy's bullets.

Only Maxwell turned up for dinner, as the others could not leave their ships owing to the weather.

September 11th. Another gale this morning, with very cold weather for this time of the year. I have only one desire and that is to get away from these accursed islands and the horrible Peninsula, where the flower of the British and Dominion troops have perished in vain. I wrote another letter to the N.P.A. asking for a month's leave. Yesterday I went on board the *Triad* and saw de Robeck and Keyes. I had a long talk with them about the submarine exploits, which have been one of the most amazing features, and the brightest chapter, in this long-drawn-out story of misery and disaster. But, for reasons of secrecy, they refuse to allow anything to be published at the present time. There is an air of mystery about Roger Keyes. He seems to be keeping something up his sleeve. I am sure he has some new move in his mind, but I could not wheedle any information out of him. I believe he wants the Admiralty to give him permission to make another attempt to force the Dardanelles with the fleet. He longs to have just one more try before acknowledging the final collapse of the Expedition. I am certain, however, that the authorities will turn down his plans. We have lost quite enough already without sacrificing the remainder of our ships.

There are now strange rumours about the Japanese. We are told they are coming to the Dardanelles, but other reports say they are

hastening from Vladivostock and Dalny along the Siberian railroad, to assist the Russians on the Polish frontier. We grasp at any straws, and believe any report, however unlikely, in our hour of need.

September 12th. We were told at G.H.Q. that we can safely leave the front for several days, so I have decided to sail in the *Victory* for a change to Mythelene to-morrow.

September 13th. I sailed in the *Victory* at 7 a.m.—weather beautifully calm and voyage delightful. We passed quite close to the Asiatic coast near Rabbit Island and Tenedos, and watched some of our monitors bombarding from behind the island. The Turks replied by shelling Tenedos. We arrived at Mythelene at 7 p.m.—a beautiful island. There are said to be 70,000 Greek refugees from Asia Minor here. From all accounts there have been horrible doings in Asia ever since the war broke out, and the Turks have been killing off the Greeks and Armenians by the thousand. I stayed at a hotel called "Grande Bretagne," a vile hole where we were bitten by strange animals all night. In fact, we were far more comfortable in our camp at Imbros.

September 14th–27th. During this period I remained at Mythelene with Malcolm Ross, the others returning after a few days. I arranged for a cable to be sent to me should anything happen. The latest papers turned up from England with my cables and they have a very good show. How far, I wonder, are people at home beginning to understand the truth. There was great enthusiasm at Mythelene for a short time, when it was rumoured that Greece was about to come into the war, especially amongst the Greek officers, and we were cheered in the local restaurants and the town went *en fête*. But this mood soon changed to something like depression when the officers and men received orders to depart. I think the recollection of the Balkan Wars is still too fresh in their minds. We must face the facts. The Greeks are not a fighting race, and would prefer to keep out of the struggle. As an asset their army is of small value to the Entente.

I had to stay at Mythelene longer than I expected owing to the inability of the *Victory* to find stores to take back to Kephalos, but on September 26th I got a passage as far as Tenedos in a small Greek steamer. From there I was able to take the trawler for Imbros. I found that nothing had happened during my absence except a mutiny amongst our servants who, after having drunk everything, cleared out of the camp, and returned to their units. I had to sack my Australian servant. The corporal-in-charge has fled, preferring the dangers of Gallipoli to facing our wrath. Lawrence's Irish servant has at last succeeded in the fulfilment of his one ambition, namely, to drink himself comfortably into hospital.

September 28th. This morning I went over to G.H.Q. to see Delmé Radcliffe. On arriving I had a long talk with Tyrell about things in general, but chiefly in relation to the censorship. He declared that he had much more important things to attend to than censoring war correspondents' cables, that they were only a secondary matter with him. I pointed out that we were officially attached to the Army, and thus had a right to be properly treated. In the end he became quite reasonable. He left his tent and came back a little later to say I had better go and see the Chief of the Staff. I went into his tent. There were present Braithwaite, his son, Tyrell, and one other officer, I believe. He asked me to sit down and then said, "When I had a talk with you in June last you promised not to criticise the leaders of the Army, the conduct of the campaign, or to break the regulations again." I replied that I had consented to certain things, and as far as I knew I had kept my agreement. He went on, "On September 8th you sent off an uncensored letter by Murdoch, who was leaving, addressed to Mr. Asquith." I replied that I had done so and that I considered I had a perfect right to address the Prime Minister direct. He answered, "You know you had not, and your letter has got Murdoch into serious trouble." I asked, "How did you find out I had sent this letter?" He refused to give any answer to this, merely stating that the letter had been seized off Murdoch by the military authorities when he landed at Marseilles. I then enquired if the Prime Minister had ever received it. This seemed to take him by surprise, and, after hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I don't know."

I saw at once that Braithwaite had no conception of the contents of the letter, and, in fact, if it had been seized off Murdoch at Marseilles, there would have been no time for it to come back, except by cable. He then said, "As you have broken the rules of the censorship, you will no longer be allowed to stay with the Army, and must sever your connection with it at once and return home." I suppose he imagined this would be a knock-out blow for me, and he seemed taken aback when I jumped up and said, "May I leave at once? I have long been anxious to be relieved of my post, and have in fact applied to the N.P.A. to be allowed to return."

After a few words it was agreed that I should depart as soon as I could conveniently get away. For the first time for weeks I felt in high spirits. Tyrell expressed his regrets. I said good-bye to the few friends I could find, and then left G.H.Q. for ever without a single regret. Never have I known such a collection of unsuitable people to whom to entrust a great campaign, the lives of their countrymen, and the safety of the Empire. Their muddles, mismanagement, and

ignorance of the strategy and tactics of modern war have brought about the greatest disaster in English history.

I told some of the junior officers they would soon be on their way home, as G.H.Q. could hardly expect to survive my departure, once the truth is known at home. I am now absolutely free. I can say what I like, I can write what I like, and I can see whom I like. I returned to camp and communicated my good news to the others. They all expressed regret at my departure.[1] Nevinson said he would return with me if he could obtain the necessary leave.

September 29th and 30th. I am winding up my affairs and making preparations for home. Nevinson went to G.H.Q. and saw Hamilton, who expressed regret at my leaving, but he said he had no alternative, as he was merely acting under instructions from the War Office.

October 1st. I spent the day bidding farewell to various old friends. I went on board the *Triad* to say good-bye to the Admiral and Keyes. I am genuinely sorry to leave them. From first to last they have done everything in their power to assist me in my work and to make my stay with the Expedition easy and agreeable. I have received a thousand acts of kindness at their hands which I shall never forget. Whenever there were troubles or difficulties a visit to the *Triad* always put matters right at once.

I had a last long talk with Keyes. He was in a great rage with G.H.Q. because of the rumours which have been circulating round for some time that the Navy was responsible for shelling the Gurkhas off the crest of Sari Bair after they had established themselves on that height. This the Navy strenuously denies. It is possible that a few shells did fall amongst the infantry, an incident common to almost every action, and which cannot be avoided in the confusion of a long-drawn-out struggle over broken, wooded, and mountainous country. But Hamilton and G.H.Q. have been endeavouring to place the entire responsibility for the failure on the Navy. As a matter of fact, it would have been impossible for a handful of Gurkhas to have held the crest of Sari Bair, exhausted as they were by three days of continuous fighting, and having suffered heavy losses. It only needed a counter-attack to push them off the summit, and that is exactly what happened.

The Admiral, having heard what Hamilton was saying, determined to nail his words, but for some time could only obtain vague and unsatisfactory evidence. However, his chance came on the occasion of the visit of some Russian officers, who were taken all round the Gallipoli positions. Two naval officers were attached to them, and,

[1] It was not until the publication of Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary* that I learnt that there was a Judas in our camp who had betrayed me to G.H.Q.

in their presence, Hamilton asserted to his visitors that it was only the unhappy intervention of the ships' guns which brought about the disaster. His words were promptly reported to the Admiral, who immediately wrote a letter asking for a specific statement on the subject of these allegations, or else a denial *in toto*. This correspondence was shown me by Keyes with de Robeck's permission. The Admiral's letter was firm and courteous, and Hamilton's reply a denial that he had ever used the words complained of, and admitting that it was not the truth that the occupation of Sari Bair had been brought to naught through the fault of the ships.

Keyes then asked me if I had ever heard the staff use words to this effect. I replied that they never ceased to rub it into me that the Navy had shelled the Gurkhas off, and that this cause alone had prevented the retention of Sari Bair. I was subsequently able to produce extracts from Nevinson's diary and my own showing that not only had Hamilton himself in an interview made use of these words, but also it was expressly stated in the official account of these operations issued to us by the General Staff. I supplied all this information to Keyes by letter.

October 2nd. To-day I bade farewell to Imbros, probably for ever. I went on board the *Cornwallis* to say good-bye to Captain Davidson, and then took the afternoon trawler to Mudros Bay, accompanied by Nevinson, who has obtained his leave. We went and spent the night on the *Arigon*, there to await a vessel to take us to Malta. I found Captain Fitzmaurice, late of the sunken *Triumph*, in charge of the *Arigon*, and he gave us a hearty welcome. In the morning we learnt that the cruiser *Bacchante*, Captain Boyle, was leaving on the following day, and we asked for permission to sail on her. This was granted by Keyes, who had come down in the *Triad* to Mudros, and we repaired on board.

October 3rd. I sailed at 5 p.m. for Malta, leaving Mudros Bay for the last time. The *Mauretania* had just come in with seven thousand troops on board. On her way, when passing the most dangerous part of the route, amongst the network of islands which lie off the coast of Crete, she came upon the wreckage of some ship which had recently been torpedoed. A little later two boats were discovered full of survivors. The captain, from motives of mistaken humanity, then stopped the ship for twenty minutes to pick them up. He just jeopardised the lives of seven thousand officers and men by presenting his huge vessel as a sitting target to the enemy's submarines. When de Robeck heard of this he became almost speechless, and I am told that the captain had a *mauvais quart d'heure*. However, "all's well

that ends well," and the enemy lost their great chance of destroying two brigades of infantry at the cost of a few hundred pounds.

It was with feelings of regret that I gazed on Mudros Bay for the last time. How many tragic events have happened since I first entered its waters in the early days of April of this year ?

Our journey down the Mediterranean was uneventful except for the constant excitement of dodging the enemy's submarines, which have been very active of late. However, by zig-zagging the whole way, we got through the danger zone without mishap, and reached Malta safely on Wednesday, October 6th, at 7 p.m.

CHAPTER XIV

THE END OF THE STORY

I ARRIVED home from Gallipoli on October 10th. Only those in England at that time can have any idea of the agitation and confusion of thought which reigned in the Cabinet and at the War Office now that the full extent of our failure at the Dardanelles was beginning to be realised. The Cabinet was divided, one section favouring an immediate withdrawal of the Expedition, the other anxious to avoid this acknowledgment of defeat at any cost, fearing the moral effect on our Eastern Empire and the encouragement it would give to our enemies.

The military authorities were likewise at loggerheads. The " Die Hards " wished to continue with the Expedition, and to send out large reinforcements, still believing that the August offensive had only just failed of success through fortuitous circumstances and that victory was still possible. Their opponents advocated abandonment, and the transference of the Army to some other theatre of war. Meanwhile, the French were clamouring for troops from the Dardanelles to be sent to Salonika for a joint expedition to aid Serbia, now threatened by the co-operation of the Bulgarian and Austro-Hungarian armies. Another section of military opinion, representing the views of the Western Front, was against any further commitments or adventures in the Near East.

To show the lack of decision which prevailed and the inability of either the Cabinet or Lord Kitchener to make up their minds, it is only necessary to recall the fact that the last general engagement which took place on Gallipoli was the abortive assault on the Anafarta Hills on August 21st. Yet the Cabinet's final decision to evacuate was not arrived at until December 7th, and Cape Helles was not abandoned until January 8th, 1916. For five months the Army was left to rot in the trenches.

I returned to England with one fixed determination in mind, namely, to press for the withdrawal of the Expedition before it was too late, being firmly convinced that we would be risking a disaster unparalleled in English history if we remained at Anzac and Suvla during the winter

months. I therefore proceeded to get into touch with those whom I knew I could rely on to help me in this campaign.

On October 13th I was asked to attend a meeting of the N.P.A., the members of which were not pleased at the sudden ending of my mission at the Dardanelles, which left the London newspapers without a representative. I gave them a full explanation of my reasons for acting as I had done, and I think I left them convinced that I had no alternative. The fate of the letter I had written to the Prime Minister was discussed, as no one knew whether he had ever received it, or if it still remained locked up in the archives of the War Office. Harry Lawson, the present Lord Burnham, was deputed by his colleagues to wait on Mr. Asquith and ascertain the truth.

In the afternoon of October 18th I saw Keith Murdoch for the first time since we parted at Imbros, and learnt from him how it was that my letter had fallen into hands for which it was never intended. Murdoch, at this time, had no idea how the authorities had discovered that he was the bearer of a secret communication. As already mentioned, it was only after the publication of Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary* that we learnt the truth, how we had been betrayed by someone in our own camp who had been eaves-dropping during one of our private conversations on the subject.[1] Murdoch related to me that on arriving at Marseilles he was arrested on the quay by an officer and an escort of British troops, backed by a bigger reserve of French gendarmes. He was ordered to hand over the letter, and as he had no chance of getting rid of it, he was obliged to yield to *force majeure*, but insisted upon being given a receipt. He was then allowed to continue his journey, probably owing his freedom to the fact that he was an Australian, for the authorities were very reluctant to cause offence or annoyance to anyone from "Down Under." It appears that the War Office, when it ordered the seizure of the letter, had no idea that it was a private communication addressed to the Prime Minister, having been misled by their informant, who told them it was for Harry Lawson. Had they known at the time that it was for Mr. Asquith they would probably have left it severely alone, but, once having set out to accomplish a definite purpose, they could not stop half-way. Murdoch told me that when he saw the Prime Minister the latter said that I had a perfect right to communicate with him direct without the intervention of the army censor, and, on hearing that the War Office had retained possession of the letter, Mr. Asquith immediately sent for it. This was Murdoch's version of the affair.

At eleven at night I again saw Harry Lawson, who meanwhile had seen the Prime Minister, who told him that he had never received

[1] See footnote, page 248.

the letter, so the whole affair became still more mysterious and involved. The Prime Minister said, however, that he had received a letter from Hamilton abusing me. A similar one had been written to Harry Lawson. On learning this, and being determined that the Prime Minister should receive my letter in spite of the War Office, I supplied Harry Lawson with a copy, which he undertook to forward to Mr. Asquith.

Amongst those who felt keenly our humiliations and disasters in Gallipoli was that fine old patriot, Lord Charles Beresford. He invited me to breakfast on the morning of the 14th October, as he wished to collect some first-hand information for a speech he intended to make in the House of Commons. I had known this famous old sailor for many years, but now found him sadly changed. His mind was already failing, and, although the old determination and outspokenness remained, his intellect was no longer capable of maintaining a firm grip on essential details and presenting them in a coherent form. I saw that the case for evacuation would hardly gain by his presentation of it in the House of Commons. At moments the old fires blazed up once more when he spoke of certain members of the Cabinet whom he particularly disliked. Lord Charles was also a severe critic of Sir Ian Hamilton, who, he declared, should never have been entrusted with such an important command. Finally, he asked me to put my points in writing, which I did in the following letter.

"18 Pall Mall,
"*November 1st*, 1915.

"Dear Lord Charles Beresford,

"I think the following are the more important points which should be brought out, if possible, in to-morrow's debate.

"1. It is utterly impossible for our troops to advance from their present positions. Any further attacks can only lead to further useless slaughter.

"2. We may suffer heavy losses in taking the Army off although, in my opinion, the task could be successfully accomplished under the guns of the immense fleet of battleships, cruisers, and monitors which we now have in the Eastern Mediterranean. We would doubtless lose stores, material, and some guns and horses. Such losses are of small account in a war of these dimensions.

"3. If we leave the Army in its present position on the Peninsula we shall lose the entire equivalent of the present numbers in sickness alone during the winter. The majority of the trenches will be almost untenable in wet weather, and a very large number will have to be abandoned altogether.

"4. Tactically we could not be worse placed. Everywhere the enemy's positions command ours. His guns can sweep every yard of the ground

occupied by us, and it was only his shortage of ammunition which has saved the situation up to the present.

" 5. The object of the German offensive in Serbia has not been to enable the German Army to reach Constantinople, but simply to open up a line of communication with the Turkish Army. The Turkish Government made it perfectly clear they could not keep up the struggle indefinitely unless they obtained a supply of ammunition for their guns. Directly they receive this, our position on the Peninsula will become much more difficult. Therefore the Army ought to be taken off before this ammunition is obtained.

" 6. We have now lost our last hope of reaching Constantinople since Bulgaria has thrown in her lot with the Turks, and we have arrayed against us a solid mass of close on a million armed men. Even supposing some of the fleet managed to force the Narrows and appear before Constantinople the Turks would not give in. Then our ships would be faced with the problem of getting back.

" 7. We are running enormous risks by holding on to the Peninsula this winter. Communication with the shore is often practically interrupted for weeks at a stretch, and a sudden attack by the Turks might jeopardise the safety of sections of our line. In addition, a winter in Gallipoli will have a most demoralising effect on the troops, especially on the Colonials.

" 8. In regard to the Serbian Expedition, we are too late to do much to assist her this year. We should have poured men into Serbian Macedonia, and occupied the line of the Varda three months ago. The difficulties of a campaign in Macedonia are enormous. There is only the single line of railroad, large sections of which are already in the hands of the Bulgarians. There are no roads of any account and we have not got the transport concentrated for a winter campaign. The enemy everywhere occupies interior lines and, once he has settled with the Serbians, will merely act on the defensive if we attempt to advance. It is impossible for us to stop men and material passing through Bulgaria to Turkey. The weather in a few weeks will put a complete stop to active operations unless the railroad is available. We shall lose enormous numbers from sickness if we attempt a winter campaign. We have not got sufficiently trained staffs or troops for these enterprises at long distances from England. Our men take four weeks to reach their destination on an average, and arrive in the worst possible condition. The Germans and Austrians can concentrate at any point in the Balkans in a few days once the communications are opened.

" Yours sincerely."

From Lord Charles I went to see Lord Northcliffe at the *Times* office. In spite of my long association with the Press I had never met this celebrated man before. I had heard so many divergent views expressed about him, varying from the extremes of affection to hate, that I was particularly anxious to meet him.

I found him sitting in his small study in the *Times* building, smoking

a huge cigar, almost as big as those patronised by Lord Birkenhead. At this time he was just fifty years of age, and not unlike Napoleon in build and in shape of head. He also possessed the same chestnut-coloured hair of the great Corsican. His face was pale and his skin flabby, as if he had ever lived a sedentary life. This, he told me, had been the case up to some years ago, but since then he had taken to golf as a pastime which, he declared, gave him more pleasure than anything else. Northcliffe received me in the most friendly manner. He then cross-examined me at length on the *impasse* at Gallipoli, and whether there was any possibility of achieving success in the future. I told him that, in view of the approach of the rainy season and winter gales, together with the advent of Bulgaria into the war, we must remove the troops from Anzac and Suvla without a day's unnecessary delay. I added that we might possibly hold on to Cape Helles during the winter if it was considered inadvisable to abandon our grip on the mouth of the Straits. I said that, in my opinion, the evacuation both at Suvla and Anzac could be carried out successfully with little or no loss. Northcliffe thoroughly agreed with me. He declared that evacuation was also his policy, and that he intended to press it on the Government, both privately and in his papers.

We then discussed the Serbian position. I told him that the Expedition was doomed to failure, that it was now far too late in the day to attempt to save Serbia, and I pointed out how the country would be completely overrun by the Bulgarians and Austrians long before the Allies could hope to concentrate a sufficient force, with adequate transport, to strike a decisive blow against Bulgaria. Lord Northcliffe expressed complete agreement with these views.

I stayed to lunch with him, together with Leo Maxse and Geoffrey Robinson, Editor of the *Times*. On leaving, Northcliffe said in his most impressive manner, "There is a great responsibility on your shoulders. Only you are in a position to bring home to the Government and country the true state of affairs in the Near East."

Once having decided to advocate the withdrawal of the expeditionary force from Gallipoli, he never once wavered in this determination and brought every sort of private and public pressure to bear on the Government. Had not the Cabinet unwillingly and belatedly decided on evacuation, Northcliffe was prepared to make the most damning exposure of the conduct of the Expedition in his papers, quite regardless of the censorship, "Dora," and other restrictions placed upon the liberty of the Press. Mr. Asquith's administration could never have stood the truth becoming known to the public. The coming of Lloyd George would probably have been anticipated by several months.

After lunching with Northcliffe, Maxse took me off to call on Sir Edward Carson, whom we found at his house. The Sir Edward Carson of 1915 in the midst of wars and domestic turmoils was a very different figure from the present Lord Carson a Lord of Appeal, now far removed from political strife and internecine Irish feuds. We found Sir Edward literally boiling over with rage and indignation against the Cabinet of which he was a member. He said, "I have refused to attend the last three Cabinet Councils because they begin and end in useless discussions, and no decisions are ever arrived at." His views on the conduct of the war were by no means as clear or pronounced as his hatred of some of his political opponents, with whom he now found himself sitting on the same side of the House. At this time he disapproved in principle of all adventures in the Orient, and considered the Dardanelles Expedition ought to be withdrawn at once. On the other hand, he maintained that our honour was pledged to go to the assistance of the Serbians, even if from the military standpoint it was too late. He told me that he would leave no stone unturned to secure the evacuation of Gallipoli.

One of the great difficulties in advocating the withdrawal of the Dardanelles Expedition was to find a newspaper prepared to publish uncensored articles on the war, fearlessly criticising the Government and the military on their conduct of the various campaigns. Yet the only way of bringing any real pressure to bear on the authorities, civil and military, was by appealing to public opinion, of which they stood in awe. But the majority of the newspapers feared the censorship, and hesitated to print even the mildest criticism of those who were engaged in misdirecting our campaigns, throwing away the lives of thousands and bringing the Empire to the verge of disaster. I was quite prepared to run any risk in showing up the Dardanelles fiasco, for, having once sacrificed my position as representative of the London Press and having incurred the lasting enmity of the military authorities, which pursued me to the end, I had nothing more to lose, and I was determined to carry the war into the enemy's camp. But the difficulty was to utilise a newspaper of sufficient standing and independence to publish uncensored attacks on the military authorities.

At this stage I found two fearless allies quite prepared to run any risk and to defy the Government, the military, and the censorship. They were the two Berry brothers, William and Gomer, now Sir William Berry, Bt., and Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., who had recently purchased the almost defunct London *Sunday Times*. They wanted me to write three articles on the truth of the situation in the Near East, and promised to publish them without first submitting them to the

PROW OF ONE OF THE "BEETLES," SUVLA

censor. To this proposal I readily agreed. Throughout the war the Berry brothers maintained their independent and courageous stand against the inept commanders in the field, and the blunders of the Government at home. Their columns were always open to me, and they ignored the censorship and "Dora." This fearless attitude greatly helped to raise the prestige of the *Sunday Times*, and to relay the foundation of a newspaper which is now one of the richest and most influential in London.

On this day I again met Winston Churchill, who appeared much happier than when I had last seen him in June. I had a long talk with him on the Dardanelles, but found to my amazement that his views had undergone but little modification, even since the final disasters. He had apparently profited but little from the lessons of the past few months and still possessed the same exaggerated optimism on the possibilities of eventual success. He continued to reiterate his opinion that the fleet could have forced the Narrows, if it had only been allowed to make another effort after the reverse of March 18th. He even suggested that such an attempt could yet succeed. This idea had become a regular obsession—a fetish which had gained possession of his mind, blinding him to facts and filling his brain with illusions.

He told me that the Cabinet was still undecided whether to withdraw or to send out reinforcements, and added, "I myself would be in favour of evacuation if I could be convinced that the Expedition really stands no chance of ever succeeding." But to satisfy him was impossible. I reiterated all the facts, and warned him of the serious disasters which must inevitably follow if we kept the troops in such exposed positions during the winter months.

We then discussed the proposed Salonika Expedition, and I repeated to him exactly what I had told Lord Northcliffe. Winston then put the following question to me, "If you were suddenly appointed commander-in-chief, what force would you regard as a minimum to have any hope of taking Constantinople?" I replied, "There are so many factors which must be taken into consideration, now that Bulgaria has declared against us. There is the attitude of Greece and Rumania which still remains doubtful. Even if these two countries declare in our favour, I should require the existing forces on the Peninsula, 100,000 men landed in Asia Minor, and another 200,000 constantly kept up to full strength in Thrace and Macedonia." These figures seemed to stagger him. Winston told me that Sir Ian Hamilton and his whole staff had been recalled. Later in the day the papers confirmed this announcement, stating in the official "face saving" language that Sir Ian had been called home "to make a report," and

that Sir Charles Monro had been sent out " to report " to the Cabinet on the whole situation.

After my talk with Winston I became more determined than ever to make a complete public disclosure of the position in the Near East, risking the censor's wrath. I did not believe that the Government would dare take any steps against either the *Sunday Times* or myself, but, in order to overcome the censorship, the Berrys arranged to publish what I wrote in the form of an interview. As far as we could discover, I was committing no breach of the regulations in giving interviews, and all responsibility for publication rested on the *Sunday Times*.

On the morning of Sunday, October 17th, the " interview " appeared in the *Sunday Times* in full. It caused a sensation, for no one had come out with the truth since the " Remington " letter in the *Times*. The first person to ring me up was Lord Northcliffe to ask permission to reproduce it in the *Times* and *Daily Mail*. The Berrys readily consented. On the following morning, Monday, nearly all the papers produced extracts, and Keith Murdoch rang me up to say he had cabled it in full to Australia. Thus we obtained all the publicity necessary to bring home to the public what was really taking place in the Near East. The military authorities looked on and did nothing. " Dora " hid her head when faced with indisputable facts. We had now started the ball rolling and nothing could stop it from its inevitable goal, yet two months were to elapse before the Government finally made up its mind to withdraw all the armies from the Peninsula.

When Sir Ian Hamilton returned to England, he met with a very cold reception, both in public and private. Nevertheless, he continued to maintain that he had only just failed to get through to Constantinople in the August attack, and could have subsequently succeeded had the War Office sent him the necessary reinforcements.

A fierce controversy over Salonika broke out in the Press, and led to further dissensions in the Cabinet. At this stage Sir Edward Carson resigned, after having refused to take any part in the last three Cabinet Councils. The Prime Minister then announced that he would make a statement on the Dardanelles and on the Near East the following Monday. Carson was to follow him and explain his position.

On Monday, November 1st, I attended the House of Commons to listen to the Prime Minister's speech. This was by far and away the most dramatic sitting I have ever witnessed, and the memory of it will never fade from my mind. The House was absolutely packed. Many serving members had received permission to return from the front, so that amidst the black coats there was quite a sprinkling of

khaki. No Prime Minister had ever found himself in a more unenviable position, having been bitterly attacked by the Conservative Press, while his own party, or a large section of it, were equally dissatisfied with him. To add to the sum total of his troubles, Mr. Asquith had also been reported ill for the last ten days.

When he rose to speak, absolute silence fell on the packed benches and on the crowded galleries filled with distinguished representatives of all the nations fighting on the side of the Allies. Mr. Asquith, as usual, made an excellent Parliamentary speech which quite bluffed his own followers and also the poor spiritless remnants of the Conservative Party co-operating unwillingly with him. His address contained more misstatements to the square inch about the war than any other I have ever listened to, or in any document I have ever read. Yet such was the ignorance or apathy or despair prevailing in the House, that the majority of these palpable inaccuracies were accepted as the gospel truth by the rank and file, who, having come to demand satisfaction from a tottering and moribund administration, broke into loud applause when the Prime Minister sat down. Strange though it may seem, there was not a single member in the House sufficiently acquainted with the facts about the Dardanelles or the Near East to get on his feet and pull the Prime Minister's statement to pieces shred by shred. This would have been an easy task for anyone who was really *au courant* with the military situation.

Now came the most dramatic moment of the debate. Asquith was followed by Carson, who proceeded to deliver one of the most scathing and bitter denunciations of his late colleagues that has probably ever fallen from the lips of a responsible ex-Minister. Carson knew little of what was happening on the different fronts and had not even taken the trouble to marshal his facts in a logical and coherent sequence. He made no effort to deal with the many misstatements of the Prime Minister one by one which, had he been better acquainted with the facts, should have been his peculiar *forte*, considering his reputation at the Bar.

I am not prepared to say whether his speech suffered in consequence or not. He spoke rather as someone groping in the dark, who knows that everything around him is rotten, and yet cannot even suggest the right remedy. His sentences were at times crude and ill-delivered, but perhaps gained force in consequence, for every word seemed to spring from a soul tortured by the blunders and disasters of the past and filled with hopeless despair when contemplating the future. He did not hesitate to expose Cabinet secrets, and openly declared that he had resigned because his colleagues could never make up their minds to

anything. Such a scene had never been witnessed in the stately House of Commons before. Surely England is the only country in the world in which our internal troubles and domestic infelicities could be aired in the midst of a life-and-death struggle. During his impassioned speech the whole of the Cabinet sat with bowed heads like a lot of criminals in the dock listening to a judge's summing up, which offers them no hope of acquittal. No one made any effort to reply to Carson, who went off with all the honours of the debate.

During this period of stress and storm, with the Cabinet at loggerheads and the military authorities unable to make up their minds about anything, there was one man who seemed to retain his powers of thinking clearly. I refer to the late Mr. Bonar Law, then at the Colonial Office. On the afternoon of Wednesday, November 3rd, he sent for me for the following reason. He told me that he had received a communication from the Australian Government informing him that I was going out there to lecture on the Dardanelles Expedition, and they were anxious to know what attitude I proposed to take up, as they thought I might do a great deal of harm if I criticised affairs too severely. I replied that I was not going out for at least two months ; there were bound to be vast changes in the situation before then ; and that I would do my utmost to put the best construction on a bad case. I could see, however, that Mr. Bonar Law was not anxious for me to go, and he said, " Perhaps I can arrange to settle your quarrels with the War Office so as to enable you to go to the Western Front again instead of to Australia." I told him that I had been forbidden to go back for several months by my doctors, and that I knew the War Office would never forgive me for the rôle I had played in showing up what had happened at the Dardanelles.

He then asked me my views. I warned him that there was only one course, namely, to withdraw the troops without undue delay, otherwise the Cabinet would be incurring the gravest responsibility. I told him that it would be impossible to debouch for an attack from our present positions at Helles, Anzac, and Suvla, no matter what reinforcements were sent out, and that the campaign was definitely lost, without hope of retrieve now that Bulgaria had come into the war. I pointed out to him that if the troops were kept on Gallipoli we would lose the entire equivalent of the force during the winter months in sickness alone, according to the opinion of many doctors on the spot. I warned him that we ran the risk of being pushed out of our positions at certain exposed points, because the heavy autumnal rains would wash away our trenches. The wet weather would affect the Turks less than ourselves as their trenches were everywhere sited above ours, on higher

and drier ground. I also told him that now, as a line of communication had been opened up with Austria, through Belgrade and Nish to Sofia, the Germans could send down big guns and keep the enemy supplied with enough ammunition to shell us off the exposed beaches.

To these arguments Mr. Bonar Law replied that they coincided in every respect with his own views. He told me he had long advocated the withdrawal of the Expedition, but that other members of the Cabinet were quite unable to make up their minds. Therefore, they would wait for the report of Kitchener, who was now on his way out to the Dardanelles, before coming to a final decision. Mr. Bonar Law said that he had been told by Northcliffe that unless the Cabinet withdrew the Army from the Dardanelles, he, Northcliffe, was prepared to open up a campaign in his papers, regardless of the censorship, exposing all the blunders and follies which had been committed during the past nine months. Mr. Bonar Law concluded by telling me that he considered the evacuation inevitable, and that Kitchener would report to that effect.

The closing scenes in the tragedy of the Dardanelles have been related so often that I will only put in chronological order the chief events up to the time of the evacuation, as they show clearly how, in spite of the desperate urgency of the situation, neither the Cabinet nor the War Office could make up their minds.

On October 14th the Government decided to recall Sir Ian Hamilton, and on October 20th, General Sir Charles Monro was ordered to take over the command of the forces in the Mediterranean, and received written instructions from Kitchener "to report fully and frankly on the military position." Sir Charles left on October 22nd, arriving at Mudros on the 27th. He lost no time in inspecting the lines, and still less in making up his mind. On October 31st he despatched the cablegram to Kitchener quoted on page 219.

But this was not sufficient to convince either the Cabinet or Kitchener. On November 1st, the latter asked Monro by wire if his corps commanders were of the same opinion as himself. Sir Charles accordingly consulted Sir William Birdwood, Sir Julian Byng, and Sir Francis Davies, and asked them to submit their views in writing without paying any heed to his own.

General Birdwood wrote :

"I agree with General Monro regarding the grave disadvantages of our position and the extreme difficulty of making any progress. But I consider that the Turks would look upon our evacuation as a complete victory. From Indian experience I fear the result on Mahometan world in India, Egypt, Persia. I am therefore opposed to evacuation. I am of opinion that,

if we leave the Peninsula, it is essential that the whole force must be launched immediately against the Turks elsewhere, and I fail to see where this can be done with confident hope of success. I am adverse to withdrawal which would enable Turkish forces to proceed to Caucasus or Mesopotamia; landing elsewhere than in Turkey would not have the same effect. I also fear that the moral effect on our troops of withdrawal would be bad, while the Turkish morale would proportionately rise. Season being so late and bad weather at hand, I think actual withdrawal fraught with difficulty and danger, as ample time and continuous fine weather is essential. All embarkations must be done at night, and only four or five nights a week can now be counted on. Heavy loss might be caused by the advent of any continuous bad weather after withdrawal has been partially carried out."

General Byng replied:

"I consider evacuation desirable. As regards Suvla, a voluntary and not very costly retirement is feasible at the present time, but it seems possible that with German help to the enemy a compulsory and therefore costly retreat may be necessitated."

General Davies replied:

"I agree with General Monro."

Their views were cabled home by Monro on November 2nd, but, unfortunately, at the same time he sent a rough estimate of the losses which we might expect to incur during the evacuation—namely, 30 to 40 per cent. of the entire force, a similar view being held by Admiral de Robeck and the corps commanders. This produced further hesitation and procrastination.

Yet, even after this unanimous expression of opinion, the Government was unable to make up its mind. On November 3rd both the War Committee and the Cabinet invited Kitchener to go out to the Mediterranean to assist them to arrive at a decision.

On the same day Lord Kitchener penned one of the most tragic telegrams in English history to Sir William Birdwood, quoted on page 22. For the first time an inkling of the truth seems to have dawned on his mind—namely, that the only sound strategical objective was to cut the neck of the Peninsula, north of the lines of Bulair. This movement was to co-ordinate with a fresh attempt to force the Straits by the fleet in a scheme drawn up by Commodore Roger Keyes, to which Admiral de Robeck was opposed.

Sir William Birdwood declared this proposal impracticable. Yet had Kitchener insisted upon the adoption of this plan at the start, Constantinople would have been ours.

On November 15th, Kitchener reported to the Prime Minister the result of his personal inspection of the Peninsula in the following cable :

" To gain what we hold has been a most remarkable feat of arms. The country is much more difficult than I imagined, and the Turkish positions at Achi Baba and Kilid Bahr are natural fortresses of the most formidable nature, which, if not taken by surprise at first, could be held against very serious attack by larger forces than have been engaged, even if these forces had proper lines of communication to support them. This latter want is the main difficulty in carrying out successful operations on the Peninsula.

" The landings are precarious and often impossible through rough sea and want of harbours, and the enemy's positions are peculiarly suitable for making our communications more dangerous and difficult. The base at Mudros is too far detached from our forces in the field, and the proper co-ordination of the administrative services of a line of communications is prevented by distance and sea voyages dependable on the weather. This state of things, in my judgment, is the main cause of our troops not having been able to do better, and to attain really strategic points on Peninsula, which would have turned Kilid Bahr, and unless this were done I do not consider that the Fleet ever could have passed the Straits. Everyone has done wonders, both on sea and land, when the natural difficulties that have had to be surmounted are considered. Our present positions, in my opinion, can be held against the Turks even if they received increased ammunition.

" The trenches have been well-dug, and bomb-proof covering has been afforded for the men ; supplies and water are on shore, and officers and men are confident that they can hold out against the Turks, but they are somewhat depressed at not being able to get through. I consider, however, the lines are not deep enough, if Germany sent a German force to attack, to allow of proper arrangements for supports, and if the front line trenches were taken, these difficulties would increase. I consider that advances from our present positions are very difficult, particularly from Helles and Anzac. Suvla gives some opportunity for improving our positions, but it seems very doubtful whether this would enable us to push through.

" About 125,000 Turks are immobilised by our occupation of the Peninsula, and they are caused considerable loss, and, until the recent German operations in Serbia opened communications with Turkey and changed the situation, practically the whole Turkish Army had to be held in readiness to defend the capital if we succeeded on the Peninsula. In present circumstances the *raison d'être* of our forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula is no longer as important as it has been hitherto, and if another position in the neighbourhood of Alexandretta were occupied, where Turkish movements eastward could be effectively stopped, the realisation of the German objective against Egypt and the East would be prevented.

" Careful and secret preparations for the evacuation of the Peninsula are being made. If undertaken it would be an operation of extreme military

difficulty and danger ; but I have hopes that, given time and weather, which may be expected to be suitable until about the end of December, the troops will carry out this task with less loss than was previously estimated. My reason for this is that the distance they have to go to embark, and the contraction of the lines of defence to be held by a smaller force, gives them a better chance than I thought previously.

"The Admiral and Generals Monro and Birdwood, to whom I have read the above, all agree."

Kitchener, driven desperate by being obliged to come to this decision, and being still obsessed with the fetish of the safety of Egypt, looked round for some alternative employment for the Dardanelles Force, as shown in his despatch.

On November 19th, the Prime Minister cabled to Kitchener that the Government had decided against the proposed expedition to Ayas Bay. Kitchener then recommended abandoning Anzac and Suvla, but proposed the retention of Cape Helles.

On November 23rd, the War Committee came to a final decision that there was no alternative but to evacuate the whole Peninsula on military grounds.

The proposal to withdraw was discussed at a Cabinet Council on November 24th. It was opposed by several members, and Lord Curzon undertook to state the case of the "Die Hards," in writing, to the best of his ability. This he did in two memoranda, dated November 26th and 30th. He was replied to by Mr. Bonar Law in a memorandum dated December 4th, the closing paragraph of which must be quoted as it throws an admirable light on the manner in which the war was conducted during this critical period.

"So far I have considered the question from a military point of view, and my conclusions may be disputed, but there is another aspect of it which is not military, and which is not open to dispute. Recognising the seriousness of the position at the Dardanelles, the Government decided to send a military expert to report on the question of evacuation. For this purpose Sir Charles Monro was chosen. On the 31st October he reported in the strongest possible terms in favour of evacuation. He sent us also the opinions of three of the Generals on the spot—Generals Birdwood, Byng, and Davies. Of these three General Birdwood alone was opposed to evacuation, but the reasons given by him for his opposition were entirely political, and he agreed with General Monro regarding the 'great disadvantages of our position and extreme difficulty of making any progress.' Afterwards he concurred in a telegram sent by Lord Kitchener on the 22nd November which contained these words : 'Our offensive on the Peninsula has, up to the present, held up the Turkish Army, but with German

assistance, which is now practically available, our positions there cannot be maintained, and evacuation seems inevitable.' Not satisfied with General Monro's report, the Government decided to send Lord Kitchener. In a telegram sent from Paris, on his way, Lord Kitchener showed clearly that he was entirely opposed to evacuation, and he has since told us that he held that view when he started for the Dardanelles. The actual examination of the situation, on the spot, however, changed his opinion, and he telegraphed to the Prime Minister in favour of evacuation in words which I have just quoted. We also consulted our General Staff on the subject. They gave us an opinion as definite as that of the other Generals in favour of evacuation. It is the fact, therefore, that every military authority, without a single exception, whom we have consulted, has reported in favour of evacuation.

"But this is not all. Some time ago the Cabinet unanimously came to the conclusion that the war could not be carried on by a body so large as the Cabinet. A War Committee was therefore appointed. The views of the military authorities came before this Committee, two of whose members, the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty, were opposed in the strongest possible way to evacuation; yet this Committee reported unanimously in favour of acting upon the advice of our military advisers. Their recommendation was brought before the Cabinet, with the result that on a matter in regard to which delay must be dangerous and may be fatal, no decision has been reached.

"I hope that my colleagues will agree with me that the war cannot be carried to a successful issue by methods such as these."

Meanwhile, the last grim tragedy on the Peninsula was being enacted. Even after the considered opinion of its chosen generals who had been sent out to report, even after the War Committee, especially constituted to give final judgment on military questions, had come to a definite decision in favour of evacuating, the members of the Cabinet were unable to make up their minds on November 24th, and adjourned to allow Lord Curzon to draw up his ponderous memoranda on the political, imperial, strategical, and economic advantages or disadvantages of maintaining our armies in Gallipoli. But at this hour, in the midst of ineptitude, indecision, and procrastination at home, the elements raised their all-powerful voice on the Peninsula and forced the Cabinet to come to a decision.

In all history[1] there is no more ironical contrast than that presented by Lord Curzon, sitting comfortably in his study in Carlton House Terrace, laboriously putting on paper his academic views for the benefit of his hesitating colleagues, and the realities of the situation as they

[1] I have no wish to criticise Lord Curzon adversely for his memoranda. His patriotic work during the war is universally recognised. I am merely quoting this incident to show how the situation at Gallipoli was hopelessly misunderstood even at this stage by the Cabinet and by one of its ablest members.

were actually experienced by our unfortunate troops in the trenches on Gallipoli. Lord Curzon was working on his memoranda between November 25th and 30th. During this very period, on November 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th, nature was writing her final memoranda on the same subject in letters of misery and blood—which find no parallel in warfare since the retreat of the Grand Army from Russia in 1812—on the Peninsula itself. On these dates a terrible blizzard of hail and rain, followed by a heavy fall in the temperature, swept over the unfortunate victims of the Cabinet's indecision. 280 British soldiers were drowned in the trenches, and many were frozen to death where they stood ; 16,000 cases of frost bite and exposure had to be evacuated—12,000 from Suvla, 2700 from Anzac, and 1200 from Helles.

The Turks also suffered, but not to the same extent. Unable to remain in the flooded trenches, preferring to risk being frozen to death by the icy blasts outside, the unfortunate troops—Christian and Infidel—had no alternative but to sit on their exposed parapets, separated from one another by only a few yards of storm-swept ground. A common humanity dictated that hostilities should cease under such conditions, and neither side attempted to molest its freezing opponents of a few hours before.

This final disaster brought the Cabinet to a belated sense of its responsibilities. The elements had given Lord Curzon too crushing and decisive a reply to brook further hesitation or delay. On December 7th the Cabinet ordered the evacuation of the positions at Suvla and Anzac, but even at this, the eleventh hour, decided as a compromise to retain Cape Helles.

Meanwhile, the last voice in favour of a fresh offensive was making itself heard. Vice-Admiral Wemyss, who had succeeded Sir John de Robeck as Commander-in-Chief, determined to make one more effort to obtain the consent of the Cabinet to a fresh naval attack on the Narrows. In a cablegram dated December 8th he elaborated his views to the First Lord. Mr. Balfour replied on December 10th, " that the Admiralty were not prepared to authorise the Navy single-handed attempting to force the Narrows and acting in the Sea of Marmora cut off from its supplies." There could, in fact, have been no other reply.

Thus, on December 10th, the last hopes of the " Die Hards " were finally dashed to the ground.

On the night of December 19th-20th, Suvla Bay and Anzac were evacuated without the Turks ever discovering our intentions, and without a single casualty. Thus Sir Ian Hamilton's

prognostications of a grave and terrible disaster turned out to be devoid of any real foundation.

On December 23rd, on the advice of Sir Charles Monro, the War Cabinet decided to withdraw from Cape Helles, and this was also successfully accomplished by January 8th without loss.

The Dardanelles Expedition had come to an end.

APPENDIX I

REVIEW OF THE SITUATION IN GALLIPOLI, MAY 1915

IT is not necessary to dwell on the initial error of attempting to force the Dardanelles with the Fleet alone, as that is now universally recognised. All our subsequent difficulties and the position in which the Allied armies find themselves are due to this cause. The Turks were given ample warning of our intentions, and it was easy for them to judge that we could not abandon the campaign against Constantinople without making a great effort on land. It should have been obvious that the same brains which had shown so much skill in the defence of the Straits by sea would display just as much energy and determination in preparing the land defences. But it cannot be maintained that our preparations for the land campaign were based on any such supposition, or even on a reasonable estimate of the enemy's numbers, or of the skill which the Germans would show in handling the Turkish armies in Gallipoli. In spite of the lessons of March 18th we still persisted in underestimating our opponents and their powers of resistance. It does not seem to have been recognised after March 18th that the whole character of the campaign had fundamentally changed, namely, that the Army was no longer an auxiliary of the Fleet, but would have to take upon its shoulders the entire burden of clearing the Gallipoli Peninsula. After March 18th, the Fleet had in fact become the second string of the Army. But there seems still to have remained the idea that only a small force was necessary to carry the Turkish positions on the European side up to the Narrows, and then it would be a comparatively simple matter to clear the Straits of mines and allow the Fleet through to demonstrate off Constantinople.

The immensity of the task ahead of the Allies was certainly not realised when the Army landed on April 25th, and even to this day there seems to be a general reluctance to face the true facts of the situation. Also, apparently, there was a very natural disinclination to turn what was originally intended as a minor operation of war into a major one, which would involve hundreds of thousands of men at the east of Europe at a time when the armies in the west were evidently preparing for a decisive trial of strength. Yet, as a matter of fact, it should have been obvious that the attack on Gallipoli had already become a major operation of war after the disastrous Fleet action of March 18th. It was obvious that the Germans would leave no stone unturned to render the defences of the Peninsula impregnable.

It would seem, also, as if our information as to the enemy's numbers and the disposition of his troops has been sadly at fault from the start.

Thus, having failed to take Constantinople by a *coup de main* on March 18th, we proceeded to try another forlorn hope on April 25th. Our armies were far too small to attempt any such ambitious programme. The force which originally landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula at Anzac and Seddel Bahr was of about the right strength to have accompanied the Fleet in the first instance for the purpose of effecting a surprise. Had it been at hand on March 18th we would now in all reasonable probability be in possession of Constantinople. But as an army which was about to undertake an independent operation in which it would only receive a very limited assistance from the Navy, the campaign was doomed to failure from the start.

There is no object in concealing the fact that the original landing very nearly ended in a disastrous failure, and the situation was only saved at both Gaba Tepe and Seddel Bahr by the superb heroism of our troops led by the most devoted and self-sacrificing officers. Yet it is now generally recognised that the Turks actually holding the beaches were extremely few in numbers. Fortunately, the enemy's reserves were slow in coming up; otherwise we would probably have been driven into the sea. This seems to have been due to the optimism of Liman von Sanders, who did not believe we could possibly carry the beaches in the face of such obstacles. One cannot blame him for this belief, because the more that it is examined the more incredible does the feat become. But the fact remains that nearly 50 per cent. of our best troops were put out of action in the first day's fighting, and with the limited numbers at Sir Ian Hamilton's disposal there were no reserves with which to follow up the initial success in an endeavour to take the Achi Baba position before the enemy, surprised by our landing, had the chance of bringing up fresh troops and consolidating his positions on the slopes of that mountain. All we could do was to hold grimly on to the positions we had won and dig ourselves in across the Peninsula and await the arrival of reinforcements.

Why were the military authorities confident they could carry the Achi Baba position and push on to the Narrows with such a small force after the lessons of Flanders? The latter have proved the immense power enjoyed by the defence in well-fortified positions and the vast superiority in numbers necessary for an offensive if it is to be pushed home with any hope of success. I think the answer is to be found in the faith placed in the fire of ships' guns of large calibre on field works, and their demoralising effect on the enemy's infantry. Otherwise, the positions chosen for the disembarkation are extremely difficult of explanation. By landing at the southern extremity of the Peninsula, the Army was at once brought up against a series of positions of extreme natural strength, all of which would have to be taken by assault before Kilid Bahr, on the European side of the Narrows, which was apparently the original objective of the Army, could be reached. The whole movement in fact, consisted of a series of costly frontal attacks on entrenchments. Whereas, had an Army been able to get astride

the Peninsula at Bulair or Gaba Tepe and present an entrenched front both north and south, it is difficult to see how any food or ammunition could have reached the Turks, with our submarines active in the Sea of Marmora. At best, they could only have been fed with extreme difficulty, and in all probability they would have been starved into submission. This, of course, was strategically the big plan to undertake. To carry it through successfully might have required a larger force than was then available.

On April 25th the Army was still regarded as the auxiliary of the Navy, namely, to march parallel with it up the Peninsula, making good the positions as they were won. A compromise was adopted, that is to say, the Australians were landed at Anzac to make a diversion on the Turkish flank whilst the 29th Division was to seize the southern end of the Peninsula and work its way gradually up to the Narrows. It was decided that all the advantages which might be derived from the more ambitious programme must yield in importance to the immense moral and material support which this force would derive from having both the flanks protected by the Fleet, which could thus bring a cross-fire to bear and rake the enemy's positions. One thing is certain, that the expectations formed of the Fleet's guns dismally failed to be realised, and once more we have missed our objectives.

Nothing has been more disappointing than the effect of these high-velocity, low-trajectory shells, both 12- and 6-inch, on the enemy's trenches and field works. The Turks have proved themselves to be past-masters in digging themselves in. Time and time again our troops have been held up in their attacks by suddenly finding themselves up against deep trenches, the existence of which had not been previously suspected, hidden as they are amidst the scrub and bracken. It is often impossible to locate them by aeroplane reconnaissance. For the enemy will cart away all the earth which is usually thrown up in the form of a parapet so as to leave merely a deep narrow drain flush with the ground and below the level of the thick scrub. Unless the position of a trench is accurately known, it is impossible to do it any material damage by shell fire, and even if these drains are located, direct shell fire from the ships does them practically no harm except by a lucky chance. For a high-explosive shell must have something to burst against, and, if there is no parapet, the shells merely burst in front, making huge holes in the ground whilst the fragments fly right over harmlessly. All the enemy's infantry have to do is to lie low whilst the bombardment lasts and when it ceases or passes further on, which is generally the signal that our infantry are about to advance, they are ready to meet them with a deadly rifle and machine-gun fire. The maps of the Peninsula are so inaccurate, and it is so difficult to aim accurately from a moving platform, as a ship is, that the gunners dare not fire close enough ahead of our infantry to cover their attacks. Even the tremendous shell-fire which was concentrated on the trenches above the beaches on April 25th on positions which would be seen from the foretops had but very little effect. Therefore, it is easy to understand that the effect is even less on the enemy's positions inland. These trenches can only be adequately dealt with by howitzers on shore and

by field guns. But the latter must have high-explosive shell and not shrapnel, which is useless against barbed wire and deep trenches. When I left Gallipoli, there was not a single round of high-explosive shell for the field guns. Our two big 60-pounder howitzers were, however, doing good work.

The Turks and Germans have used their machine-guns with great skill, such as we are accustomed to in France. Very often our attacks have been held up at critical moments by these concealed weapons. They are also extremely skilful in the use of their artillery. At first they seemed to be short either of guns or of ammunition and fired very sparingly, but of late they have been much more free, frequently shelling the beaches and trenches, and ships approaching too close to the shore.

During the big fight of May 6th–8th, when we made our last effort to carry Krithia and Achi Baba by assault, they reserved their artillery fire for critical moments when our attacks were being pressed home, and on at least three occasions drove the French in hopeless flight out of positions they had successfully taken by assault. They are continually shifting the position of their field guns so as not to draw the fire of the ships' guns on their artillery positions and especially the fire of the big howitzers. Their favourite time is to open up just before sunset, when it is rather late for an aeroplane reconnaissance.

The Position of the Australians at Anzac

I have frequently described this position in previous despatches, and will not do so again. The Australians are now entrenched impregnably and all the Turks in Europe will not shift them. Von Sanders made a final effort on May 18th–19th, with most disastrous results, as we afterwards buried over three thousand of their dead. This action, the most successful of the war up to date, has had an excellent effect on the spirits of the Colonials, who, being a highly intelligent and superior lot of men, had become somewhat discouraged by the failure to achieve any definite success and extremely bored with sitting day after day in the trenches. This position may be described as being fairly comfortable and almost self-contained. That is to say, there is no need to keep battleships perpetually off the coast. On the other hand, a ship or two must be available near at hand to deal with any new batteries the enemy may attempt to place in position to enfilade the beaches. I should say it is too much to hope that the enemy will make any further attempt to assault the Anzac position. He is now entrenched up to his neck right round the Australian lines, and unless he is obliged to withdraw the majority of his troops, I do not see it is any more possible for the Australians to drive him back than it is for the Turks to drive the Australians into the sea. Thus, at Anzac, you have a perfect stalemate. There would be no object in sending reinforcements there, as the position will not hold another man, being overcrowded as it is, and it could only be extended at very great sacrifice of life. The value of Anzac to us is that it

retains a large Turkish force, it is a perpetual menace to their flank in their operations farther south against Seddel Bahr, and it undoubtedly complicates the question of supply, for the prisoners taken at Achi Baba complain that the Anzac troops steal their supplies on the way down the Peninsula. Anzac is held by four Australian and one New Zealand brigade, with about eighteen guns—all there is room for. These brigades have suffered very heavily, but new drafts have been sent up from Egypt, chiefly from the dismounted Australian Horse, who carry the same rifle, but not the same equipment as the infantry. I believe, therefore, the Australian Corps is very nearly up to strength again. The material of the new drafts is excellent, and it has been decided it is better to complete their training in the trenches rather than in Egypt.

Very erroneous reports have appeared in the Press from time to time on the position of the Allied armies at the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula. "We have made good progress." "The Army is advancing into the interior." "Maidos has been occupied." These statements and many others have been allowed by the Censor at home to appear in the papers, thus hopelessly misleading the public and rendering the subsequent disappointment all the keener. It is surely one of the first duties of a censor to stop these ridiculous and ludicrous lies, as it is for him to suppress the truth when he considers it might be harmful. As a matter of sober fact, the Allies are only a few yards further onward than they were three days after landing. A few of the enemy's advanced trenches have been taken, but his main line in front of Krithia and on the lower slopes of Achi Baba remains intact and is daily being strengthened by new works and more wire. Yet, these are the positions some of our leaders were confident they could occupy on the very night of the landing—so hopelessly was the situation misjudged! The failure of the great assault on May 8th led to a change of tactics. The lessons of Flanders should have shown the hopelessness of the attempt before it was undertaken. I fancy, however, the Generals felt something desperate must be undertaken to retrieve the position. Trench warfare is at present the order of the day, and on our extreme left we have made some sensible progress, although very slow, towards turning the enemy's right wing and enveloping Krithia. In the centre, however, we have been held up, and up to the time of my departure had gained very little ground. Trench warfare is the only sound course to adopt, but at the present rate of progression it will be months before we get Achi Baba. There seems to be an idea that the taking of this position will open the country up the Narrows and that taking the Narrows will open the gate for the Fleet to pass through to Constantinople. Yet, there is little justification for either of these beliefs. There are two other strong positions behind Achi Baba before we can reach Kilid Bahr, and although I have no certain information, there is every reason to believe the enemy is fortifying these to meet future eventualities. Therefore, unless his resistance suddenly collapses, an eventuality on which we have no right to speculate, each of these positions will have to be taken yard by yard, trench

by trench. Also, taking the Narrows will no longer open the road for the Fleet to pass through to Constantinople, because the Turks have been mining the Channel all the way up to Gallipoli. They have been erecting new batteries on shore and placing fresh torpedo tubes in position. Therefore, let no one suppose that, once the Narrows is taken, the longer reach of water beyond can be tackled with impunity.

At the present moment we have not got a military position at all at the southern end of Gallipoli. I do not think we could be driven out of it, but we are not comfortable, as every yard of the plain which we hold is exposed to the fire of the enemy's batteries, and all the beaches can be swept by his heavy guns. Every movement we make is visible to him on the higher ground, and his guns can be moved from position to position in perfect concealment. He, therefore, is constantly effecting some new surprise by shelling beaches, ships, and camps from totally unexpected positions. The fire of field guns does but little harm, but the moral effect on troops who are thus constantly exposed to shell fire is bad. Regiments are brought out of the trenches into rest camps, but what are these camps ? It merely means moving them back to the shade of some trees closer to the coast, where at any hour they may be smothered with shrapnel or blown up by high-explosive shells. The enemy has got two big guns in position behind the slope of Achi Baba, and with these they started a systematic bombardment of " W " Beach or " Lancashire " Beach as it is now known. In two days they killed one hundred horses and several men. These high-explosive shells naturally get on the nerves of the working parties. Also a tremendous amount of digging had to be undertaken and the horses placed on roads cut in the cliffs, where they are fairly safe. We are much in the same position as an army besieging a fortress which is held by a more powerful garrison than the besieging force, and which constantly makes sorties. In fact, as we are situated at present, the Turks have it in their power to annoy us in a hundred different ways, whilst our chances of retaliation are small. It is still considered necessary to keep battleships protecting the flanks, even after the arrival of submarines. This led to the loss of the *Goliath*, *Triumph*, and *Majestic*. As long as it is necessary to keep ships on the flanks to keep down the enemy's shell fire from the Asiatic and European shores, it cannot be maintained that the Allied Army is either self-contained or comfortable.

Our Army in Southern Gallipoli at present consists of the following units : The remains of the splendid 29th Division, now reduced to below the strength of one brigade. This division bore the brunt of the fighting during the landing, and in holding the positions then won. The losses have never yet been made good, as only an allowance of drafts representing a loss of 10 per cent. were available, whereas the real losses of the division amounted to nearly 70 per cent. ; the remains of the Naval Division, originally 11,000 strong, which has also had very heavy losses. This division has fought extremely well, considering its heterogeneous and amateur elements. Cox's Indian Brigade of two battalions, as the two Punjabi battalions, were sent back to Egypt. The Gurkha and Sikh battalions have done extremely well.

Then there is the Lancashire Territorial Division. Its losses have been slight up to date. The men in all three brigades are considered good. These were all the forces we had in Southern Gallipoli when I left the front. The Lowland Division of Territorials was due to arrive. The French forces had been brought up to the strength of two divisions, or twenty-four battalions. Of these troops, the division which first landed has lost very heavily. The troops are bad and liable to sudden panics. They seem incapable of consolidating and holding a position after it has been won. The worst offenders are the Senegalese Infantry, who are all right in attack as long as their European officers are with them, but who are useless without them. The 175th Regiment of the line is somewhat immature. The Foreign Legion is perhaps the best, followed by the Colonial Infantry. But the heart of the French is not in the job. They never fight the same off their own soil, and in this expedition they have nothing to gain for themselves, and are merely pulling chestnuts out of the fire for others. The tension which existed between the higher commands has been relieved by the departure of General d'Amade. That General seems to have gone off his head very early in the proceedings. General Gouraud apparently enjoys the confidence of the Army. Thus it will be obvious that our forces in Southern Gallipoli, as at present constituted, are not in a position to resume the offensive against Achi Baba on an ambitious scale. The arrival of the Lowland Division will relieve the pressure of the old troops, but no general dares undertake serious operations with these troops until they have become accustomed to their surroundings and have been tested in action. All that can be expected at the present time is a continuation of this slow out-flanking movement on our left wing behind Krithia and the same slow advance in the centre.

I have attempted this short review of the existing situation in order to make it perfectly clear what courses are open to us in the future. It is surely much better to face the true facts, and to take a new survey of our position than to go on deceiving ourselves that we are on the verge of achieving a decisive success which is only a dream. We have definitely failed in our original objective, namely, the forcing of the Straits and the rapid capture of Constantinople. The present force in its present positions will never carry out that ambitious programme. We attempted the possible too late, when it had, unfortunately, become an impossibility. Therefore, how can we get out of our present difficulties without loss of prestige? For the time being, the Fleet as an active factor in the operations must be eliminated altogether. Quite apart from the obstacles which are insurmountable right up to Gallipoli, the presence of submarines has rendered its position off the coast intolerable. We have already lost three capital ships and have little or nothing to show for it. If we are to eventually achieve our original objective, the task can only be accomplished by the Army. The lighter vessels of the Fleet must still be utilised for bombarding the enemy's guns and keeping down the Asiatic batteries. Also, the Fleet must safeguard the sea-way from Malta, and the landing of supplies. But if we are to

achieve our original objective, namely, the taking of Constantinople, by opening up the Narrows, the task can only be accomplished by the Army. But not the Army such as we have now. We want at least another five divisions. We cannot say we are in a position to clear the Dardanelles, to allow the Fleet to pass, until we have driven all the Turkish armies out of the Gallipoli Peninsula, north of the lines of Bulair into Thrace, where they can do us no more harm. Or else we must bottle them up in Gallipoli by getting astride the Peninsula and cutting off their supplies. Such a movement with an entirely new army landed at Bulair or Enos would probably lead to decisive results, especially if a few more submarines of the latest type were sent to the Fleet to stop traffic from Asia to Europe. Once we get astride the Peninsula and present a strong defensive front towards the north and south, I believe the Turks would be obliged to abandon their position in front of Anzac and along Achi Baba inside of a week. Even now the prisoners who come in declare they often go without food for two days. I am simply stating the position in Gallipoli and what is required to carry through the enterprise without having any knowledge of the troops and munitions available at home for the purpose. It is for the military authorities to consider whether the prize is worth the price, and if it is worth the price, and if the means are available to carry it through, whether in fact we can spare enough men and enough guns and ammunition from the Western theatre of war and from home defence to carry the Near Eastern Expedition through to its logical conclusion.

If they are not available and this programme is considered too ambitious, why, then, we should consider an alternative policy and concentrate all our efforts on its fulfilment. If we cannot carry out the whole programme, we ought to concentrate all our efforts on taking up a real defensive position where we will be quite comfortable, and when the Army will be altogether independent of the Fleet for long periods if necessary. The Australians are fairly comfortable at Anzac where they are, but in the south we are not. We should, therefore—assuming no separate army for a diversion at Enos or Bulair is available—endeavour to take Achi Baba, and thus present a fine defensive front to the enemy, which would give us a zone absolutely clear from artillery fire for troops and munitions. But even for this operation we require more men than are at present available even after the arrival of the Lowland Division. The position is complicated by the fact that there is no more room for even the Lowland Division on the small stretch which we hold. However, this can be overcome by keeping the reserve divisions on the islands, like Imbros, Tenedos, or Lemnos, where they can be taken to Gallipoli in a few hours on tugs, trawlers, and destroyers without much fear of submarines. The whole point is you must be able to relieve the troops in the front line as often as possible in the arduous work of sapping against the enemy's trenches or after they have lost heavily in an assault. It is asking too much to expect the same men to go forward day after day as they have been asked to do up to the present.

To sum up our position at the present time in Gallipoli is this : We have

two defensive positions, the one at Anzac—secure, and the other, at the southern extremity—insecure, exposed, and uncomfortable. Along neither of these positions can we develop a front for the useful deployment of more troops. If the necessary men and guns can be spared, the only sound course will be to make a great diversion elsewhere and get astride the Peninsula, thus entirely cutting off the Turkish armies in front of these positions, or else forcing them to withdraw so many men that we shall be able to resume the offensive with fair prospects of success. If this course is decided on, it will probably be found wiser to abandon any further frontal attacks on Achi Baba, and merely to hold the ground we have won, as the Achi Baba position would then fall automatically. But if men cannot be spared for the larger movement, why, then, enough reinforcements should be sent to enable us to take the Achi Baba position step by step, even if it takes a very long time to accomplish. The task of landing another great army has become immeasurably more difficult now that submarines have reached Eastern waters, and, if it is attempted, we must be prepared to face heavy losses in ships. Of course, the intervention of Bulgaria would obviate this difficulty, and we should have Gallipoli in a very few days. Even a well-timed diversion would probably lead to the break-up of the Turkish armies on our front.

As things stand at present, I do not see the smallest chance of our being able to clear the Peninsula, advancing from our positions at Anzac and Seddel Bahr. I think we are merely living in a fool's paradise. We may gain ground from time to time by sapping, but the campaign will drag on indefinitely and we shall certainly never realise our hopes of achieving a rapid success in the East which will have a decisive effect on the campaign in the West.

APPENDIX II

A SUMMARY OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER GODLEY'S REPORT ON THE OPERATIONS AT ANZAC, AUGUST 6TH-10TH, 1915.

FOR the approach and first assault the army was divided as follows with respective objectives assigned to each.

1. Right Covering Force.
   Brigadier-General A. H. Russell, New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade (Auckland, Canterbury, and Wellington Regiments);
   Otago Mounted Rifles Regiment (Divisional Troops);
   New Zealand Engineers Field Troop;
   The Maori Contingent (about 500 under Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Herbert).

The force was to advance up Sazli Beit and Chailak Deres, and seize Old No. 3 Post, Big Table Top, and Bauchop Hill.

2. Right Assaulting Column.
   Brigadier-General F. E. Johnston, New Zealand Infantry Brigade (Auckland, Canterbury, Otago, and Wellington Battalions);
   26th Indian Mountain Battery (less one section);
   No. 1 Company New Zealand Engineers.

This assaulting column was to follow the covering force up the Sazli Beit and Chailak Deres, and push on to the attacks of Chunuk Bair.

3. Left Covering Force.
   Brigadier-General J. H. du B. Travers;
   Two Battalions of the 40th Infantry Brigade, i.e. 4th South Wales Borderers and 5th Wiltshire;
   Half the 72nd Field Company Royal Engineers.

This force was to occupy Damakjelik Bair so as to cover the advance up Aghyl Dere, and to come into touch with the troops landing at Suvla.

4. Left Assaulting Column.
   Brigadier-General H. V. Cox:
   29th Indian Infantry Brigade (14th Sikhs, 5th, 6th, and 10th Gurkha Rifles);
   4th Australian Infantry Brigade (13th New South Wales, 14th Victoria, 15th Queensland and Tasmania, 16th South and West Australian Battalions;
   21st Indian Mountain Battery (less one section);
   No. 2 Company New Zealand Engineers.

This left assaulting column was to advance up the Aghyl Dere to the attack on Koja Chemen (Hill 971), and at the same time to protect the flank of the whole force as soon as it had cleared its own covering force.

The Divisional Reserve was made up of remaining battalions of the 13th Division, under Major-General F. C. Shaw, two battalions being stationed at Chailak Dere, and the 39th Brigade at Aghyl Dere, with half the 72nd Field Company R.E.

The total forces under General Godley's command were estimated at about 12,000 men.

Course of Operations. These commenced at 6.30 p.m., on August 6th, when the 1st Australian Division under Major-General H. B. Walker, attacked the Lone Pine position. After twenty-four hours' fighting of the most unprecedented ferocity the position was captured and held.

Between sunset and 9.30 p.m., in accordance with the prearranged programme, the Navy shelled the Nek (80 N. 8), and also Old No. 3 Post, bringing searchlights to bear on these positions at intervals. This had been practised nightly for several weeks, and the enemy had become accustomed to the shelling and retired to his dug-outs.

Right Covering Force. At 9 p.m. that portion of Brigadier-General Russell's force detailed to attack Old No. 3 Post crept forward under cover of the outpost line. At 9.30 the searchlights, which had been directed as usual on Old No. 3 Post, were switched off. This was the signal for the attack of the Auckland Regiment, which was made with great speed. The Turks were caught off their guard and the position was speedily captured.

At the same time, 9.30 p.m., the forces detailed to attack Big Table Top and Bauchop Hill series of ridges advanced up the Sazli Beit Dere and Chailak Dere and across the latter Gully. Stiff opposition was soon met with, and wire entanglements placed across the Chailak Dere delayed the troops advancing by this route for a considerable time. The obstruction was, however, eventually removed.

Meanwhile excellent progress was made against the seaward spurs and Bauchop Hill, and, under cover of these operations, the Left Covering Force made its way north to attack the Damakjelik Bair. Old No. 3 Post was captured at 10.50 p.m. and Bauchop Hill by 1.10 a.m., on August 7th. Here Colonel A. Bauchop was killed. The Maori contingent conducted itself well in this attack.

The attack on Big Table Top was preceded by a heavy bombardment of 4·5, 5-in. and 6-in. howitzers, and the ships' guns directed on the position with the aid of searchlights up to 10 p.m. At this hour the assault took place with bayonets and bombs only, and Big Table Top was captured by 11 50 p.m. One hundred and fifty prisoners were taken together with much ammunition, many rifles, and a considerable amount of stores.

Left Covering Force marching via the beach road to Old No. 3 Post moved north after the attack on Bauchop Hill had been given time to develop. Progress was slow and the troops were held up in the Chailak Dere, which had to be crossed by sunken roads, and were found blocked by some of the troops

of the Right Covering Force. A temporary intermixture of units held up the advance for a short time. After clearing the Chailak Dere the Force marched without interruption to the mouth of the Aghyl Dere, although it was exposed to a certain amount of sniping from the lower spurs of Bauchop Hill, which had not, at this hour, been captured. It then attacked the Damakjelik Bair, and several trenches were rushed by the South Wales Borderers and the ridge was occupied at 1.30 a.m., on August 7th. Here touch was gained with the troops posted by the Left Assaulting Column to picket the hills in the direction of Koja Chemen Tepe.

The situation at midnight on August 6th-7th was as follows. The Right Covering Force was in possession of Old No. 3 Post and Big Table Top. Fighting was still proceeding on Bauchop Hill, which was finally cleared at 1.10 a.m., and Little Table Top was also captured about this hour.

The Left Covering Force was in occupation of the southern slopes of Damakjelik, but fighting was still in progress.

The Right Assaulting Column was moving up the Sazli Beit Dere and the Chailak Dere.

The Left Assaulting Column was approaching the Aghyl Dere. The reserves were still in bivouac.

The Right Assaulting Column, making use of two lines of the advance, viz., the Sazli Beit Dere, and the Chailak Dere, commenced to move up these Gullies at 12.30 a.m., on August 7th. That portion, one battalion—the Canterbury—which followed the Sazli Beit Dere met with little opposition, but its progress was slow owing to the extremely intricate nature of the country, which caused the column to lengthen out unduly. Shortly before dawn Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes, D.S.O., of the Canterbury Infantry, found himself at the foot of the Rhododendron Ridge, and at once led his men on to its lower slopes, where he joined up with the rest of the column. The greater part of the Right Assaulting Column, advancing up the Chailak Dere, with the Otago Battalion leading soon met with serious opposition, which necessitated deployment. The advance was slow owing to the broken nature of the country. After taking part in the attack on Bauchop Hill and Big Table Top, where 50 prisoners were captured, and on the ridges in the vicinity of Little Table Top (S. 80 D. 1) the force reached Rhododendron Ridge at 5.45, on August 7th, and connected up with the Canterbury Battalion. The whole then moved up Rhododendron Ridge and entrenched on the line (80 D. 5 and 9—80 J. 3-80. 1.).

Communication between the Left Assaulting Column, and the Right Assaulting Column, at this point was maintained by the 10th Gurkhas. The Right Assaulting Column was now exposed to a heavy enfilade fire from Battleship Hill (S. 80.0.2.3), and a trench along the ridge, north-east of Chunuk Bair. At 1.30 a.m., an attack was made on Chunuk Bair without success owing to the increasing opposition encountered and the fatigue of the troops.

The Left Assaulting Column began to move up the Chailak Dere at 12.30 a.m., on August 7th, and followed the Left Covering Force to the Aghyl

Dere, up which valley it turned. Owing to opposition from enemy and the difficult country, the progress was extremely slow.

The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade (Brigadier-General Monash) moved up the spurs north of the Aghyl Dere, north fork (92. Y. 1), its objective being the culminating peak of the Sari Bair Ridge, Koja Chemen Tepe 971 feet high. The ground to be traversed was difficult, broken, and covered with thick scrub, and stiff opposition was met with from isolated groups of Turks, and progress was extremely slow. The 29th Indian Brigade advanced up the south fork of the Aghyl Dere, and then up the spurs to the north, its objective being Hill Q (S. 81. A. 2).

At dawn the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade was on the line of the Asma Dere (92 P.U.—93. 17. Q. 7), and the 29th Indian Brigade on a ridge west of the farm (80. F. 8), and also holding the spurs to the north-east.

General Cox then ordered General Monash to concentrate his brigade, leaving half a battalion on the line of the Asma Dere, and to assault Koja Chemen Tepe, lending him the 14th Sikhs from the 29th Indian Brigade. Two additional battalions from the Army Reserve were placed at Cox's disposal, to enable him to consolidate his position on the main ridge once a footing had been won. All these plans came to nought, for fatigue, and the fierce opposition of the enemy, prevented the assault on Koja Chemen Tepe from the Asma Dere being carried out.

While these operations were in progress diversions were being made in other parts of the Ansac position to hold the enemy in his trenches, and to prevent him diverting men to the main objective of the attack, the Sari Bair Ridge. Along Sections 3 and 4 of the Old Anzac Line an exceptionally heavy bombardment of the Turkish trenches in front of Russell's Top, Pope's Hill, and Quinn's Post took place ; all available guns aided by the ships being engaged from 4 to 4.30 a.m. At 4.30 a.m. an assault by the 8th Light Horse was delivered from Russell's Top against the enemy's trenches, on and dominating the Nek (80. N. 8). This attack broke down with very heavy loss under a withering rifle and machine-gun fire. Simultaneously, two assaults were delivered from posts in No. 3 Section. From Quinn's, the 2nd Australian Light Horse assaulted trenches in spite of many difficulties, and in face of most strenuous opposition. The first line suffered severely, and the officer commanding, exercising a wise discretion, discontinued the attacks.

From Pope's Post the 1st Australian Light Horse, moving round the flanks, delivered a successful attack, and succeeded in reaching the third line of the enemy's trenches. About a hundred yards of these were held for two hours, when heavy counter-attacks forced the Light Horse to withdraw, as they could not be adequately supported. Severe loss was inflicted on the Turks, and the plan, namely, to hold him in his trenches, was achieved for the time being. The losses of the Australians were extremely heavy, including Lieut.-Colonel A. Niell, and Lieut.-Colonel A. White, killed.

The situation at 3.30 p.m., on August 7th, was as follows : Johnston's Column was holding the Rhododendron Ridge and Spur. The 29th Indian Brigade was in possession of the Farm, and holding the Spurs to the

north-east. The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade was still on the line of the Asma Dere.

The Right Covering Force was in occupation of Big Table Top, Old No. 3 Post, and Bauchop Hill. Russell was ordered to hold these positions with two battalions, and to concentrate two regiments and the Maori Contingent to be ready to move anywhere when ordered.

The Left Covering Force (Brigadier-General Travers) was in occupation of the Damakjelik Bair.

The Force holding No. 3 and 4 Sections of original front had lost severely, and the men were very tired. It was, therefore, decided to stop further attacks along this line, and to wait until nightfall before attempting to gain a footing on the main Sari Bair Ridge. The fighting throughout the day was very severe, and the Turks showed little inclination to retire from the low ground between Sari Bair Ridge and the sea. Many snipers remained behind our lines, or intermingled with our battalions, and inflicted many casualties. It was impossible to clear this vast expanse of broken, hilly, wooded country.

The second assault on the Sari Bair position. On the afternoon of August 7th, fresh orders were issued for an advance in three columns. The right column (Johnston) consisted of the 26th Indian Mounted Battery, Auckland Mounted Rifles, No. 1 Company New Zealand Engineers, New Zealand Infantry Brigade, and two battalions of the 13th Division, 8th Welsh Pioneers and 7th Gloucester Regiment. The objective assigned to Johnston's column was the line point 161 (80. K. 5. 6.) and Chunuk Bair Point (81. A. 4)

The centre and left columns under Cox were composed as follows: 21st Indian Mounted Battery, No. 2 Company New Zealand Engineers, 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, and the 39th Infantry Brigade, less one battalion, but with the 6th Lancashires attached. The objective assigned to centre and left columns, was the line (81. A. 4) Hill Q (81. A. 2) and Koja Chemen Tepe (305 metres).

The New Zealand Mounted Rifle Brigade was ordered to remain in occupation for Big Table Top, Old No. 3 Post, and Bauchop Hill, and the 40th Infantry Brigade to hold the Damakjelik Bair with two battalions.

The attack was preceded by a heavy bombardment commencing at 4.15 a.m., on August 8th. On the right Johnston's column, headed by Wellington Battalion, 7th Gloucester, Auckland Mounted Rifles, the 8th Welsh Pioneers, and the Maori Contingent, under Brigadier-General Malone, made a most determined attack and succeeded in gaining the south western slopes of the main knoll of Chunuk Bair. Malone was killed. In the centre the 29th Infantry Brigade and the 29th Indian Brigade moved along the gullies leading up to Sari Bair Ridge, the right wing moving south of the Farm (80. F. 8) on Chunuk Bair, the remainder of the force up the spurs to the north-east of the farm on the Nek (81. A. 4) and on Hill Q (81. A. 2). Little progress could be made in face of the fierce resistance, but some ground was gained on the spurs north-east of the Farm.

On the left the attack broke down completely. The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade advanced from the Asma Dere (92. P.U.) against the lower slopes of

Adbel Rahman Bair (93. L), with the intention of wheeling to the right and attacking Koja Chemen Tepe up the spur. But no progress could be made, and the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade being virtually surrounded was withdrawn to its previous line on the Asma Dere, where it was obliged to resist determined counter-attacks.

The situation at noon on August 8th was as follows: Johnston's column was in occupation of the south-west slopes of Chunuk Bair. The centre column was in occupation of the Farm, and the spurs to the north-east. The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade was back on the Asma Dere, and the 40th Brigade less two battalions was holding the Damakjelik Bair. It was then decided to break off the attack until nightfall, preparatory to another assault on the main ridge, using the foothold obtained on Chunuk Bair as the pivot.

The third assault on Sari Bair. The composition of the forces was as follows: No. 1 column (Johnston), 26th Indian Mounted Battery, less one section, Auckland Mounted Rifles, Wellington Mounted Rifles, No. 1 Company New Zealand Engineers, New Zealand Infantry Brigade, and two Battalions of 13th Division, 8th Welsh and 7th Gloucesters.

No. 2 Column (Cox), 21st Indian Mounted Rifles, two Companies New Zealand Engineers, 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, 29th Brigade of the 10th Division (detached from division at Suvla Bay), less one battalion, but with 6th South Lancashires attached, and the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade.

No. 3 Column (Brigadier-General A. H. Baldwin), 6th Royal East Lancashire, 6th Royal North Lancashires, 10th Hampshires, 6th Royal Irish Rifles, 5th Wiltshire Regiment.

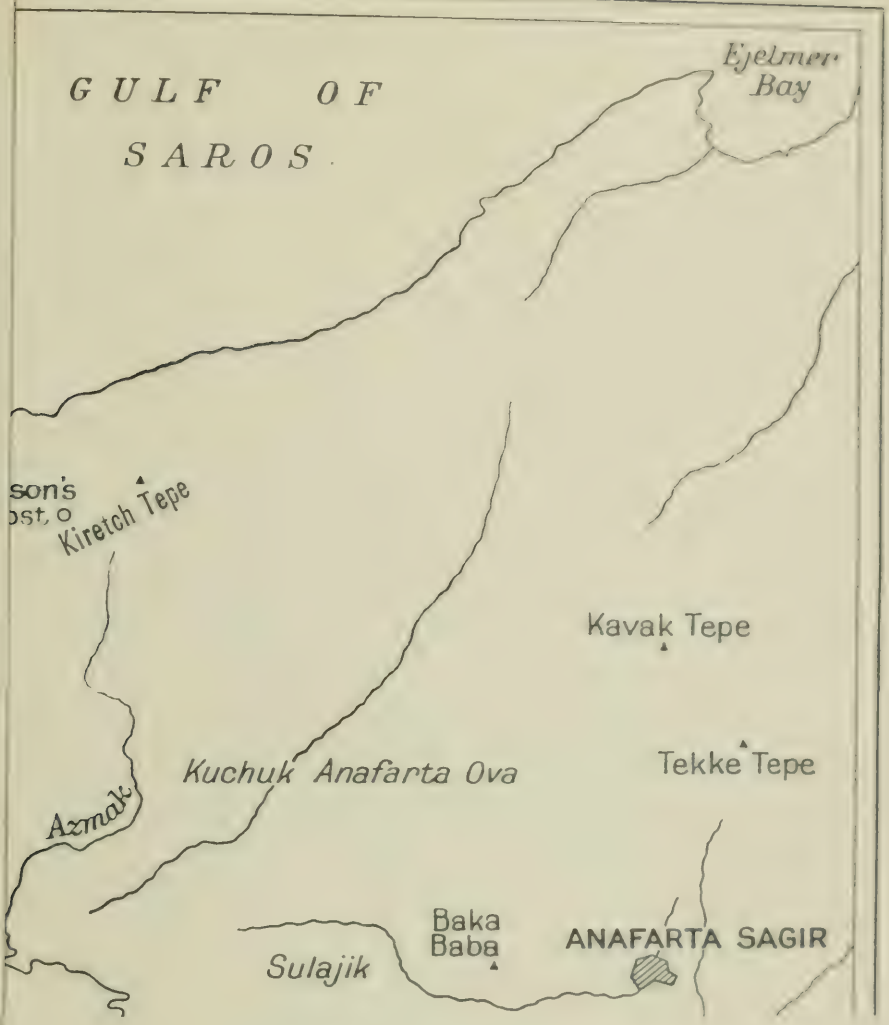
On the afternoon of August 8th, orders were issued for a further advance in three columns to attack the line Chunuk Bair—Hill Q—under cover of the footing obtained by Johnston's column in the morning of August 8th.

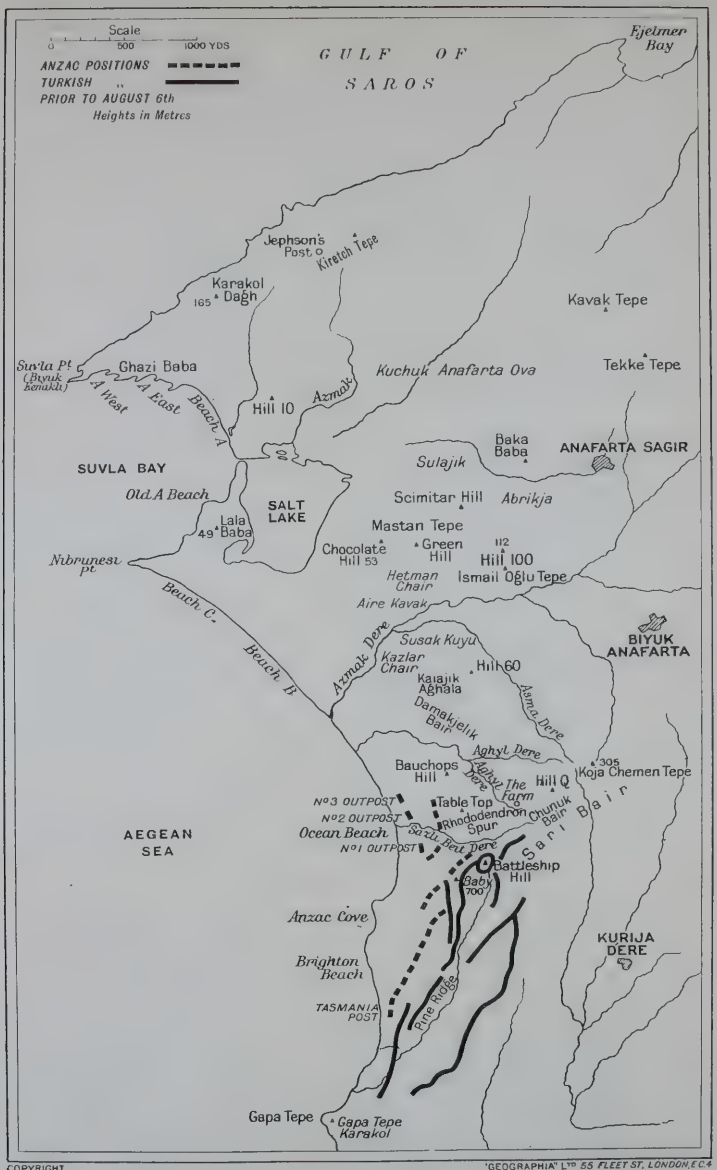
Johnston was ordered to hold and consolidate ground gained on the morning of August 8th, and in co-operation with the other columns to endeavour to gain the whole of Chunuk Bair extending south-east.

Cox's orders were to seize Hill Q (81. A. 2), the attack to debouch from his previous positions.

No. 3 Column (Baldwin). The position of assembly was in the Chailak Dere, the head of the column at 80 D. 9. Objective Hill Q. This column was ordered to move east of the Farm, and to constitute the main attack, and the other two columns were ordered to co-operate with it.

The course of the operations. At 4.30 a.m., on August 9th, there was a heavy bombardment of the Chunuk Bair Ridge and Hill Q by all the available guns on land and sea. At 5.15 this fire was diverted to the flanks and reverse slopes. Meanwhile, Baldwin's column, less the Royal North Lancashire Regiment, had assembled in the Chailak Dere at 8 p.m. on August 8th, and then moved up towards Johnston's headquarters. Baldwin's plan was to deploy his forces behind the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, and then launch them in successive lines to the attack. But his troops were delayed by the ground and lost direction, inclining to the left. In consequence, he did not reach the line of the Farm—Chunuk Bair—until 5.15 on August 9th.


GULF OF
SAROS
Ejelmer Bay
son's
ost, o
Kiretch Tepe
Kavak Tepe
Tekke Tepe
Kuchuk Anafarta Ova
Azmak
Baka
Baba
ANAFARTA SAGIR
Sulajik



COPYRIGHT

'GEOGRAPHIA' LTD 55 FLEET ST, LONDON, E.C.4

SUVLA BAY AND ANZAC

Meanwhile the 6th Gurkhas, led by Major C. J. L. Allanson, advanced up the slopes of Sari Bair, and succeeded in crowning the heights on the neck between Chunuk Bair and Hill Q. Here they were able to look down upon the Dardanelles. Unfortunately, no further troops were at hand to follow up this success. Counter-attacks and shell fire compelled them to withdraw to the lower slopes of Sari Bair. Two companies of the 6th East Lancashire Regiment and 10th Hampshire Regiment, who had gained ground immediately below the high commanding knoll on Chunuk Bair, now attacked. The Turks, holding the crest in great strength, compelled Baldwin to withdraw his troops to the Farm. Colonel A. R. Cole Hamilton, commanding the 6th East Lancashires, was killed. Some New Zealand Troops, in spite of repeated attacks by the enemy, maintained a precarious hold just below the crest of Chunuk Bair. During the night the 6th Leinsters joined from the Army Reserve, and were placed under Johnston's orders.

On the night of August 9th the general line held by us ran up to Rhododendron Ridge to forward trenches on Chunuk Bair, thence in north-westerly direction through the Farm, and from there northwards to the Asma Dere.

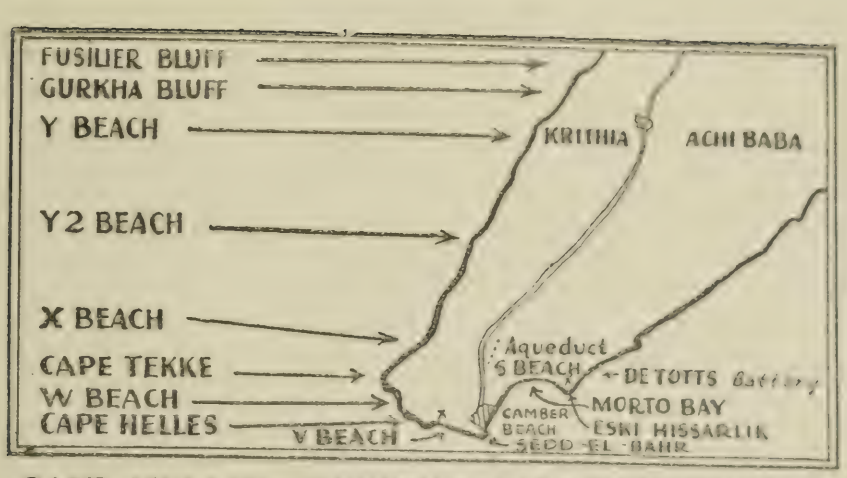
Operations on August 10th. During the night of August 9th-10th, the New Zealand troops on Chunuk Bair were relieved by two battalions of British Infantry, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and the 4th Wiltshire Regiment. The 10th Hampshire Regiment maintained connection between them and the Farm. At daybreak on August 10th the Turks delivered a most determined attack from the line Chunuk Bair—Hill Q, against these battalions. Attacked by an entire division supported by heavy artillery fire, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and 5th Wiltshires were forced out of the trenches, and practically annihilated. The Turks swept on, but were checked by artillery fire, and suffered very heavy losses. Meanwhile, fierce attacks were delivered against our positions at the Farm, and on the Spurs north-east, and part of the line was compelled to retire. The ground was recovered by bodies of troops under Generals Cayley and Baldwin, who both set a splendid example of personal courage. Baldwin and his whole staff were killed. Brigadier-General Cooper was wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel Nunn, 9th Worcesters, was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Levinge, 6th Royal North Lancashires, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carden, 5th Wiltshires, were reported missing. The 7th Connaught Rangers, the last reserve of the army, were sent up, and thrown into the fight, to resist the Turkish counter attacks. By 10 a.m., on August 10th, the main brunt of the Turkish attack had spent itself. Their losses had been very heavy.

Meanwhile, during the morning, a determined attack was made against our northern positions along the Asma Dere, and on Damakjelik Bair, held by the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade and 4th South Wales Borderers. It was repulsed with heavy loss. A second attack was delivered at 3 p.m., and also repulsed. Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Gillespie, commanding the South Wales Borderers, was killed.

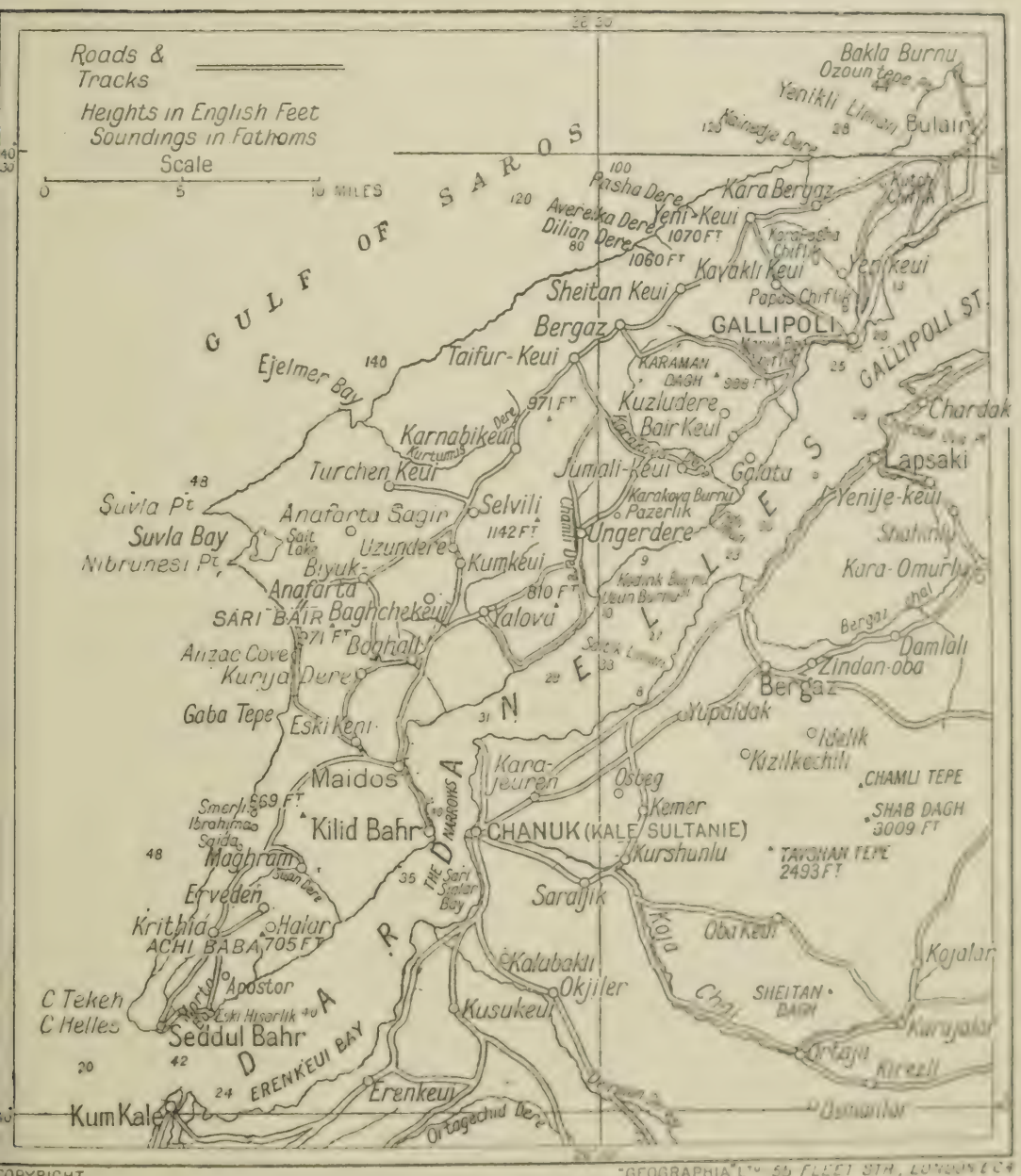
In the evening of August 10th General Cox, finding the line of the Farm

and Spurs to the north-west untenable, withdrew slightly to the line (80. D. 5. 6.—80. D. 2—92-97).

This retrograde movement ended the offensive. The total losses in the four days fighting for Sari Bair amounted to 375 officers, and 10,158 other ranks, killed wounded or missing. In addition, 2000 were killed and wounded in the attack and capture of Lone Pine position.



CAPE HELLES, SHOWING LANDING BEACHES



COPYRIGHT
"GEOGRAPHIA" LTD. 55 FLEET STR., LONDON E.C.4

THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

BINDING SECT. MAY 21 1981

5

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

HMod Ashmead-Bartlett, Ellis
A8274u The uncensored Dardanelles

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 13 17 02 05 010 3